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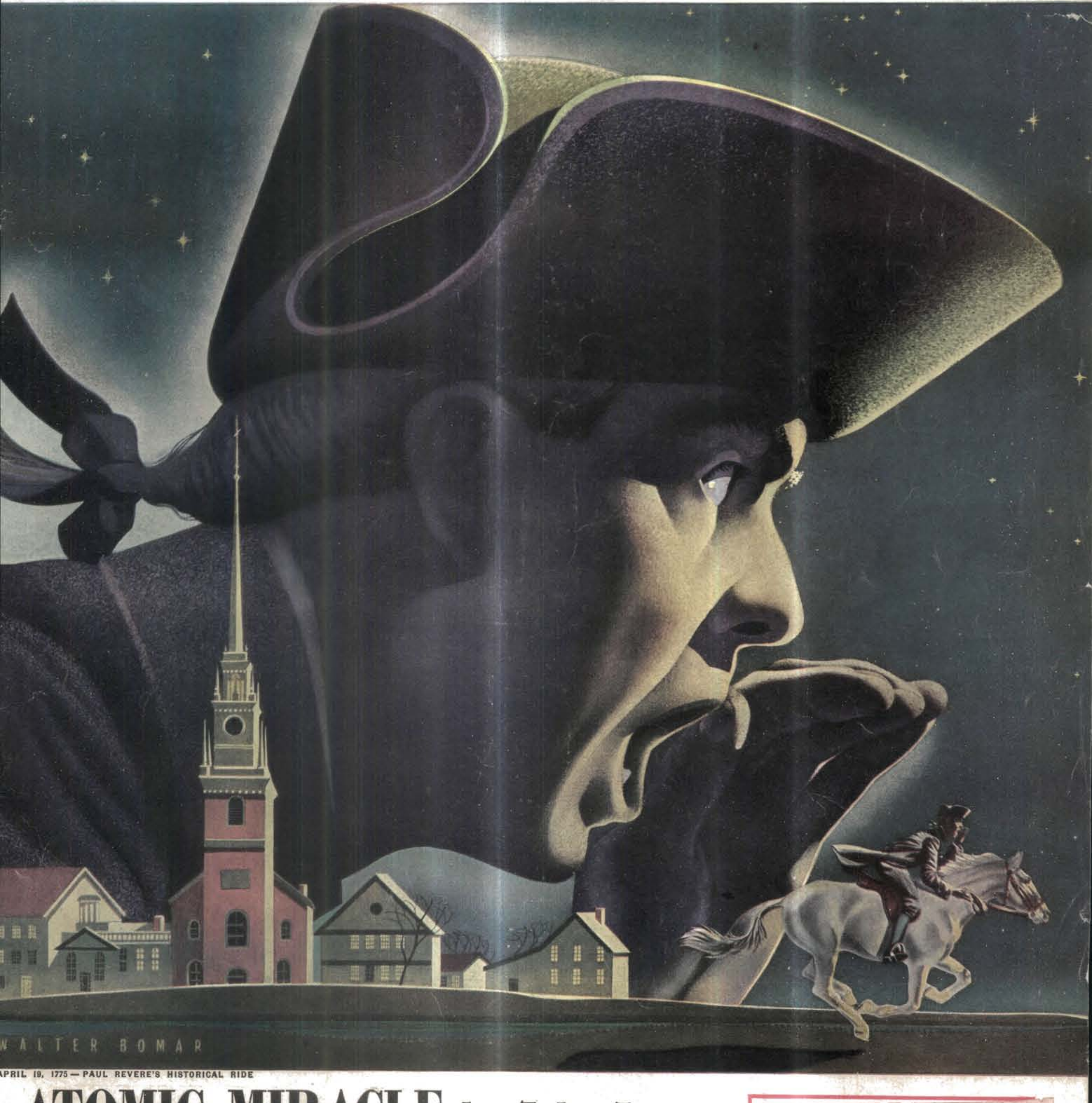

APRIL 19, 1775 — PAUL REVERE'S HISTORICAL RIDE

ATOMIC MIRACLE by John Lear

Science Explodes an Atom in a Woman's Brain

Head of the Bourbon Family

OLD GRAND-DAD
OLD GRAND-DAD
100 PROOF
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER SUPERVISION OF U. S. GOV'T
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY THE OLD GRAND DAD DISTILLERY COMPANY FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY

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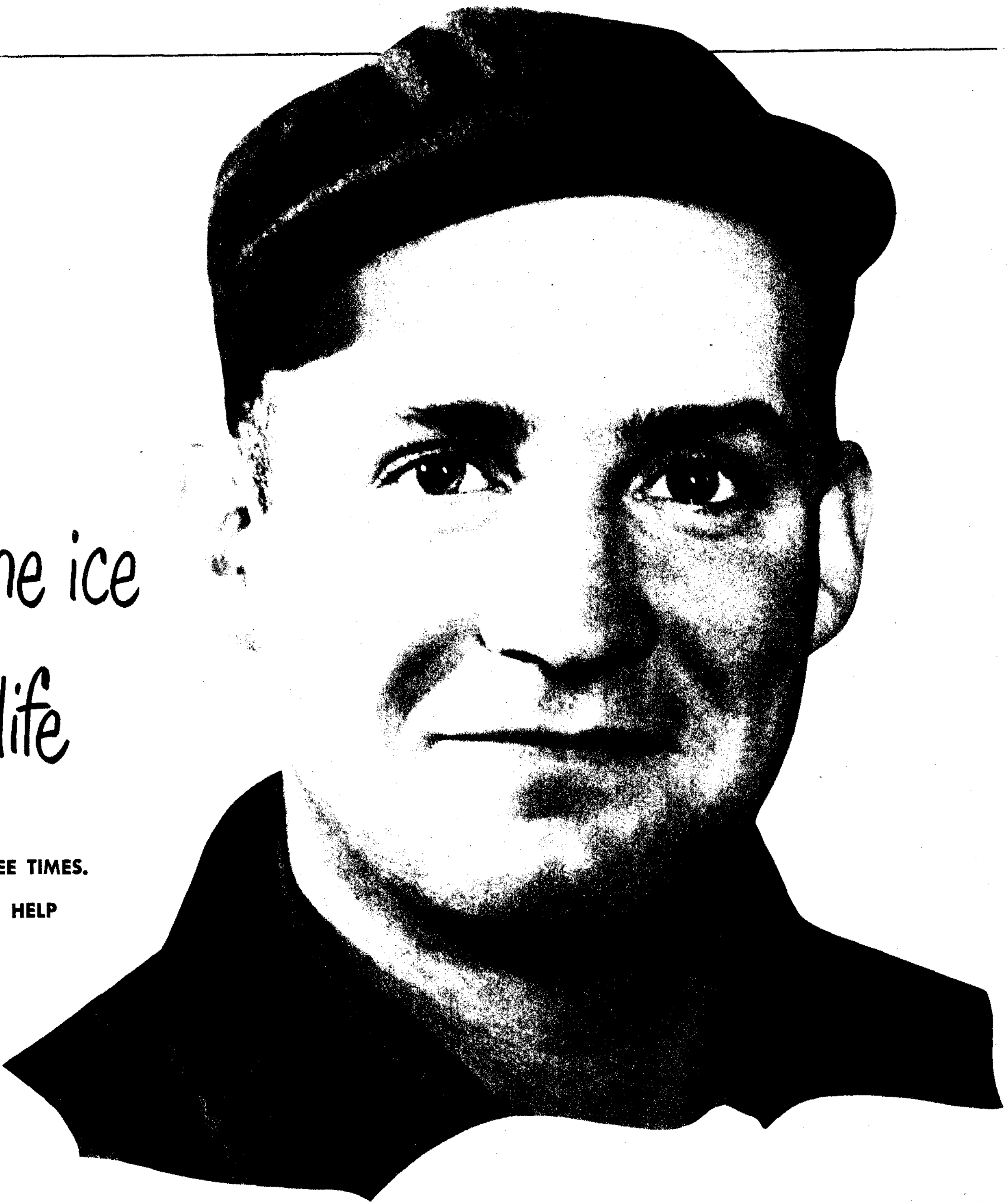
In Old Grand-Dad — nature's bounty plus the skill and experience of master distillers have been combined to produce as fine a Kentucky bourbon as ever passed a man's lips. Add to this the silent sleeping years that Old Grand-Dad matures in new, charred white oak casks, and you have the true reason why this famous bourbon has long been "Head of the Bourbon Family."

The Old Grand-Dad Distillery Company, Frankfort, Kentucky

OLD GRAND-DAD

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

"HELP!" CRIED THE BOY. "OVER HERE! HELP!"



He went under the ice to save a boy's life

TELEPHONE LINEMAN BRAVES ICY WATER THREE TIMES. OTHER MEMBERS OF CONSTRUCTION CREW HELP IN RESCUE AND RESUSCITATION

IT WAS a cold winter afternoon and a telephone construction crew was working along South Road in Bedford, Massachusetts.

Suddenly they heard a boy's voice from a nearby creek.

"Help! . . . over here . . . help!"

Robert B. Foley was the first telephone man to reach the bank. A frantic boy told him that his buddy, Donald King, had fallen into a hole and was under the ice.

Foley crawled over the surface flat on his stomach to distribute his weight and keep the ice from breaking. He got to the hole and without hesitating let himself down in the water, clear out of sight.

He went down twice without finding Donald. Then the boy on the bank yelled . . .

"No, not that hole. The one over there."

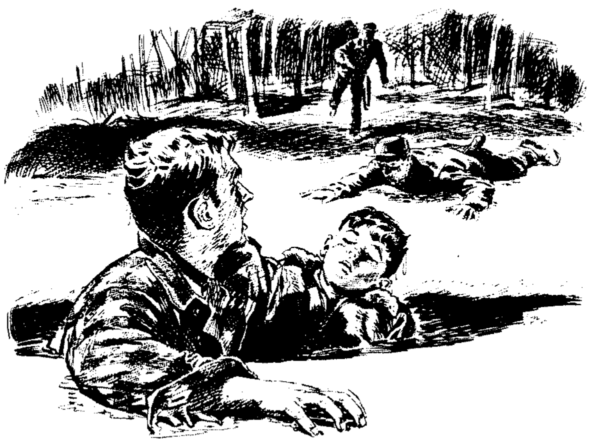
Down went Foley for the third time, pushing himself along under the ice toward a smaller hole, five or six feet away.

The next few seconds seemed like years, for he was out of sight. Then suddenly there was a splashing in the open water. It was Foley, and he had the boy in his arms.

Immediately John F. Fitzgerald, the foreman of the construction crew—trained for first aid in emergencies—started to resuscitate the boy and had him breathing by the time the police and firemen arrived with an inhalator.

There's a postscript to the story that you might like to hear.

In recognition of their deed, Robert Foley and John Fitzgerald were given Vail Medals, the traditional awards to telephone people for meritorious acts performed in the public service. Robert Foley also was awarded a bronze medal by the Carnegie Hero Fund. Malcolm S. Cate, Jr., Harold G. Nelson, John T. Cochran, Howard C. Roche and James H. Lucas, the other members of the construction crew, received Company Citations.



Suddenly there was a splashing in the hole in the ice. It was Foley, and he had the boy in his arms.

HELPING HANDS—This is just one of many stories of the skill, courage and resourcefulness of telephone men and women in times of emergency. . . . Not all of them tell of the saving of a life. There is scarcely a minute that someone in trouble or urgent need does not turn to the telephone for help.

No matter who it may be or what the hour of the day or night, you know that telephone people will do everything they can to be of service. And do it willingly and courteously, with all possible speed. . . . **BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**

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in your hair!

What a wonderful wake-up glow in your scalp — when you use *"Live-Action"* Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout!"

50 seconds' massage with *active* Vitalis (1) stimulates the scalp (2) prevents dryness (3) routs flaky dandruff (4) helps check excessive falling hair.

Then 10 seconds to comb . . . and your hair is neater, handsomer—set to stay that way all day! Natural looking—never "slicked down." Vitalis contains no greasy liquid petrolatum—just pure, natural vegetable oil.

For a scalp that *feels* its best and hair that *looks* its best, get "Live-Action" Vitalis at any drug counter or at your barber shop. *Vitalis is another dependable Bristol-Myers product.*

- **Many skin specialists** prescribe two of Vitalis' basic ingredients for dry, flaky scalp. The Vitalis workout *stimulates* scalp, prevents dryness.

VITALIS
BRISTOL-MYERS CO

*Vitalis
and the
"60-Second Workout"

NEW! For Cream Tonic Fans . . . VITALIS Hair CREAM . . . *lighter-bodied* than ordinary cream oils! No heavy film, no sticky comb, no messy hands!

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The Cover

Walter Bomar gives color to what must have been a dark and tiresome ride by Paul Revere as he galloped from Charlestown to Lexington in the early morning of April 19, 1775, warning citizens along the way that the British were marching from Boston. Born on New Year's Day, 1735, Paul Revere followed his father's footsteps as a silversmith, became an able copper engraver and lived to the ripe age of eighty-three.

Week's Mail

Last of the Series

EDITOR: I want to commend you on your article, New York's Tin Shields Become an Iron Curtain (March 3d). It takes a lot of courage to publish an article of that nature, more so when your editorial offices are located in New York. In the introductory note to the article you state that you love a good fight. Well, why not carry it on? It is about *time* that somebody does something about the police department of our great city and enlightens the population as to the true nature of New York's finest.

I am sure that a series of articles just on New York's police force would be welcomed by everybody in the city. You should hand out reprints to everyone who asks for them and get a large group of our population behind you. I am sure that then finally the big cleanup will be successful.
GERALD LEVY, New York, N. Y.

. . . Collier's is right that one of the chief contributing causes to crime is no cop on the beat to interfere. This conclusion of your investigator confirms the experience of many, many citizens. It is a cause which can be remedied if there is a will to remedy it.

Police departments usually complain they are short of men. One reason they are short is that they waste the time of so many men on overpolicing of baseball parks, basketball and football games and other sports events.

Another reason for the shortage of men is letting two men ride around so much of the time in a patrol or prowl car. A prowl car is useful for some kinds of police work, but for others it can never take the place of a foot patrolman on his beat.
GEORGE AUBREY HASTINGS,
Ridgewood, N. J.

. . . I have read the last of Howard Whitman's articles, Terror in Our Cities. If there was ever a series of eye-openers, this was it.
MRS. GERALD BRAUER, Youngstown, Ohio

. . . You are to be congratulated for publishing Howard Whitman's article on the New York Police Department. The indulgence in graft and the aggressive attitude of many New York police have been known to New Yorkers for some time. Your revealing article should be a great aid in bringing about some much needed reform.
RICHARD E. JONES III, Charlottesville, Va.

. . . After reading of the sellout by New York's "finest" I mentally recoil in terror for the safety of my family! Are our legislators impotent or in cahoots?
MILTON E. SUSSMAN, Brooklyn, N. Y.

. . . Anent Howard Whitman's revealing article: with no thought to lighten the gravity of the situation, may I submit my entry to be used if ever your city decides to alter its motto. . . .

"If you got the money, we got the crime!"
EDWARD A. HYER, Sullivans Island, S. C.

. . . As a small merchant, I formerly operated a retail business in the Amsterdam Avenue and West Sixties area of which Mr.

THE EXTRA STEP THAT MEANS FINER FLAVOR

WED·IN·THE·WOOD is a time-honored Glenmore method. This extra step means that Old Thompson, instead of being bottled immediately after blending, is put back into barrels to assure uniform high quality. This "marrying" gives Old Thompson an extra smoothness, an extra mellowness. *Try it tonight and see!*

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

Whitman writes. On several occasions I was obliged to contact the police and was appalled at their indifference and lack of co-operation.

The entire department needs a thorough house cleaning. Let us hope your excellent article will be instrumental in accomplishing this worth-while purpose.

MAX FRIEDLANDER, Bronx, N. Y.

The WAF Who Wasn't There

EDITOR: After reading The Girls Get Ready to Serve (March 3d) we have a few questions. When did Miss Patricia Shaffer (pictured on page 17) get assigned to our squadron and when did this same Miss Shaffer ever pull a regular shift in our tower? We have worked in this tower since before the uniforms such as Miss Shaffer is wearing were authorized, and have never seen her do any work in our tower.

We do have two WAFs working in our tower and we believe you have done them an injustice by ignoring them.

However, we believe that Miss Shaffer was attending a course in radio repairing at Scott Field when this picture was made.

CPL. RICHARD N. FULLEN, SGT. J. E. BOLEJACK, CPL. C. J. SMITH, PFC. LEO M. NAUMANN, S/SGT. E. G. SCHOFIELD, SGT. H. R. GOODSON, S/SGT. ARRIEL C. JOHNSON, Scott AFB Control Tower, 1918th AACS Squadron, Scott AFB, Ill.

Miss Shaffer's picture was taken by a Defense Department photographer, and the accompanying caption was checked and okayed by Air Force Public Relations in the Pentagon. Looks like the Scott Field boys will have to settle for an intraservice hassel.

. . . As an ex-WAC, I'm not going to stand for Michael Clarke's statement that the first contingent of WACs was sent to England in 1942 under the command of Colonel Mary Hallaren.

My old company, the 6666th Hqs. Co. (previously known as the 76th Hqs. Co.) under the command of Captain Marquis of New York City was sent to Algiers, arriving January, 1943, where it was assigned to Allied Force Headquarters. This outfit was an experimental company, sent for by General Eisenhower and was not followed by another full company until five months later. It was the performance of this outfit that convinced the Army that women could be used in combat areas.

RUTH LA FOND, Detroit, Mich.

The Big Boys vs. Mr. Smith

EDITOR: In his article Anyone for Basketball? (March 3d), Red Smith engaged in some interesting calisthenics with words like acromegalic, hyperpituitary and irascibility. I was properly awed by Mr. Smith's vocabulary and his nimble, uninhibited use of it, but his basketball commentary left me cold. The frail-looking Mr. Smith, who could be the victim of an apathetic pituitary, should know that the extraordinary tall boy has won his place in basketball with long practice and arduous direction.

If Mr. Smith would boycott basketball because it frowns on contact, then he also must be unkindly disposed toward tennis, golf, squash, badminton, handball, swimming, track, etc., etc. For a little feller, Red certainly sets a heap of store by might makes right.

It would be a calamity in sport if an athlete's right to compete depended on his capacity to vie with Grable and Russell for Red Smith's attention. I suppose the man was paid to be funny, but ridiculing a kid because he's tall and denying him his right to play are crowding the bounds of good taste.

DAVE GALLUP, Chicago, Ill.

. . . I do not know when I have been as disgusted by an article as by Anyone for Basketball? by Red Smith. As a brother sports writer I usually adopt a live-and-let-live attitude toward the meanderings of my fellows, but Smith was wising off, not intelligently appraising the game and its mistakes.

If the subject is to be discussed at all, what's wrong with having a sport for tall, skinny guys? Must all sports be for muscles? If this Smith thinks co-ordination is not needed to play the game he doesn't know what he's talking about. I've seen some useless boys taught good co-ordination and given athletic ability and self-confidence by the game. These were boys who ordinarily would be self-conscious string beans who couldn't eat an apple without fumbling it. I'm glad there is a game in which they can excel.

Please, if you are going to have humor, don't take it out on a bunch of guys who are doing a good job of acclimating themselves to a world made for shorter men.

BILL ERIN (five feet, ten inches),
Rockland, Wis.

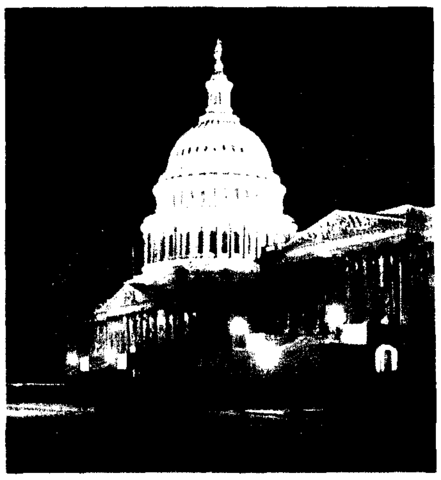
. . . Basketball is battered and bleeding, but Red Smith's indictment of it as not attracting athletes is simply ridiculous. No game, with the possible exception of lacrosse, requires a greater variety of athletic skills and drive. Compare the diversity of movement of the average basketball player with his mechanical baseball brother and power-laden football counterpart.

BURT HALPERN, New York, N. Y.

Wrong Wing

EDITOR: In your February 24th issue there is an article concerning the U.S. Senate (editorial, Light on the Great Discussion). The article is interesting, but let me ask you one question. Why did you use a picture of the Capitol showing the House of Representatives side? I am a page in the House.

STANLEY BOHRER, Washington, D. C.



This better, Stanley?

Miss Ward's Analysis

EDITOR: Plaudits for your editorial The World Must Choose (March 3d), praising Barbara Ward's new book, Policy for the West. A major conclusion of her brilliant analysis is that the democracies must and are evolving into a political union, a federation of the free! ALLAN F. MATTHEWS, Washington, D. C.

. . . In commenting on Barbara Ward's new book you mention her "rather unconventional thesis" and imply that the idea of collectivism as reactionary is something new and different. I wish to point out that this fact has been recognized for decades.

The late Professor H. J. Davenport of this institution mentioned the reactionary character of the Socialist's economic theory, early in this century. Professor Dr. Scott of Missouri mentions that ". . . the Socialist movement is, in its philosophical bearings, altogether reactionary." This was 20 years ago.

H. E. DONLEY,
University of Missouri, Columbia, Mo.

Painfully Amusing

EDITOR: You just *hold on* to those humorists, B. M. Atkinson, Jr., and H. B. Fox, and you've got a life subscriber here. I've found one can get muscle-sore from laughing.

J. C. EARLY, Beaver Falls, Pa.

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IMPROVE *YOUR* LOOKS! To keep your hair and scalp in the right condition, use a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic every day. Makes your hair look wonderful . . . checks loose dandruff and other annoying signs of Dry Scalp. Contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. It's double care for scalp and hair. It's economical, too!

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

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48 States of Mind

By WALTER DAVENPORT

This department of Collier's has received many letters from presidents, chancellors, provosts, deans and hard-rooting publicity offices of American colleges and universities. All of them view the future with suspicion. Many, like governments and individuals, are shadowboxing with the specter of survival. Yes? No? How? Tuition costs are too low, they tell us. What might have been endowments are being devoured by high taxes and the cost of living. If they raise rates, fewer young men will enter. If the armed forces continue their levies on youth, even those who can afford college will not enroll. And so on. In all this gloom there appears but one flash of light which we in our pitiful ignorance hail as an indication that in at least one dean's office there has been a spot of thinking. We may not give you his name. But that, it seems to us, is unimportant. Says he: "The real trouble is that there are too many colleges and too little education."

* * *

We opened to the society section of a Montana newspaper recently and discovered that a handsome young man and a lovely girl were married. Whereat "the bride and groom exchanged *wows* and departed immediately office their honeymoon." Apparently, too, the reporter covering the reception was so overwhelmed by the romance of it all that she wrote: "Mrs. ——— sat at the table and poured tea from both ends."

* * *

We pause to deplore. The ever-rigid Army brass is not only fighting the desired and desirable expansion of the Marine Corps but objects to admitting the Commandant of the Marines to a place on the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Neither of the Army's objections to the enlargement of the Corps does measurable justice—and we say that without yielding a frail atom of our respect and admiration for the JCS as it exists today. The Army protests that the Marines in their hope of expansion would create a second land army. That, it seems here, is somewhat shy of fact. The generals want to limit the expansion of the Corps to one lonely regiment over its peacetime footing of two divisions, while adding 14 divisions to their own branch. The Army's second principal objection is that the Corps would attract young brawnies who would otherwise be eagerly grabbed by the Army. Well, the Marines aspire only to what they had in World War II—six divisions. And we have neither the space nor the effrontery to try to review here what those six divisions did in the war in the Pacific. (We were there for a while.) And finally, splendid as the current JCS is, it can add nothing but splendor by admitting General Clifton Cates, the Marine Commandant, a graduate of the Army War College, the Navy War College, the Army Industrial College. Our feeling is that, good as they are, the Chiefs can use a guy like Cates.

* * *

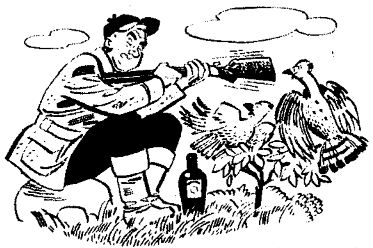
We've been invited by Mr. Carlton Lamphier, of Bakersfield, California, to join the SSOBA—the Society for the Suppression of Banquet Applause. The SSOBA was founded by Mr. Lamphier at the request of a considerable number of gentlemen who hope something permanent can be done about diners who cheer, stomp, clap, whistle and otherwise disturb your slumbers every time a guest of honor or a speaker is introduced. If necessary, he intends to run for Congress on an SSOBA platform. Our immediate reaction is all in Mr. Lamphier's favor.

* * *

If it's any comfort to Mrs. Edna Lawrence, she may as well know she's not the first public servant who, with the best of intentions, started something that promptly chased its starter up the nearest tree. Mrs. Lawrence is Safety Commissioner of Ottumwa, Iowa, a town that, like yours and ours, has entirely too many traffic violations. She set up a Secret Fifteen, a committee of citizens known by name only to her and, so far as their duties went, designated only by code numbers. The duties of the Secret Fifteen were to observe traffic violations by Ottumwa citizens and secretly relay same to the commissioner, including the license numbers of offending cars. Such communiqués would be signed with the committeeman's code designation. The offending driver was thereupon called in and dealt with. Now Mrs. Lawrence is being called names we hesitate even to think about. The citizenry is loudly denouncing the Secret Fifteen and demanding an end to "police state government." Citizens, once friends, now glare suspiciously at one another. Cries of Stop the Snoops are heard. And all Mrs. Lawrence tried to do was improve traffic.

* * *

Word reaches us that the Wyoming legislature, doubtless feeling that something ought to be done about something, has passed a law making it illegal to hunt wild game while drunk.



JACK BETTS

* * *

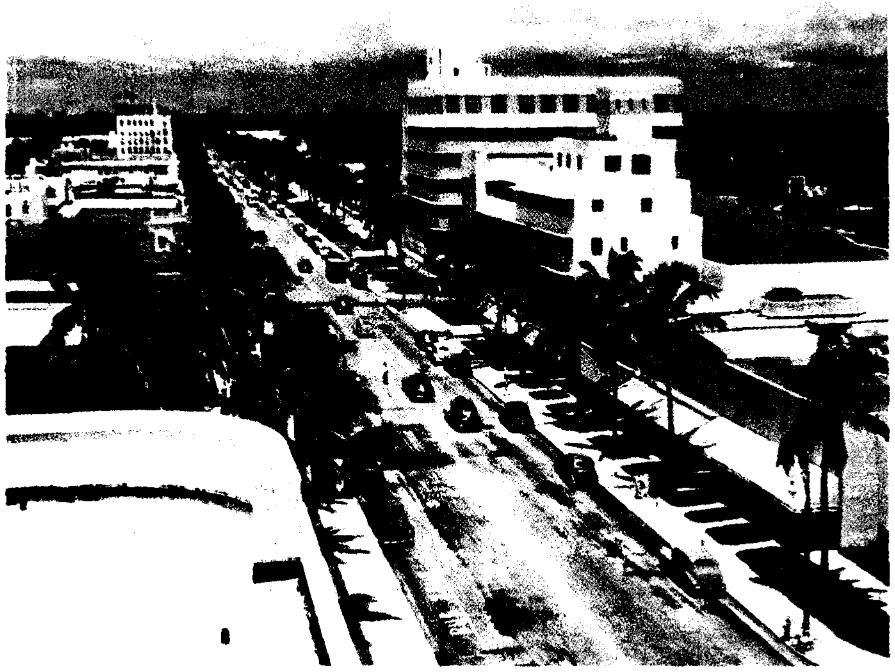
What with all the uproar about five-per-centers, influence peddlers, contract moochers, privilege persuaders, loan expediters and the like, some of the men who lobby for legislation are planning to hire a corps of sweet-singing publicity men to sell them to a now reluctant public. One of their first endeavors will be to change their name from "lobbyists" to "sponsors." It's being tried out in Madison, the capital of Wisconsin.

* * *

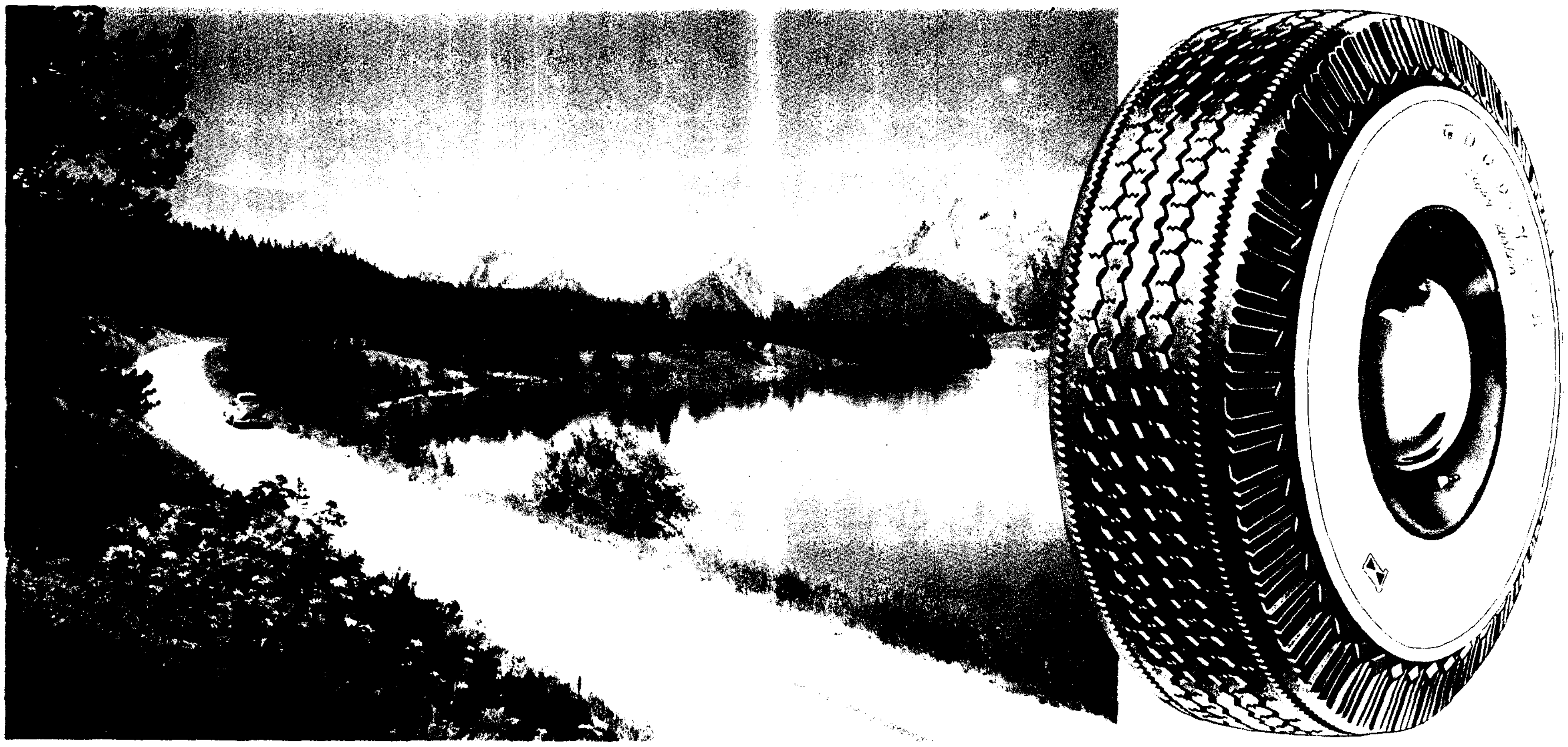
Governor J. Bracken Lee of Utah is bent on giving three colleges—Weber, Dixie and Snow—back to the Mormons. The Mormons are coy, to say the least. They founded and controlled the three colleges, but turned them over to the state in 1930. Governor Lee, finding

To get the MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND!

Whether motoring to a farm on the Connecticut River (above), or around famous beautiful Jackson Lake in Wyoming (below), why is it that more Americans travel on Goodyear tires than on any other kind? It's because car makers, who really know tires, put more Goodyear Super-Cushions on the new cars than any other kind. It's also because . . .



Along Miami's Lincoln Road (above)—or along any other American thoroughfare—motorists find that Goodyear Super-Cushions lead in all-around performance, and buy more of them than any other low-pressure tire. Doesn't it stand to reason that the tire that gives the most people the greatest satisfaction is the tire for *you* to buy?



Super Cushion by GOODYEAR

Super-Cushion, T. M.—The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

It's Time to Give Up!
EVEN THAT SILLY CUCKOO KNOWS YOU'RE GIVING ME A BAD TIME, SALLY! WHAT'S HAPPENED?
NOTHING AN EXPERT ON—ON BAD BREATH CAN'T FIX, TOM! SO ASK YOUR DENTIST, WON'T YOU, PLEASE?
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH. AND THE COLGATE WAY OF BRUSHING TEETH RIGHT AFTER EATING STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST!
LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM DOES A SUPER JOB OF POLISHING TEETH, TOO! AND HOW I GO FOR COLGATE'S GRAND WAKE-UP FLAVOR!
COLGATE CARE CAN TAKE A BOW FOR THINGS RUN SMOOTH AS CLOCKWORK NOW!

READER'S DIGEST* Reported The Same Research Which Proves That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

MOST THOROUGHLY PROVED AND ACCEPTED HOME METHOD OF ORAL HYGIENE KNOWN TODAY!

Reader's Digest recently reported the very same research which proves that the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay best! The most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today!

Yes, and 2 years' research showed that the Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! No other toothpaste or powder—ammoniated or not—offers such proof—the most conclusive proof ever reported for a dentifrice of any type!

COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

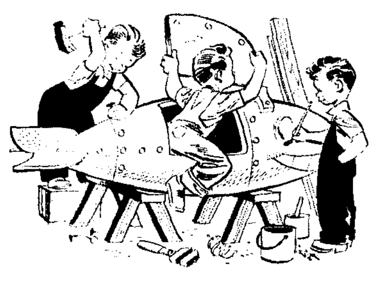
Use Colgate Dental Cream
✓ **To Clean Your Breath**
✓ **While You Clean Your Teeth—**
✓ **And Help Stop Tooth Decay!**

***YOU SHOULD KNOW!** Colgate's, while not mentioned by name, was the one and only toothpaste used in the scientific research on tooth decay recently reported in Reader's Digest.

it's costing Utah $600,000 a year to operate Weber, Dixie and Snow, thinks the church should have them back. The church is of several doubtful minds about it. Anyway, it is considered unlikely that any of these colleges will be found on Army's football schedule next fall, the West Pointers being thus compelled to play really tough opposition like Pepperdine or Ursinus.

* * *

There is a kindergarten in Columbus, Ohio, wherein the little ones are building a rocket ship designed to fly to the moon. They are having a little trouble with the power plant, but our man out there has inspected their rocket and would be pleased to place a small but sincere bet that this modern Wynken, Blynken and Nod craft will arrive at its destination as soon as anything produced by older scientists.



* * *

If you're looking for a sign of the times, you've come to the right shop. We've just learned that the Utah Cattle and Horse Growers Association advocates that the state set a bounty on rustlers, just as it has on coyotes or any other predator. Cattle thieves are backing up their trucks to corrals every night, snatching meat animals, slaughtering them in open fields and selling them to small butcher shops, which pass them on at black-market prices, of course. One stockman in Sanpete County, Utah, lost 73 cows in one night. Ranchers say, if the state will only declare a bounty, they'll be able to make up some of their losses—"and right glad to do it, too."

* * *

We weren't going to mention this, but so long as we're riding the range we guess we'd better turn honest. Thus far 68 letters have arrived to tell us that, for example, "If you knew anything at all, which I doubt, you would not laugh at the Texas farmer who wanted to sell a couple of Milking Shorthorn bulls." The letters (Help! Here comes another load) are from ranchers, judges, governors, ex-governors, even clergymen. And here's one from Mr. Elbert Pace, secretary of the Oklahoma Association of Milking Shorthorn Breeders. "The man," writes Mr. Pace, "said Milking Shorthorn Bull for Sale because that's just what he had for sale." So, we hereby again acknowledge our ignorance. Obviously there are Milking Shorthorn bulls and beef Shorthorn bulls, and anybody who wants to make anything out of it will please step up and remove his glasses. (We're keeping ours on.)

* * *

While Rhode Island is depending on Mr. Truman and his aides to do something reliable about the international situation, that state is chin-deep in problems of her own. For example, should persons on relief be permitted to purchase television sets? What about the man who drives his own car in to relief headquarters for his monthly check? Should a person receiving public assistance be allowed to devote a part of that money to life insurance which will be payable to persons not in need of relief? And so on, at great length. If we didn't believe betting is immoral, we'd bet you 17 to 10 that after a great deal of palavering, Rhode Island will answer yes to all those questions—whether it makes sense or not.

* * *

While we're in that abject mood, maybe we'd better talk about taxes. We've just heard from a man in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, who says that even though the sun is shining brilliantly he is unable to see two feet ahead "on account of the taxes." We looked into the matter and discovered that last year Pennsylvania added 400 new taxes to what she already levied, bringing the total on January 1, 1951, to 1,306. Naturally, 1951 will add a few more—say a couple of hundred. The way things are going, now when you talk about "The Good Old Days," you're harking back no further than last year.

* * *

Shy as we are of making predictions, we go as far as to venture that sometime during this teetering year of 1951 you'll be bitten by a mosquito. If you aren't, don't brag. Two Pennsylvania State College scientists—Drs. Hubert W. Frings and Charles L. Hamrum—have come up with the possible reason. As you know, of course, only the female mosquito bites the human animal. But before she takes a nip of you, she gives you several deep exploratory sniffs. Thus, it's possible you're being complimented if she takes a bite.

* * *

There's nothing wrong with our economy that lower prices won't cure. To illustrate, consider Brown and Hoselton's store in International Falls, Minnesota. Not long ago the Messrs. Brown and Hoselton let it be known they were launching a new soda fountain and chocolate malteds would cost 15 cents. More than 300 citizens of International Falls lined up and bought chocolate malteds. Of course the weather may have had something to do with it. It was only 25 below at the time.

* * *

There's a horticulturist in Pasadena, California, who has developed a three-pound tomato. He predicts he will push them up to five pounds by the late summer of 1952 when, we believe, a nice, nasty political campaign will be getting under way. Still, a five-pounder is a bit hefty for accurate throwing. Be sure to save us a few of those three-pounders, please, Professor.

* * *

Outside of that, we are not now prophesying what is going to happen politically in 1952, thus setting ourself apart from the Grand Army of Columnists with Inside Information—the GACWII. The only thing we know is what we've heard from Mr. M. S. Boggess of the Kemp (Texas) News. Mr. Boggess had supper with an old and far-seeing friend recently who told him that a Republican was sure to be elected President next year. Mr. Boggess wanted to know how he knew. "Well, sir," said his host, "it always happens when there's so many rabbits running wild around the county the year before. Never saw anything like this year." Makes about as much sense as any election prediction we've ever heard.

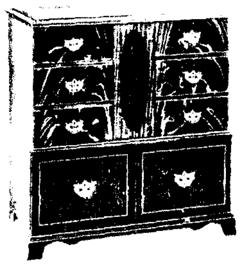
HOW TO GET MORE FOR YOUR MONEY WHEN YOU BUY TELEVISION!

Get an RCA Victor Million Proof Combination!

QUALITY PROVEN IN OVER ~~ONE~~ two MILLION HOMES

First, you get television at its finest—17 big inches of it. Buying it in this *combination* makes real sense. You actually get the equivalent of 3 full-size consoles—3 different kinds of fun—yet you pay for just *one* cabinet: *one* sound system.

You get superb AM-FM radio—You'll enjoy both as never before! RCA Victor's famous "Golden Throat" tone system has *Extended Range* for added depth and brilliance.



The RCA Victor Rutland—17-inch television combination.

In over two million homes from coast to coast you'll find one kind of television—RCA Victor. It's America's *owned-most, proved-most* television. A new extra-powerful picture pickup gives you the *best possible* reception—picture quality that's Million Proof—*twice over!* And—ONLY RCA Victor owners can buy the RCA Victor Factory-Service Contract for expert installation and maintenance. Buy it with your set. If you already own an RCA Victor set *without this protection*, call the RCA Service Company for a maintenance contract now.

You get 3 record speeds—2 automatic changers. One is for 78 and 33⅓ rpm records—you can even mix sizes of the same speed. The "Victrola" 45 changer is separate so you can play the 7", 45 rpm records *as they should be played*—on the big, easy-to-load center changer designed especially for them.

"Victrola"—T.M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Watch "Kukla, Fran and Ollie," Monday through Friday at 7 p.m., New York time, over your NBC television station.

RCA VICTOR

Division of Radio Corporation of America

WORLD LEADER IN RADIO . . . FIRST IN RECORDED MUSIC . . . FIRST IN TELEVISION

Pearly weapons

-for winning manly hearts!

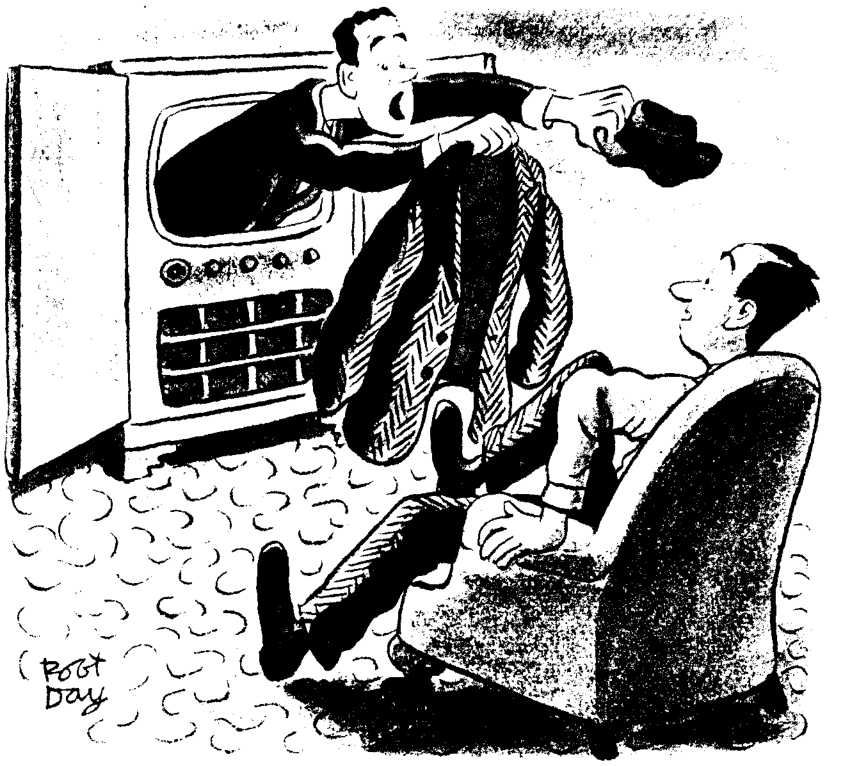
Here's SWANK'S *peerless, pierceless Pin Klip*, newly fashioned in lustrous mother-of-pearl. Designed in a choice of three weapons that keep the tie neatly centered, yet never penetrate it.* SWANK *magic that's grand to give or get. Dagger, Sabre, Scimitar, $2.95 each, plus Federal Tax.*

SWANK *on jewelry, belts and wallets means QUALITY.*

SWANK—® Swank, Inc., Attleboro, Mass.

*Patented

Men prefer SWANK



ROBERT DAY

I'm tired of announcers who tell me to do it RIGHT NOW . . .

What's the Rush?

By W. F. MIKSCH

WHAT is it about me that makes other people want to grab my elbow and say, "Hurry along, you!"? Why is everyone so impatient with me? If I start to tell a story, someone says, "Get to the point." When I pause to count honor tricks, my bridge partner snaps, "Make up your mind." All day long someone is shouting at me through the radio to HURRY UP and do something NOW—RIGHT NOW—THIS VERY MINUTE!

Of course I realize much of this hurry talk is based on the idea that Time is Money, which is just about the silliest idea ever. Time is time, and money is money, and the two are worlds apart. I know, because I have yet to run out of time. Meanwhile, I'll thank people to stop mailing me letters begging my "prompt" reply, bills stamped "Urgent," and those circulars admonishing me to "ACT QUICKLY—AT ONCE—IMMEDIATELY, as this Special Offer on Brooder Coops CLOSES AT MIDNIGHT!"

The same goes for television announcers who all but lean out of my screen to tell me to "Get down here to Joe's Garage WITHIN THE HOUR and let us replace those worn-out plugs WITHOUT DELAY!" If our family crate could make it down there in an hour, then it hardly needs new plugs. Besides, I wonder what the National Safety Council would have to say if every motorist from miles around picked the next 60 minutes to converge on Joe's Garage? For that matter, what would Joe say?

The resort hotel that recently sent me a vacation folder stating "IF YOU HURRY, you can still see the pretty rhododendrons" had better pickle their pretty rhododendrons, as I won't be along to see them until later in the season. If I've got to hurry, then it's no vacation.

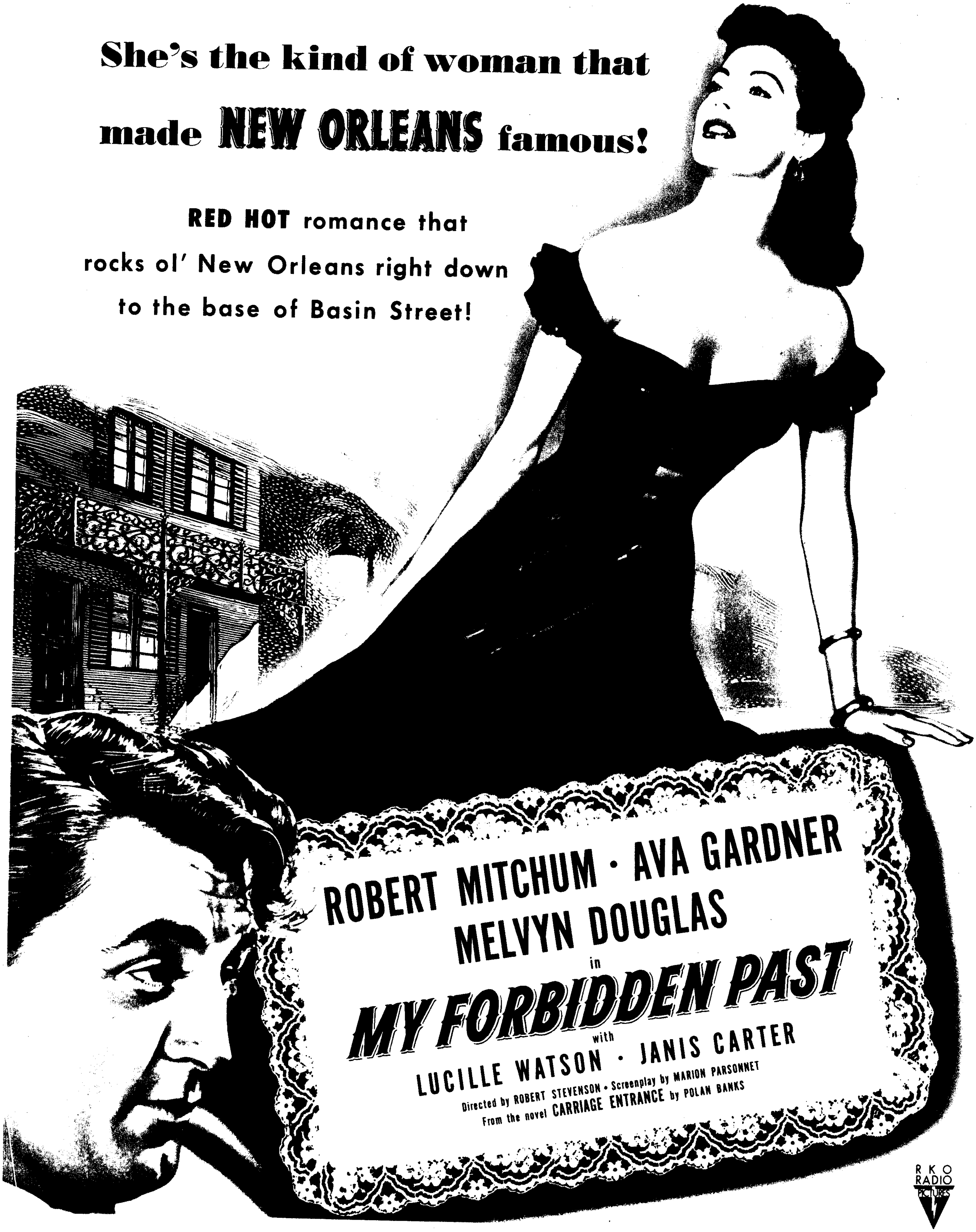
I've always been nice and considerate about waiting on other people. I've patiently squatted in barbershops, quietly thumbing through magazines, while nine customers ahead of me got haircuts, shaves and tonic rubs. I've stoically kept my fist off the horn while drivers up front hesitated at traffic lights. I've always been good-natured about late trains and overdue parcel-post packages. Now I expect others to cater to my whims for a change, and my whims include not being goaded into things prematurely.

All of my aspirin shopping is done *after* the headache strikes. I like to see my dentist regularly, but not before my tooth starts jumping. Late summer strikes me as good a time as any for Spring Home Repairs, and I've had simply marvelous results with Fall Transplanting in April.

The big cold snap in December is, I find, an ideal time to phone my fuel oil dealer. Nor is anything quite as dramatic as a Mid-Winter Furnace Checkup, with no heat in the house and trained servicemen up on our roof dropping bags of chains down the chimney.

If I prefer having my car Spring Winterized (so as not to miss any of the fun of stiff starting and frozen motor blocks), I see no reason for some impetuous direct-mail copywriter to snap a whip over me in October. He ought to be glad to know someone will be driving in for antifreeze next March after everyone else has stopped buying. That makes for a more steady market.

So you there—Mr. Announcer on the portable radio—quit chattering at me to BE QUICK about stopping in at your factory showroom for a power lawn mower. What are you trying to do—ruin my summer? If I bought a mower now, I'd probably use it right away and get all tired out. As for your aluminum storm windows, I don't wish a free estimate NOW, THIS INSTANT. Next January I may be in the market, so suppose you stick to telling me what to do—not when to do it. Just mention the brand names, Buster, and don't bother lighting fires under me. I'll be down in my own good time. THE END



She's the kind of woman that made NEW ORLEANS famous!

RED HOT romance that
rocks ol' New Orleans right down
to the base of Basin Street!

ROBERT MITCHUM · AVA GARDNER
MELVYN DOUGLAS
in
MY FORBIDDEN PAST
with
LUCILLE WATSON · JANIS CARTER
Directed by ROBERT STEVENSON · Screenplay by MARION PARSONNET
From the novel CARRIAGE ENTRANCE by POLAN BANKS

RKO RADIO PICTURES

STOPOWER . . . *doubles your protection in wet weather*

THE GENERAL TIRE adds a new word to the safe motorist's dictionary—STOPOWER. Even on wet pavements, General's Dual-Traction gives you the power to stop straight and short. In traffic lanes, it protects those expensive front-ends. At higher speeds, it may save your life.

Rainwear by Lawrence of London

Goes a Long Way to Make Friends

THE GENERAL TIRE

JOHN LEAR REPORTS AN

ATOMIC MIRACLE

Science explodes an atom in a woman's brain

SIX atomic explosions were set off in the United States during the first seven weeks of 1951. Five of them lighted the sky for hundreds of miles above the desert barrens of the Southwest. The earth rocked beneath them, and the air fled roaring before them. Dreadful trials they were of man's ability to kill his fellow men. The sixth explosion was as quiet as the voice of conscience. It passed unseen by human eyes. Yet its muffled spark loosed a gleam of hope for peaceful men of good will everywhere. Because its purpose was to *save* life.

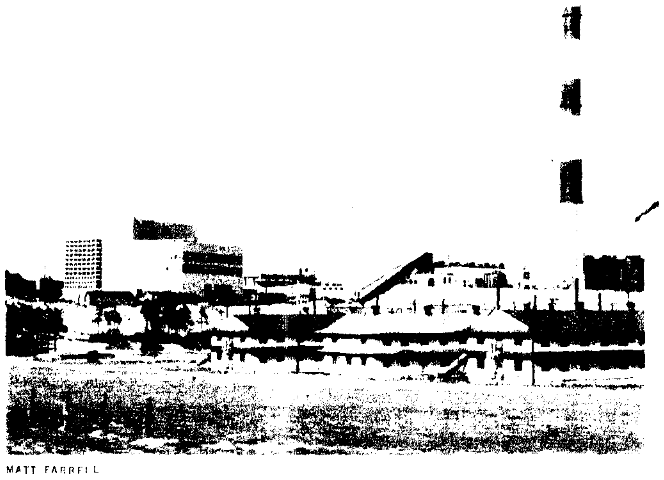
The sixth explosion was the first ever to take place within a human body.

It happened on the night of February 15th, halfway up the six-storied height of an angular, modernistic cathedral of science, whose green glass windows, 55 feet tall, blazed emerald sheen from the pitch black of a scrub pine wood 65 miles east of New York City. There, on the dreary fringe of the duck and blue-point oyster country of Long Island, at a spot bizarrely marked by a red-and-white striped chimney, a brave New England woman whose name must be veiled now—and may never be revealed—submitted herself to an experience entirely new to man.

Lying face down on a stretcher made of chicken wire, covered with blankets and a sheet, she allowed herself to be carried to the top of a great block of concrete and lowered into a sunken room walled and floored with lead. Suspended there, alone, she was bombarded about the head with slow neutrons, the same invisible particles of matter that detonate atom bombs.

Though her eyes were wet with tears before the experiment began, she would accept no sedative—not even an aspirin tablet. And she lay motionless at a fixed spot in that leaden room for half an hour, her ears filled with the mystery of a low, continuous thunder that no one could explain to her without being guilty of treason.

The thunder came from below her strange abode, from the secret workings of the nuclear reactor of the Brookhaven National Laboratory. Under the floor where her stretcher lay, winds were rushing at hundreds of miles an hour through a giant cube of graphite, a Chinese puzzle of 60,000 blocks in 2,600 different shapes and sizes, honeycombed with uranium rods enclosed in aluminum cans.


MATT FARRELL

Brookhaven research hospital, near New York City, where scientists performed the miracle

One in every 140 atoms of the uranium was the isotope U 235, which discharges neutrons naturally. The aluminum cans were so distributed in the graphite that billions of neutrons could be fired through the big black block every second without risk of an explosion. Thousands of them were shooting up out of the cube and burying themselves in the concrete shield where the lead room hung.

The floor and walls of the sunken chamber stopped most of the cosmic bullets before they reached the woman's body. Only a small window beside the right side of her head was open. It was fashioned to fit a hole in the chicken wire of the stretcher. Through those twin portals, the neutrons passed into one side of the woman's brain.

The target of this cannonade was a tumor. It had short-circuited so many nerve connections in the brain that although the woman could understand perfectly well what other people said, she could not always clearly communicate her responses.

"Can you count up to twenty?" she would be asked, and she would count:

"One . . . three . . . six . . . ten . . . fifteen."

Or someone would say, "Your husband is coming to see you tomorrow," and she would answer, "Oh, yes—Father."

Her surgeon had been both enterprising and ingenious. Having alleviated, but not cured, her condition by conventional methods, he had turned to nuclear medicine. Through a series of experiments he had discovered that if he injected a liquid form of the harmless metal, boron, into a vein of one of his patient's arms or legs, it would hurry straight to the brain and into the tumor. There it would stay for a few minutes before traveling onward. Very little, if any of it, would stop in the brain tissue that was still in good health.

Now the boron itself could have no effect on the cancerous growth. It was not radioactive. But physicists had reported long before that boron could and would grab and hold on to any slow neutrons that came its way. The neutrons would kick up a ruckus inside the metal, but the boron would not let go even though it would suffer a radioactive breakdown and disintegrate. The explosion would last only an instant. When it was over, the boron would be gone. In its place would be another harmless metal, lithium. During the brief moment of change, the dying boron would throw its excess energy in all directions just as an A-bomb spews its destructive power.

That's what the physicists had said, and they had gone on to make an important prediction. "A boron explosion would be powerful," they had stated, in effect. "It would be a great disease fighter if anyone could figure out a way to use it."

The surgeon took them at their word. He injected the boron solution in the woman's veins a few minutes before he left her in the lead-walled room. If his calculations were right, the metal would reach the tumor just before the first neutrons hit.

Tense with emotion, he stepped back to watch his patient in a huge mirror that hung at an angle

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Not to KILL, but to SAVE

Doubt, confusion and dread of the atomic bomb beset the American people during the first six months of 1950. Everyone asked the same question: "What can we do to defend ourselves?" No one had an intelligent answer. Collier's assigned Associate Editor John Lear to dig out the facts and present a program for positive action. After several months of study, here and abroad, he wrote a dramatic account of his findings that made magazine history—Hiroshima, U.S.A., published in Collier's August 5th issue.

Five years of muddling and delay in Washington suddenly ended. Congress hurried a civil defense bill into law. Training of defense volunteers, left to chance until Lear described the schooling he got in England, became the keystone of civil preparedness. Today there is still too much politicking and blundering, but the core of a civil defense organization does exist.

Now, in these darkly troubled days, Collier's again is privileged to offer a hopeful report on the Atomic Age—this time with the accompanying article by John Lear on a spectacularly promising phase of atomic research. Artist Chesley Bonestell, who painted New York's funeral pyre in Hiroshima, U.S.A., directs his meticulous craftsmanship to a more cheerful purpose in the story which begins on this page. Here is a message to turn us all toward the future with faith and courage. —THE EDITORS

Collier's, April 21, 1951

above her. By his side was a microphone, into which he need only speak to stop the neutrons and summon nurses who stood nearby with syringes full of adrenaline and coramine to revive the patient if necessary.

The reactor's power was turned up, and allowed to run for 30 minutes. Then it was turned off. Throughout that time the form reflected in the mirror barely moved.

"Is she still alive?"

Doctors and nurses, nervous and perspiring, hurried down to see.

She lived.

The boron had exploded as the physicists said it would. A tiny Geiger counter mounted on the end of what might have been a hatpin (but actually was a brain probe inserted in the tumor) registered the force that struck within the cancer.

Weeks, probably months, perhaps years must pass before it is known *definitely* how effective the explosion was in killing the tumor. But a week after the night of February 15th, the patient was sitting cheerfully in a wheel chair on the sun porch of the Brookhaven research hospital, taking a lively interest in her diet and giving completely coherent replies to all who talked with her. Her chief concern then was that her hair had been shaved off. Collier's does not know her condition at this time, but her immediate progress was so encouraging that two other brain-tumor victims were to be given a chance to repeat her experience.

No one at Brookhaven is brash enough to suggest that that unique institution, the first hospital to be devoted exclusively to atomic medicine, has found a cure for cancer. The most that any responsible member of the staff will do is draw a comparison to a nighttime tour of a strange town in a foreign land. "It is as though we were looking up a dark alley, and someone handed us a flashlight," one young doctor explained. "Now that we have the light, we can see what's in the alley. Maybe what we see will convince us that we don't want to go up that particular alley at all. We just don't know until we get a good look. But we do have the flashlight and it may help us find an alley that we will want to travel."

Foresees Slow but Steady Progress

Dr. Lee E. Farr, the brilliant, dark-haired, square-jawed Rockefeller Institute alumnus who directs the hospital, won't discuss the neutron bombardment in any way until he and the Boston surgeon who originated the pioneer woman's case describe their procedure in a scientific paper. It is his opinion that atomic medicine, although unquestionably important and probably pregnant with future wonders, will account for only 10 to 15 per cent of medical practice for some time to come. Even that limited development, he feels, will not mushroom overnight; it will grow gradually and slowly over considerable time.

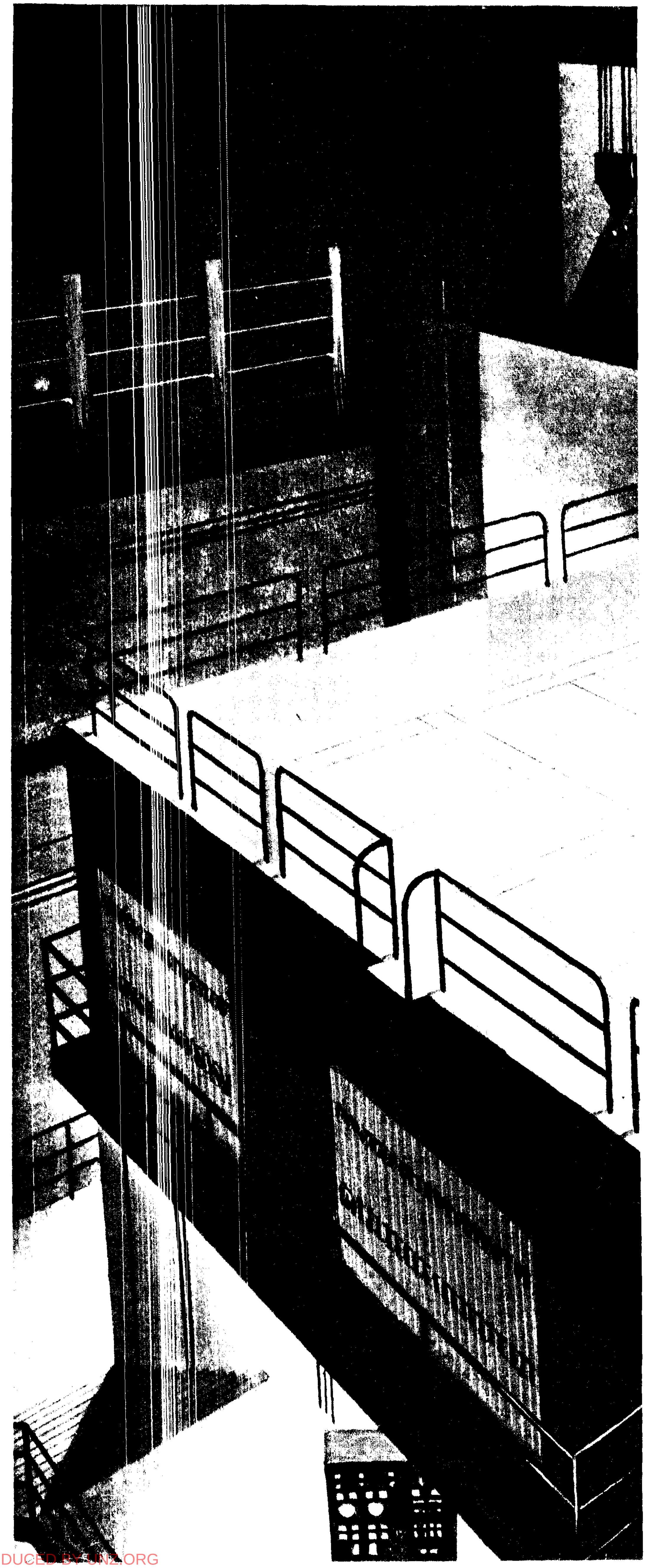
The case of the woman who is the major character of this article is a good example of what Dr. Farr means. It was a case of fitting together bits and pieces of research that were performed for no more specific reason than to add to man's sum of knowledge. Only a few of the bits had any apparent relation to one another.

First, there was the discovery that malignant tumors, because of their wild growth, gobble up the lion's share of any element that collects in a particular spot in the body where they happen to be. Then came the observation that boron has the ability to capture slow neutrons. After that, use of increasingly heavy doses of radioactive iodine to attack thyroid cancers demonstrated that healthy brain cells are tremendously resistant to radiation discharged at them from the blood that flows around them.

When the surgeon involved in the New England case proved that a brain tumor would hold boron for a few minutes, there was only one piece missing from the picture: what was the simplest, most efficient way of bombarding a tumor with neutrons during that fleeting interval of time?

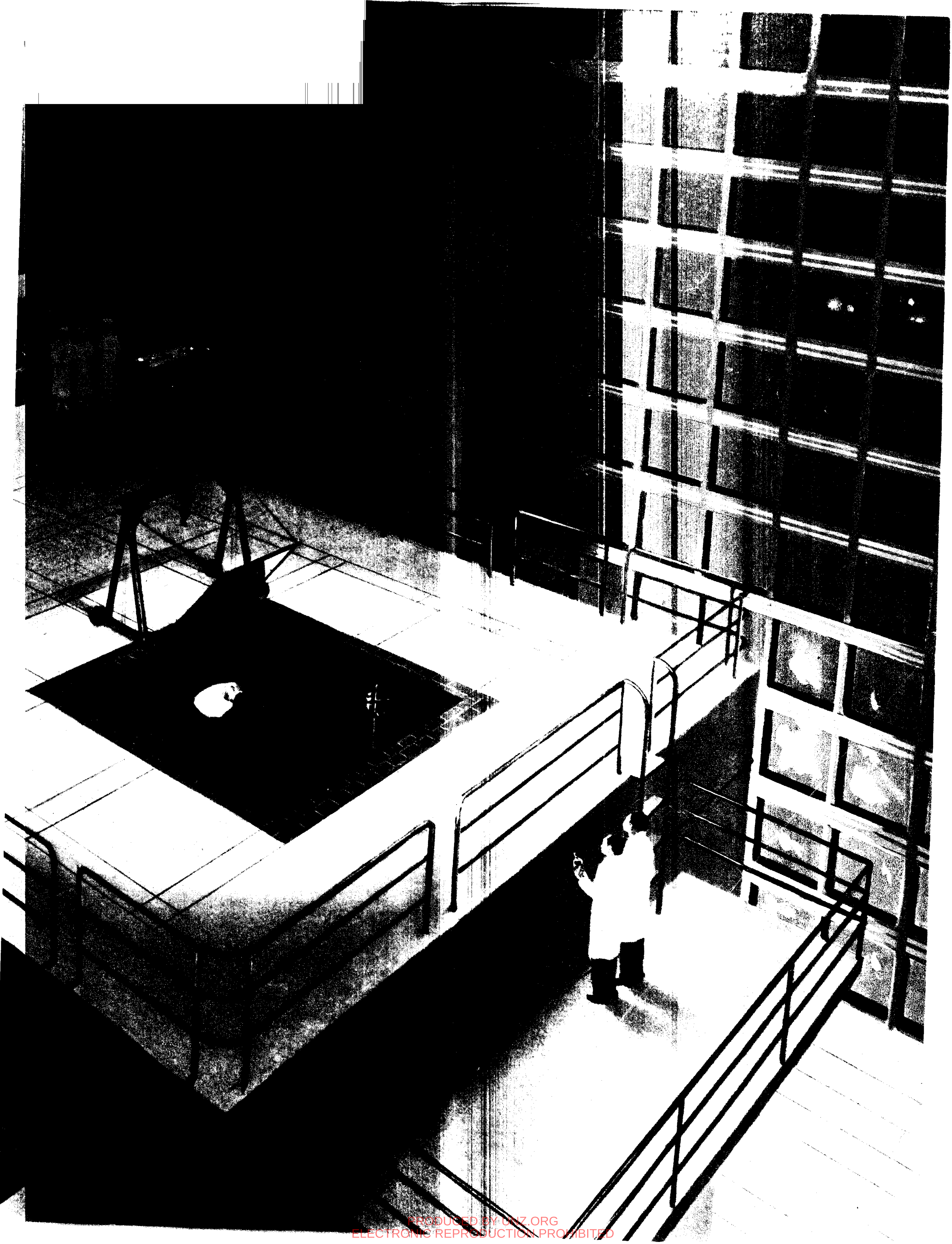
The answer to that last crucial question was obtained by anesthetizing a dog that had a brain tumor and placing its unconscious form in a small chain-driven car on a track running into a tunnel beneath the Brookhaven reactor. At the end of the track the car stood directly under an opening in the reactor shield similar to the one the woman was later to occupy in the lead room on the shield's top. The boron exploded in the canine tumor with sufficiently favorable results to justify the subsequent risk of the woman's life.

It is tempting to speculate about the apparent implications of the neutron experiment . . . to surmise that if substances can be found which congregate at particular points in the body and which also possess the ability to capture neutrons, deep-seated cancers like those of the liver and kidney can be attacked directly . . . to note that if this were possible it would be superior to X-ray penetration because more *(Continued on page 49)*



Lying on a stretcher, alone, the patient was bombarded with slow neutrons. She cried, but refused sedatives. Here is the artist's conception of the dramatic scene

ILLUSTRATED BY CHESLEY BONESTELL



Consolation Prize

By ELIZABETH WILSON

FINALLY the real-estate agent showed Sid the little three-room house on Point Riley, and her search ended there. She liked the plain, sturdy look of the twelve houses clustered there on the beautiful spear of land jutting into the ocean. This place would offer a degree of solitude.

The house was furnished, which made moving in a simple matter. Settling down was another sort of ritual. She unpacked the carton from the artists' supplies store and arranged the clean new tubes of paint on the big table by the living-room window. Preparing for any sort of inspiration, she even sized a canvas.

Then she stepped back and looked at her handiwork, and smiled. She was settled. She had also eased the depression which had seized her two days before when she had surveyed the dried-out mess her stock of paints had fallen into from disuse. And in conquering the little depression, she had begun her attack upon the big one.

She was settled, and it was only early afternoon. Although she felt an urge to begin using her new equipment immediately, she was prevented by an odd shyness. She decided to go swimming.

Standing on the little porch in her bathing suit, she stared at the army of children playing in the sand. Actually there were only six; they just sounded like more. *Solitude and kids?* she was thinking. *You couldn't have one with the other.* But right there a small breach was made in her determination to hold herself apart, because she was always responsive to children.

The scout sent out to reconnoiter her was named Kevin. He was small, thin and brown. He scouted her right into the water. But she swam beyond the line where the waves broke and a way farther, in a slow crawl. When she rolled over on her back to look at the sky, she momentarily lost her buoyancy in the shock of hearing the clear, childish voice ask her, "What's your name?"

The scout had also passed through the waves and was approaching her with an efficient dog paddle, his head well above the water. He looked alarmingly tiny to be that distance from shore. She wanted to yell at him to go back. Instead she forced herself to match his casual tone. "My name's Sid. What's yours?"

"Kevin. *Sid's a boy's name.*"

"I know. But I'm a girl."

"I know."

She began to swim slowly toward shore, hoping

It was too soon to be falling in love with another man. She must be cautious. She wasn't ready yet. It wasn't fair—to him

ILLUSTRATED BY BOB HILBERT

he would follow her. He followed, managing very well, while she kept an eye on him.

Someone was cutting through the water toward them from shore with a racing stroke. It was a young man who reversed his path when he reached them, escorting Kevin on his lee side. He said to Sid, "Thanks. Shut my eyes for a minute and Kevin was halfway to China." He asked Kevin: "How about it? You supposed to swim this far alone?"

"I wasn't alone, I was with her. Her name's Sid."

"Nice going, but you do things the hard way."

Kevin scampered out of the water, giving a wide berth to a pretty young woman who had come out of one of the houses and was fixing him with a stern eye.

The woman smiled at Sid. "I was watching. You handled him nicely."

"He's a handful, I'll bet," Sid said.

"One of three in my house," the young woman said. "And me with only two hands."

She introduced herself as Beth Greer, and in turn found out that Sid was no mere visitor on the beach but an addition to the colony. "A single addition?" she asked.

Sid was conscious of the pale circle on her finger where her wedding ring had been. "Yes. Single."

Beth looked over Sid's head at Kevin's father, who uttered a funny little whistle and said, "Why don't you ask her to dinner, Beth?"

"Could you come to dinner tonight?" Beth asked her.

Sid went to dinner at the Greers' that night. Her hostess laughed heartily at the expression on Sid's face as she was introduced to the father of three, who turned out to be someone other than the young man on the beach. "I *thought* you were giving Riley credit that wasn't due him!" she said. "No, Riley's our bachelor. The only one on the Point. We like him and we'd like to keep him, but the dearth of unattached females makes dating inconvenient for him. That's why we pounced on you today."

Sid felt her first misgivings. A bachelor was not a fixture she was looking for when she chose a house on the Point.

THE three kids and the turmoil with which they filled the small house were the conversational bridge between Sid and Phil Greer while Beth was busy in the kitchen. Sid had a native shyness which years of social life of the most demanding kind had taught her to hide, but not to cure.

She found out that Phil Greer wrote for a living—an erratic living, he admitted—and he and his family lived at the beach because rents were low and the children had the whole ocean front for a yard to play in. "But why are *you* here?" he said.

"Why not?"

As one who states a fact rather than pays a compliment, he said, "You're very pretty. And unattached. Most pretty young women living alone don't want to hide their light under bushels of sand."

"You've already dug up one bachelor for me," she reminded him, smiling. "Besides, I came here to try to paint a little."

"This isn't an artists' colony," he said. "Anything but. Your neighbor on one side, for instance, is a milkman. On the other, an aircraft engineer. Here's your neighbor on the other side now."

The bachelor joined them, looking pleasant but undistinguished except for his extremely aware, bright-blue eyes.

"Sid, this is Garrison Riley," Greer said.

She was mute under the scrutiny of the blue eyes until she forced herself to ask, softly, "Riley of Point Riley?"

"I'm not the Original Settler," Riley said. "But I settled here because it makes me feel like landed gentry."

Beth called, "Come to dinner! It's spaghetti. If you eat here often you'll have *pasta* often, in all forms. Cheap and filling."

"We would never have *(Continued on page 82)*

THE VOICE OF AMERICA

One high U.S. official recently said of Jo Stafford: "The girl is tremendously important in world diplomacy today"

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN FLOREA

JO STAFFORD–

Her Songs Upset Joe Stalin

By BILL DAVIDSON

[illegible]

MISS JO STAFFORD, a singer of popular songs, was sitting in her dressing room backstage at the Paramount Theatre in New York in 1946, when suddenly that sanctum was assailed by two young Marines whose uniforms bristled with combat ribbons from the Pacific. "We just wanted to see what you look like," the Marines said. "The Japanese used to play your records on loud-speakers across from our foxholes, so that we would get homesick and surrender." That was Miss Stafford's first intimation that her singing voice had possibilities as a Psychological Warfare weapon.

Today, the United States government has taken over the idea from the Japanese, and her voice has become a weapon of such magnitude that the attractive redhead recently paused in the midst of an overseas propaganda-broadcast rehearsal and referred to herself as "Miss Outgoing Freight," the expression GIs use for outbound artillery shells. She does, in fact, constitute quite a barrage.

Every Wednesday, the Voice of America devotes all its short-wave transmitters to an item known as The Jo Stafford Show, in which a potential audience of 200,000,000 people in all corners of the earth listens to her sing songs, play records and deliver messages about the advantages of living in a democracy like the United States. On Sunday afternoons, an additional 75,000,000 Europeans are the target for another Jo Stafford Show over 200,000-watt Radio Luxembourg, sponsored by the U.S. government's European Co-operation Administration (ECA), which delivers commercials for democracy the same way toothpaste companies, for example, deliver commercials for their product. During the other five days of the week, some 350 local radio stations in Europe, Asia, Africa and Latin America receive transcriptions of the Wednesday Stafford show from U.S. consulates and embassies, and they play them until they are worn to the core.

As the result of all this, recent American travelers report it constitutes a record-setting achievement in countries like Italy to spend six hours without hearing Miss Stafford's voice; and a high-ranking State Department official recently told me, "I hate to admit it, but where 10 foreigners may have heard of Jo Stafford, only one has heard of Warren Austin, our chief delegate of the United Nations. The girl is tremendously important in world diplomacy today."

The official singled out Miss Stafford thusly because, while other Big Names do occasional guest shots, she is the only Hollywood star to conduct her own regularly scheduled show for the government; and this new Stafford School of Diplomacy has become one of the weirdest wrinkles in the currently strange foreign-relations picture. Assistant Secretary of State Edward W. Barrett explains it as follows: "It is essential to reach the youth of the world with the true story of American democracy, since it is today's youth who will be the leaders of tomorrow. The Jo Stafford Show is valuable in that it attracts such listeners to the whole Voice of America program."

This is further explained by Michael Ries, Transcription Service director for the Voice of America. Ries says: "The Stafford Show is listener bait. Because of the music sent overseas for our GIs during the last war, we find that nearly all foreign kids are crazy about American music. Because Jo Stafford apparently was the GIs' favorite female singer, the foreign kids heard a lot of her records and they're crazy about *her*. Not only that, she is a typically wholesome American girl, completely free of false glamor. She is a perfect model for youth—and, unlike some other stars, her personality and private life are invulnerable to attack by the Russians. These are the reasons we selected her."

This was proved almost immediately by the reaction to La Stafford of the Iron Curtain radio stations. They could find no personal grounds on which to tear her down, so they hastened on the air with a great variety of counterattacking shows. Radio Leipzig, for example, unveiled a Professor Herman Budzislawski, who describes himself as a former New York college instructor, and he answers Stafford with *his* version of how youth fares in the U.S. He makes such statements as, "In the New York schools, the kids don't get any sports education at all," and "The people in power in the United States want to keep their youth stupid and helpless."

Radio Moscow, the granddaddy of them all, was a bit more ingenious. Last spring, Czech kids rioted in Prague to get into theaters that were playing Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra records. This turned up the interesting fact that thousands of them had been listening to such records on Jo Stafford's Sunday-afternoon disk-jockey show from Radio Luxembourg. Within two weeks, Radio Moscow instituted a Saturday-night program of American jazz records—with the commentary in Czech.

High Pinup Honor in British Army

But Miss Stafford's incursions into the field of diplomacy have caused upheavals on *our* side of the Iron Curtain, too. At the British Army Transit Camp on the Hook of Holland, a sergeant named Bill Drescher rattled Whitehall by displaying a photograph of Jo Stafford in his unit's recreation hall, giving it equal prominence with photographs of the king, the queen and Bruce Woodcock, the former heavyweight boxing champion of the British Empire.

In Novi Sad, Yugoslavia, a young man named Milorad J. Kovacs (who signed himself "Mickey") defied Communist convention by writing that the Stafford voice "has penetrated many a heart in far-away countries." Mr. Kovacs also betrayed significant knowledge of such current capitalist song hits as Ragtime Cowboy Joe and I Don't Care if the Sun Don't Shine, I Get My Lovin' in the Evenin' Time.

In Georgetown, British Guiana, recently, Miss Stafford thoroughly wrecked the normal routine of the U.S. consulate. A nineteen-year-old boy named Raymond Shepherd had to be located in a habitat called Lodge Village in Demerara. Then he was to be transported out of the jungle to receive an album of Jo Stafford records directly from the hands of the U.S. Information Service officer in a special ceremony at the consulate. Young Mr. Shepherd had won the album for writing a prize-winning letter to Miss Stafford.

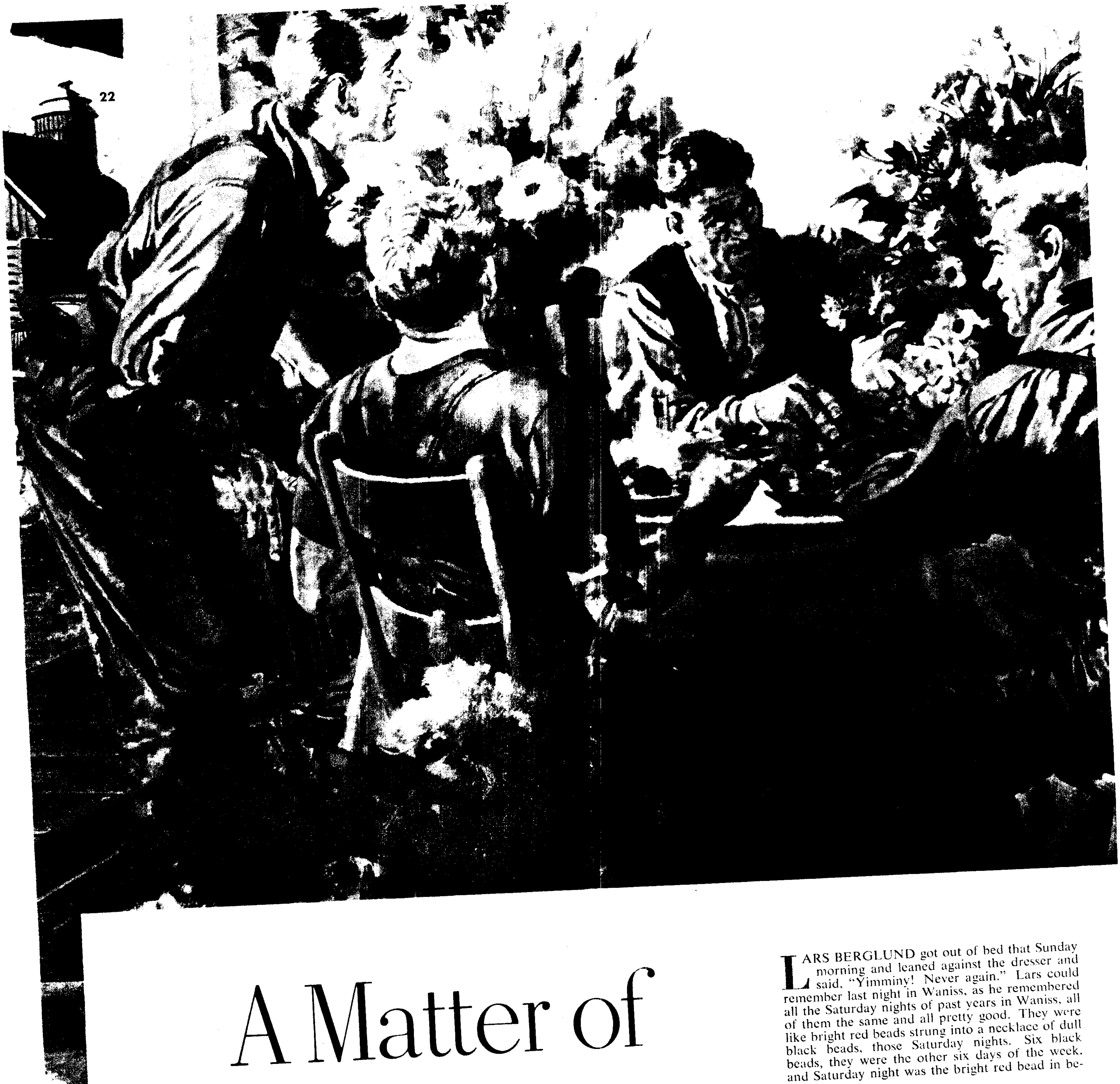
These are just a few samples of what has been going on all over the world. It has profoundly affected State Department thinking, especially since La Stafford is well on the way to drawing more than 200 letters a week from overseas listeners, while the best of our all-out propaganda shows seldom hit the 25-letters-a-week mark.

Volume of Mail Called "Phenomenal"

After Jo had been on the air just 10 weeks, the Voice of America's Michael Ries reported, "Her volume of mail at this stage is the most phenomenal we have ever seen. That's why we're giving her program a bigger publicity build-up than any other show we have on the air." Frank Lee, the British director of Radio Luxembourg, was equally impressed. A few months ago, he wrote to Mike Nidorf, Miss Stafford's astute manager, informing him that the Sunday-afternoon show was pulling more mail than any other Radio Luxembourg program. "In her own quiet way," Lee wrote, "Stafford is selling America to Europe." Then, in a slightly baffled tone, he continued, "She even seems to be cutting into the popularity of such long-established British stars as Gracie Fields."

For many a small-town girl recently turned thirty, such world-wide eminence could cause acute swelling of the ego. With Stafford, however, this is absolutely impossible. The slender, 5-foot-7-inch, gray-eyed redhead is considered one of the most imperturbable characters in Hollywood—much of the imperturbability stemming, no doubt, from the fact that she makes a steady $300,000 a year, the top income for any popular female singer. She has two sponsored CBS radio programs which net her $3,500 a week, and she scarcely ever records a song for Columbia Records that does not sell more than 100,000 copies. Even her altruism pays off. She works without pay for Radio Luxembourg and the Voice of America, but in every foreign country where American records can be bought, the sales of her records have rocketed anywhere from 100 to 1,000 per cent.

All this puts her in an income bracket higher than that of most Hollywood movie stars, yet she strides around in sweaters and skirts and she often is mistaken for a young college instructor when she strolls across the UCLA campus near her home. She bows to Hollywood convention by owning the standard mink coat and big, light-blue convertible, but she yawns at the thought of night-clubbing and other required movie-colony procedure. She once missed an important reception by becoming engrossed in a game of bridge being played atop a bass drum in company with three musicians from her "Club 15" radio program; and she probably is the only Hollywood personality who rides busses when her car breaks down. *(Continued on page 78)*



A Matter of CHOICE

By FRANK O'ROURKE

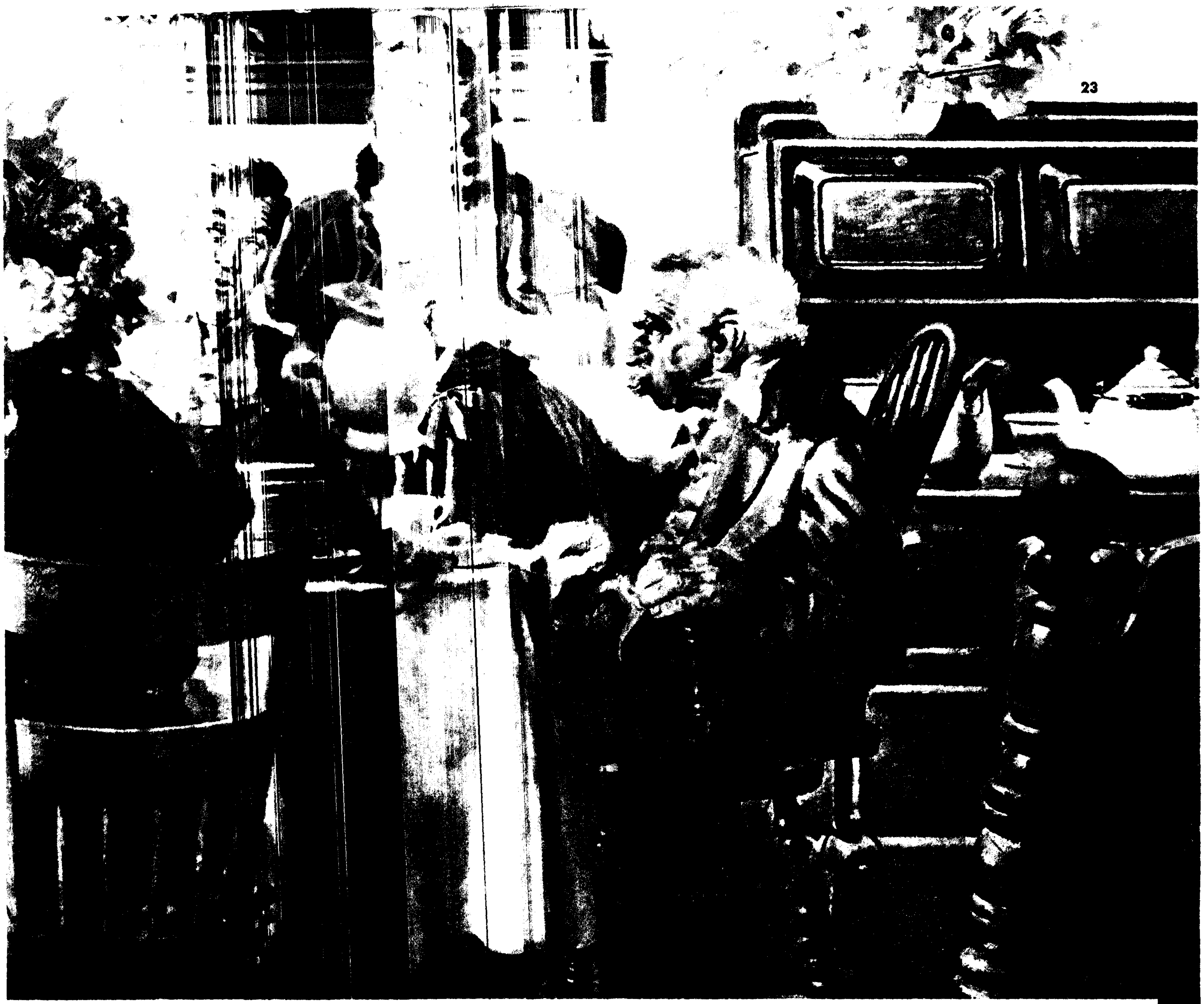
Each of the Berglund boys needed a wife, and there were six of them in all—if you counted the old man. And Ella was the only woman available

LARS BERGLUND got out of bed that Sunday morning and leaned against the dresser and said, "Yimminy! Never again." Lars could remember last night in Waniss, as he remembered all the Saturday nights of past years in Waniss, all of them the same and all pretty good. They were like bright red beads strung into a necklace of dull black beads, those Saturday nights. Six black beads, they were the other six days of the week, and Saturday night was the bright red bead in between.

Lars had gone to bed with his clothes on. He had done it before, but yesterday he had bought a new pair of seersucker pants and now they looked worse than milking overalls. He smelled beer and looked around the bedroom. He walked painfully to the other room of his shack and opened the icebox. He didn't have a beer in the house. But he still smelled beer; and then he pinched one pant leg and sniffed his fingers. Plenty of beer on the pants, but none in the house.

"Yimminy!" Lars said. "What a night!"

Lars washed his face at the pump and rubbed one finger across his teeth and wished he had a cold bottle of beer to start the day. He ought to change into his old pants for the ball game, but the new ones were old now, so he closed the door to keep



Flowers were all over, stuck in vases and pitchers and the old man was eating his supper and glaring under his eyebrows fit to kill

the dogs out and took the path to the home place. His head felt better now and he was hungry. If the housekeeper hadn't left the kitchen to dress for the ball game, he might get a couple of eggs and some bacon. If she had, he could cook his own breakfast, and he knew where his brothers were hiding the beer, so that was fine. Waniss had to win the ball game and he had to be in good shape for razzing the opposing team. Eggs and bacon were pretty good for that, beer was better, and the two combined made a real lasting combination.

Lars came from the trees and headed around the barn for the house. His brothers were gathered about the new car, the two younger ones already dressed in their ball suits. The housekeeper was upstairs changing clothes. He could see the curtains tremble as she moved around the north bedroom, stepping into her clothes and primping in front of the bureau mirror. Ever since their father hired her, his brothers had been acting like a bunch of bull calves, and her a widow in her forties. Lars had let her see right off how he felt about such goings on; she was there to do the housework and cooking, and they had their hands full keeping up with the farm work. She had let him know, too, just what she thought of him, so that made them even.

Their father came from the kitchen and stood on the back porch, picking his teeth and belching politely. Lars said, "Any breakfast left?"

"For late sleepers, no," his father said. "For beer swillers, no. Come on time if you want to eat, you bum."

"Yummy," Lars said. "What chewed you this morning?"

"Too many kids," his father said brightly. "One too many."

HIS father was in fine spirits this morning. The old man was seventy-four and as mean as ever. He got mad at Lars for drinking beer and playing pinball machines, not because he was against good beer and gambling, but the younger brothers watched him close and wouldn't let him have more than two bottles a day. Not even more on Sunday.

"Say," Lars said, pausing beside the old man, "want a good cold bottle of beer?"

The old man looked around quickly. "Not so loud, you fool. Where?"

"I figured you had a couple," Lars said innocently. "Let's drink 'em."

"A couple!" the old man snorted. "Ain't got a damned one and you know it. They keep hiding it different on me every day."

Lars opened the screen door and leaned back close to the old man's ear and whispered, "They've got it under the tank, on the pump side. Get a couple bottles and meet me in the barn."

The old man nodded violently and pussyfooted down the steps like a kid, walking across the yard with great energy, bones cracking and sharp elbows sticking out akimbo from his blue shirt. Lars grinned and went into the kitchen and yelled upstairs, "Ella, any breakfast left?" and didn't wait for the answer but turned to the cookstove and smelled the frying pan. The grease was already white and caked, but a little warm.

"We ate an hour ago," Ella called. "Get your own breakfast, young man."

Young man, Lars thought, and him fifty-one. Ella was always talking like a schoolgirl and wearing dresses that made her look like a girl at fifty feet and like a girl's mother at ten feet. He pushed some small kindling and corncobs into the fire pot and sliced off six pieces of bacon and busted four eggs on the pan edge.

When he looked through the back window, the old man was peeking over the tank toward the garage, where Lars's brothers were examining the engine of the new car. The old man grabbed two bottles and scuttled into the barn. Lars buttered some bread and got a *(Continued on page 38)*

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBERT DORNE

In Defense of OUR

When verdicts are reversed on appeal, he points out, it is usually because mistakes

By Federal Judge LOUIS E. GOODMAN

The Other Side of the Question

Collier's of December 9, 1950, carried an article which provoked widespread debate in legal circles. Written by Federal Judge Jerome Frank, it sharply criticized one of our world-renowned institutions, the jury system. Judge Frank declared jurors frequently do not listen attentively to evidence, that many of them are not qualified to decide cases which involve technical problems, that they are influenced by lawyers' behavior, that they send innocent men to jail.

Judge Frank proposed abolition of juries in civil cases, or their drastic reform, and reform of criminal juries. He would require a course in the functions of the jury and psychiatric examination of all candidates. In certain cases, he would use juries selected because of special knowledge of the fields in which the litigants were engaged. Publication of the article brought a flood of letters to Collier's from judges and lawyers, many attacking Judge Frank's viewpoint. To present the other side of the controversy, Collier's invited Judge Louis E. Goodman, U.S. District Judge of the Northern California District, to write a reply. Born in California, he was educated at the University of California and practiced law from 1914 to 1942, when he was appointed to the bench. At his request his fee for writing the article is being given to the Damon Runyon Memorial Cancer Fund. —The Editors

A NEW plague is upon us here in America. The "efficiency expert" wants experts to take the place of juries in our administration of justice. He wants motorists to decide accident cases, physicians to decide malpractice cases, accountants to decide tax cases, engineers to decide engineering cases, chemists to decide chemical cases, real-estate experts to decide lease cases, and so on.

One of the exponents of this dismal philosophy is no less eminent a figure than Federal Appellate Judge Jerome Frank of New York. In Collier's of December 9, 1950, in an article entitled 'Something's Wrong with Our Jury System', he asserts in effect that jurors are incompetent, moronic, corrupt and sleepy, that they are no longer an essential part of our democratic government, and should be abolished in most cases.

The appellate judge usually has the last word. This is a most fortuitous opportunity for a trial judge to reverse the process.

Critics of our jury system, like Judge Frank, cite or write books or scenarios about cases of mistake or misfeasances committed by jurors, and then conclude that juries are not competent and should be done away with. It is true that some highly placed judges have or have had this view. But I have not heard of a competent trial judge of experience who has expressed such a belief. It is not too difficult to understand this difference of viewpoint. High appellate judges mostly see only the written record of appealed cases. These records are cold and inanimate. From them it is almost impossible to see the picture and the story of what happens in the trial courtroom. This view is confirmed by my own experience in sitting, by assignment, in many sessions of the Court of Appeals.

The actual practical functioning of trial jurors cannot be adequately learned from appellate records or legal articles, or hearsay or from plays or moving pictures. In my opinion, it takes long-continued contact with juries in the trial court to qualify a jury critic.

It must be remembered that juries sit in trial courts and not in appellate courts. Practically, what does a lawyer or trial judge learn about juries? A trial judge sits in most courtrooms within 10 feet of the jury. The lawyers sit almost as close. What happens in a courtroom in the selection and functioning of a jury?

The judge questions those who are not excused from serving, as do the lawyers in many courts, concerning their qualifications to serve in a particular case. Day in and day out, year in and year out, the trial judge hears the views jurors may have on social or economic problems, what they think about law-enforcement officers or taxes or insurance companies, and even judges and lawyers. And so as time passes, the judge begins to get a firsthand knowledge and understanding of the people who make up the jury panels, their likes, their dislikes, their weaknesses, their strong points, their capacity to be fair.

The judge observes the impact, upon the 12 people who sit as jurors, of the testimony of witnesses, of the attitudes and habits of lawyers. He observes that some jurors are nervous or restless and others are calm and relaxed, that some are comfortable and others uncomfortable. He learns to perceive the effect of the atmosphere of the courtroom on the jurors. The judge learns that recesses should be declared often so the jurors may not become overtired.

Questions for the Trial Judge

Even after the case has been submitted to the jury and they have retired to deliberate, the judge's contact with the jury does not end. The jurors frequently call on the judge during their deliberations. They want to know about the exhibits. They want clarification of some instruction. They want advice on the materiality or immateriality of evidence or documents or exhibits. These queries in themselves are illuminating indices of the kind of people who are on the jury. Thirty-six years of continuous jury experience, as lawyer and trial judge, have taught me and other judges like me many things about the workings of trial juries.

I wonder whether critics like Judge Frank, either as lawyers or judges, have had this kind of experience.

I hope that my friends on appellate courts, like Judge Frank, will not consider me too impudent if I say that no one is truly qualified to speak in generalities about juries unless he has actually had day-by-day contact with juries.

The critics seem to be of the opinion that jurors are not experts or specialists and that an untrained mind has no business rendering decisions. If we take Judge Frank's argument seriously, we must accept his analogy that the mind of the juror is similar to the untrained mind of a layman who might be called upon to perform a complicated surgical operation. But this analogy is fallacious. It is predicated upon the false premise that 12 people taken at random from different walks of life have no sense at all.

We use about 1,200 jurors a year in our court. Perhaps well over a million citizens serve on juries in all the courts of the United States each

JURY SYSTEM

are made on the bench, not by the jurors. He calls the system "a symbol of freedom"

MASON WEYMOUTH

Judge Louis E. Goodman

year. If we accept Judge Frank's premise, we must assume that a million American citizens doing jury service each year have no sense at all. The fact that a layman cannot perform a surgical operation does not mean he cannot decide a question of fact, that he cannot use his common sense and decide who is telling the truth.

Judge Frank makes the bald statement that in "many" civil trials the jury decides for one side or the other on the flip of a coin. I am curious as to how and where such evidence was obtained. In 36 years, no such case has come to my attention. Judges and lawyers to whom I have talked have had no such knowledge. I have read or heard of such cases, though no proof has to my knowledge been offered, and there may well have been such instances, but the sweeping statement that this happens in "many" cases does not appear to be justified without having the kind of evidence upon which both trial and appellate judges should act.

Judge Frank also says that juries "frequently" pay no heed to what the judge tells them to do. I believe that this does happen in a few cases, but I venture to be skeptical as to whether or not there is any basis in fact for the flat statement that juries frequently follow such a course.

Of course, as Judge Frank says, it sometimes happens that juries have convicted innocent people. Books like Convicting the Innocent make good popular reading. They have great human interest. *Causes célèbres* result in great crusades. The dramas involved reach the playhouse and the screen. But such cases do not prove we are engaged in the daily enterprise of convicting innocent people.

Bad Decisions Can Be Corrected

All this sort of argument, and the citing of picturesque instances, proves is that human beings make mistakes. In equally important issues of life and death and in civil and property-right matters, judges make mistakes. If the trial judge makes a mistake, the appellate judges can correct the mistake and reverse the judgment. Sometimes, if the question is important enough, the Supreme Court may intercede and make its own decision.

It must not be overlooked that the verdict of the jury is not final. It may be reviewed by the trial judge; it can be set aside by him. In like manner it can be reviewed and set aside by the higher court. This is part and parcel of the system of checks and balances which is inherent in our constitutional form of government. It applies to jurors just as much as it applies to the executive, administrative or legislative departments. No judge of integrity or conscience will let an unjust verdict stand.

The mistakes the jurors may make are in no different category than mistakes that may be made by the legislators, executives or administrators or professional men or organizations which, equally with juries, may vitally affect the life and security of the individual citizen.

Thousands of criminal jury cases are tried every year in the United States. Since they are decided by human beings, we should expect some mistakes.

Judge Frank makes the comment, "I've often seen jurors actually sleep when some important witness was testifying." That means, I take it, that it was almost a regular event in whatever cases Judge Frank participated, in a trial court, for a juryman to fall asleep while important witnesses were testifying. I have never seen this occur. I have observed, on rare occasions, some juror fall asleep during the course of a long routine presentation or because of a hot, humid courtroom atmosphere.

Again, I wonder whether this statement is based upon actual investigation or whether it was made for dramatic value. I seem to remember that on one or two occasions, when I was practicing, an appellate judge nodded and appeared to be in the arms of Morpheus during a long and extended argument. It would hardly follow from this that the institution of appellate judges should be abolished.

The critics, like Judge Frank, say that only experts in a particular field can do justice.

Is there any reasonable certainty of accomplishing justice by having experts rather than juries pass judgment in the ordinary civil disputes? My experience leads me to the conclusion that we would get much less justice.

M.D.s Disagreed on X-Ray Plate

I have seen experts disputing with one another on the witness stand in innumerable cases. In one case, an X-ray plate was submitted in evidence. There was a line on it. One expert doctor said emphatically it was a fracture. On the other side, a doctor said with equal emphasis that it was a blemish in the film. Picture the chaos if such experts, each with perhaps a different background, experience and viewpoint, were to pass judgment! At least a jury has the opportunity of determining which doctor's testimony is the more credible.

Medical experts are influenced by partisanship, just as are litigants. Not so long ago a physician appeared in several cases on behalf of employees who had been injured in railroad accidents. His testimony was always most favorable to the employees. Some six months later, I was astonished to find this same physician testifying on behalf of a railroad and on this occasion his testimony was most unfavorable to the employees.

I recall a case in which the government was condemning some land which the owner claimed to be very valuable because of alleged oil and gas deposits. An expert testified the property had a fabulous value. In my opinion he was grossly and fraudulently overvaluing the property, and I so told the jury. Individual members of the jury told me later that they had the same opinion. Is it wise to allow experts, who may have preconceived notions, by reason of prior associations and affiliations, to pass final judgment?

In one case, the court was called upon to determine the value of legal services rendered by an attorney for a client who had sued a corporation. Another attorney, whose background was that of counsel for big corporations, testified as an expert and he greatly minimized the value of the legal services rendered. Would he have given the same kind

(Continued on page 45)

U.S. AIR FORCE PHOTO

American Sabres whisk past Japan's Mount Fuji, en route to a Korean base. Limited in range, U.S. planes operate close to front

ACME

Back from battle over the Yalu River, a formation of F-86s peels off to land while ground crews get others ready for combat. Korean air battles all occur near Communists' "privileged sanctuary" across Yalu

ACME

Talking shop. L. to r., Navy Lt. Cmdr. Paul Pugh, who flies with Air Force, has downed two MIGs; Lt. Col. Glenn T. Eagleston; Col. John Meyer; Lt. Col. Bruce Hinton; Capt. J. O. Roberts; Lt. J. M. Odiorne

SABRES *vs.* MIGs

COLLIER'S WAR CORRESPONDENT

Tokyo

EVERY American pilot who has tangled with a Russian-built MIG-15 fighter high over the frozen Yalu River recognizes the new jet war in Korea for exactly what it is: a warmup for World War III, if and when it comes.

It is a clear case of the best standard Russian jet (bearing Chinese Communist markings, to be sure) against the best standard American jets. The answer to the important question of how they stack up is surely being studied every bit as critically in Red Air Force headquarters in Moscow as it is in the Pentagon.

Well, how *do* they stack up?

After their first five months of combat, the ratio of the "kills" scored by the F-86 Sabre, the U.S. jet most nearly comparable to the MIG-15, stood at 8 MIGs to 1 Sabre.

Read at face value, this would seem to indicate vast superiority on the part of the American jets. Such, however, is definitely not the case. Box scores are impressive, but this one can be dangerously misleading if it creates the belief that our Sabres are anywhere near eight times better than the Russian jet.

Those who should know best about this are the pilots who have engaged the MIGs in actual combat. Sabre pilots in Colonel George F. Smith's 4th Fighter Wing, now in Korea, produced some sobering comments:

"We feel that the Sabre has a very slight—and we do mean *slight*—edge over the MIG," they told me. "It is by no means the healthy edge we wish it were.

"The MIG-15 is a fine airplane, better than we ever expected it to be, better than we like to see the enemy have.

"Naturally," they continued, "we think the Sabre is the finest fighter that flies. If so—and make no mistake about it—then the MIG-15 is certainly the *second* best tactical aircraft in the world."

How, then, can our air officers account for the highly favorable combat results? How is it that planes such as the Navy's F9F Panthers or the USAF's F-80 Shooting Stars, with maximum speeds probably 100 miles an hour slower than the Russian fighter, have been able to shoot down some MIGs? And how, indeed, has even a slower-flying, propeller-driven plane like our F-51 Mustang been able to inflict damage on this slick enemy jet?

This is where a number of qualifying factors enter in. First of all there is the question of speed: almost all the MIGs accounted for by Sabres have been shot down while the American jet was plumb on the MIG's tail. Here, the very slight speed advantage the Sabre possesses—perhaps 10 miles an hour at level flight and 20 mph while diving—has spelled the difference between victory and failure.

In the case of slower-flying Panthers and Shooting Stars, as well as F-51s, it is a question of tactics (and rather a large amount of luck) compensating for the difference in performance. For instance, speed handicaps can often be overcome by skill on the part of the pilot. A slower-flying plane has greater maneuverability, which a sharp pilot can turn to his advantage unless his opponent is really on his toes. Our F-80 jet pilots, for example, learned early in the game from slow Yak-9s of the North Korean air force what the MIG pilots are learning now.

"If you are in a fast plane and you try to keep up in a turn with a slower, more maneuverable plane, you've had it," the F-80 pilots said in the first week of the Korean war. "The slower plane can turn inside you and get his guns on you before you have even completed your turn. The only way to get him is to dive in on him, make a fast hit-and-run pass, and nail him with your first bursts."

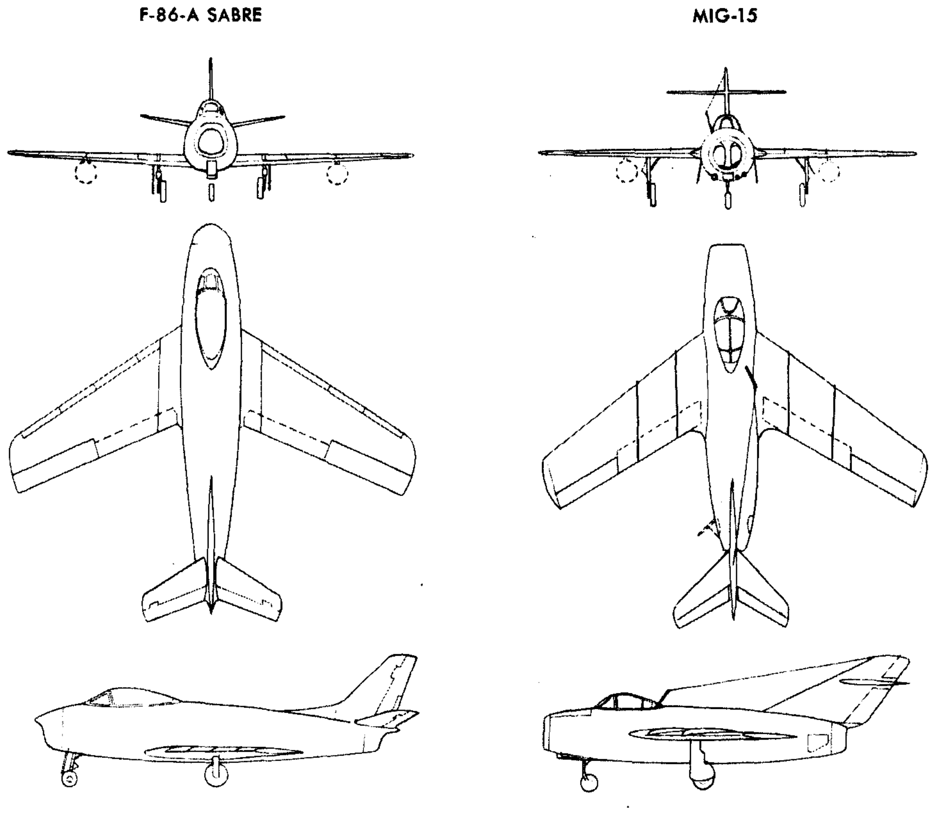
Fortunately, it has taken the MIG pilots a long time to learn this, and the F-80 pilots have capitalized, with marked success, on their ability to make tighter, faster turns. Typical of the pilots' accounts on this subject is that of Captain Clyde Whaley, of Caldwell, Texas, one of the first F-80 fliers to fight it out with the MIGs early last November:

"I was between this MIG and the border," he relates. "We went up and down between 15,000 and 25,000 feet at least three times. But he kept making mistakes—each time when he could have eluded me and run safely for home, he turned. I'd catch up a little, give him a squirt from my .50s and keep him from getting across the border. Finally, after minutes of combat, he made his last turn and managed to head for the river. I shoved everything forward, got into range again and started firing. He did two uncontrolled snap-rolls to the right, went down in a screaming corkscrew spiral and disappeared in the haze at 5,000 feet."

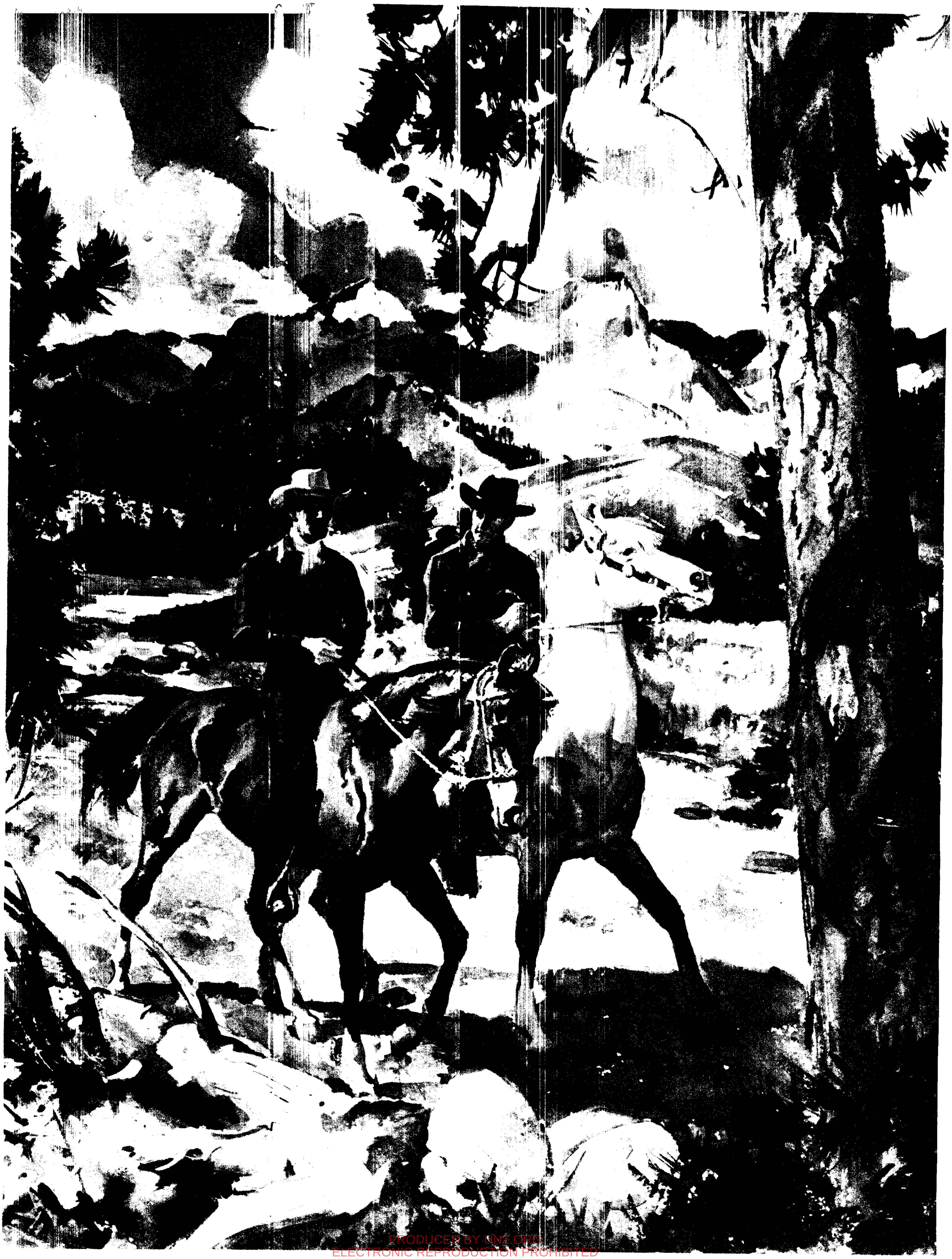
Major C. M. Isaacson, of Mahnomen, Minnesota, operations officer for the 51st Fighter Group (F-80), had several brushes with MIGs which he summed up this way: "What you need is a swivel-neck and mirrors in your head. If you can see the MIG coming, you can maneuver into a position where he can't get you, but where you can get him. But if you don't see him and he's on your tail, you're a dead duck; you can never outrun him."

Part of the success we've had, then, even against great odds, is certainly due to what must be judged superior tactics. But another contributing factor is surely accurate gunnery. For some reason, the MIG pilots' gunnery has not been at all comparable to the Americans'—a situation you are not likely to hear any of our fighter boys complain about.

"I should be dead," they *(Continued on page 68)*



The adversaries. In the air they look much alike, especially from the top and side, but front view shows distinctive characteristics



Portrait of a Poacher

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He had been shooting antelope and he knew the game wardens were out to get him. But I wondered, as we rode and fished and camped together, if he knew I was a warden

I DON'T particularly care about arriving anywhere," he said, "but I surely do like to travel. I guess that's why I like horses. When you're riding a hard-running horse you seem to be going much faster than when you're riding in a car. Really, the only thing that approaches it is flying low in a very fast plane, and that is no match, truly; there is not the intimacy between you and your machine. There is not the awareness of co-ordination, the appreciation of effort."

He lay on top of his sleeping bag, propped on one elbow, gazing meditatively into the fire. It was the first time he had talked at any length in the week we had been together. He was dressed in a fine plaid shirt and jeans and high-heeled boots. His hat was off and his short brown hair lay snugly to his head like the pelt of an animal. There was a half-inch beard covering his face and, in the firelight, one was aware only of his cheekbones, his eyes, and his forehead. He did not look wild at all, but neither did he look as civilized as his better-than-average English sounded—especially in that setting.

We were in the Antelope Hills of the Sweetwater country of Wyoming. It is a vast, rolling country spotted with old gold diggings and lettered with rotting timbers from flumes and mine buildings. Occasionally one finds arrowheads and the remains of ancient firearms, or stumbles on crude breastworks and the bones of men who fought and died there many years ago. It is a country full of history.

Now it was night and we lay beside our fire and watched the darkness softening with the rising moon. We could hear the clink of hobble chains on the horses nearby, and, farther out, coyotes occasionally loosed their yammering, which went into a howl and broke and quavered so that one could not tell how many one heard. There was a cool breeze, really cool, that carried the penetrating odor of sage. The day had been hot and tomorrow would be hot, and this night with its cold and the fire with its warmth were perfect. Our bellies were full of antelope that he had shot before I met him. We were as content as the human animal can be; perhaps it was contentment that made him voluble.

I got into my sleeping bag and turned on my side so that I could feel the fire's warmth on my face. He looked over at me and seemed to study me for some time. Then, shifting completely away from the subject of horses, he said, "We're out of meat. We'll get an antelope in the morning."

"It's too risky," I said drowsily. "You never know who's a game warden any more."

"I do," he said, grinning. "I always do."

"I was thinking of leaving tomorrow," I said.

"That wouldn't make any difference. I'd kill one as soon as you left."

"Haven't you ever had any trouble with the game wardens?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," he said, and he chuckled. He looked into the fire and it was easy to see he was remembering something quite funny. I studied him intently, wondering about him.

He was, I would guess, thirty years old. He was six feet tall, and lean, weighing perhaps a hundred and sixty. He was very strong and quick when strength and quickness were necessary; otherwise he moved in a leisurely manner. . . .

"This may not be a very important life-work," he said. "All I know is that there is nothing I would rather do, and at the present time, nothing I can do as well"

I had met him a week before as I fished down the Sweetwater. I was a deputy warden and I had been brought into the country, by jeep to find him. I carried my grub and blankets on my back. I intended to fish and look over the country and whenever I found him and found sufficient evidence I would hike out to wherever there was a phone and have someone come and get me.

It had impressed him that I was in this country alone and on foot. He had seen me from a high point and had scouted, looking for my camp. When he found it and found no horse or car, his curiosity was aroused. Instead of avoiding me, as one might have expected him to do, he had ridden down to the river where I was fishing.

When I became aware of him, he was on horseback, behind me and to my left on the bank. I was startled because I had not heard his horse's hoofs over the roar of the stream. But his quick, flashing smile put me at ease. At first I thought he was a rider for one of the outfits that were summering cattle in that country, but instantly I knew better. Cow hands don't ride stallions. He was riding a magnificent one.

This horse was a purebred Arabian. One could tell by its classic head, its gathered stance, its small size and symmetry, and the much-horseness of its alert, compact body.

He seemed pleased that I admired his horse, and our mutual suspicion lessened a little as we talked horse talk. After a while he told me of a place where the fishing was much better than it was here, and then, with an abrupt good-by, he turned his horse and rode up the riverbank and away over a rise. I followed his instructions and walked upstream to the place he had described. The fishing was good indeed and in an hour's time I caught more than I could eat.

SUDDENLY, eight horses appeared over a rise and came galloping down the grade toward the river. He appeared behind them, cantering on that whip of an Arab. I came out of the stream and put down my tackle. He bunched the horses (four mares with foals) in a small meadow beside the river by riding around them, swiftly at first, in large circles, then more slowly, in tighter circles, meanwhile soothing them with his voice. They were not really wild; just spooky from having been let run on this big range and not seeing much of men.

He dismounted and dropped the reins. He took a roll of webbing and a small sack of oats from behind the cantle of the McClellan Army saddle he was riding. He put the webbing under his shirt and walked toward the mares, holding the feed in front of him. They whinnied eagerly and came nervously to meet him, but their three-month-old foals skittered around like frightened deer. He fed the mares and they lost their suspicion when they tasted the oats. Soon all of the horses were eating from the sack in his hand. With one hand, he eased off his belt and eased it around the neck of a blaze-faced chestnut. She didn't realize she was caught till he'd buckled the belt and had a firm hold on it.

She reared and backed so quickly that the oats flew in a cloud and he was lifted clear of the ground. He seemed to shift the direction of his fall in midair so that he came down on his feet beside her head, giving her a swift, fierce yank that snapped her off balance and tamed her quickly. He took the webbing from his shirt and it turned out to be a surcingle with a pair of stirrups attached, and a hackamore. He fastened the hackamore around her head and cinched the surcingle on her. He took his belt from around her neck and returned it to his waist. He motioned me to approach. He seemed to have lost all his suspicion of me.

"You seemed to like horses," he said. "I thought you might like to take a ride."

The mares were quarter horses. They had the disk jaws and fine muzzles, medium heads, tremendous muscling in the upper forelegs, and the great, round, bulging quarters that showed breeding. I noticed that all the colts were sired by the Arab.

"I don't know that I can handle that mare with just a hackamore and those stirrups," I said as I walked toward her.

"No," he said, "you ride the Arab."

I WAS delighted. The Arab stood to be mounted and, once mounted, he was full of eagerness to be off. The chestnut mare was restive and did not want to be mounted. The stranger took hold of the cheekpiece of the hackamore and pulled her in to him, put his foot in the stirrup, and jumped on to her back. She lunged four times, but he never let her get her head down, and I'm sure his thighs didn't slip a quarter of an inch as he gripped her. She quieted quickly. He asked me to bring my creel and we started off, leaving the three mares and their foals picking up the scattered oats.

It turned out to be an unforgettable ride. He knew the country intimately. He knew on which hillsides the wild flowers made the most breathtaking splashes of color. We wound through sagebrush that was withers-high on the horses and came to rain-water pools in the rock where sagehens had brought their young to water. Once, we tied the horses and wiggled on our bellies up to a ridge and, looking down a hundred yards, watched coyote pups playing at the mouth of a burrow. He took me to a cave full of natural ice that would last all summer, and here we left my fish. He showed me tiny streams not eighteen inches wide, clear and cold and swift, in which one could see trout that must have weighed four and five pounds.

And all the time we were climbing and we never had to backtrack. In a country cut to bits by deep draws and full of dead-end ledges, this never missing the trail was remarkable.

Finally, we arrived at the peak of the small mountain we were climbing. Spread out below us, in folds and rolls and flats and streams and timber, were ten thousand square miles of wilderness. There were innumerable black dots of mine-shaft openings scattered helter-skelter over the terrain. And a long, winding scar that left the river and came for miles across country and disappeared into a range of hills to our right was the rotting remains of a flume. One was acutely aware of the prodigious effort that had once been expended here. And, surrounded by the vastness and beauty of that country, one wondered at the incredible energy of man, and wondered too at his motives.

That night—the night of the day I met him—he invited me to make my camp with him. I wondered at his interest in me, but *(Continued on page 54)*

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

Concluding Umpire Bill Klem's Own Story

My Last

WHEN the Miami sun is hot and bright, and I'm up to it, I rest outdoors and listen to the waters of Biscayne Bay lap against my sea wall. My wife, Marie, reads me the baseball news in the morning, and in the evening the radio tells me what the boys have been doing. My eyes have gone so bad I cannot read and no man living has enough guts to be completely philosophical about that. But there is one consolation. It seems, as the years go on and the light grows dimmer, that the faces and deeds of great men I have known grow clearer. I relive a half century of laughter and battle; victory and defeat; and wonderful friendships. I enjoy it and perhaps you will enjoy sharing some of these memories with me.

I can still see a wild-eyed Philadelphia fan poised on the edge of a box preparing to jump on me after I had forfeited a game to Pittsburgh because the Phillies were stalling for darkness. As he coiled for the spring a ballplayer, bat in hand, stepped beside me and yelled, "If you jump, mister, I'll knock your head off with this bat." The man didn't jump and the ballplayer cleared a path for me with his bat through the milling mob.

My protector was Hans Wagner, as great a man as he was a ballplayer. He was the best I ever saw—and I saw them all in the last 60 years.

Having gone into retirement, Bill Klem settled under the warm Miami sun at his home on Biscayne Bay, where local youngsters began flocking to hear his baseball stories

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY BILL STAPLETON

And I can remember going to bed at seven thirty one night in St. Louis because I was to work behind the plate the next day in a World Series game. About midnight I was unable to sleep because I was hungry, so I went out for a sandwich. As I left the hotel I saw three sports writers, all feeling no pain, get out of a taxicab. They tried to convince a fourth man to join them, but he roared, "Go on, you sissies, I'm going back." And back he went. He stayed out until 4:00 A.M. And the next afternoon at the ball park he looked like what he was—a ballplayer who hadn't been to bed. He looked that way until I yelled, "Play ball!" and before the afternoon was done he had belted three tremendous home runs. It was Babe Ruth, of course.

They insist upon making a plaster hero of the Babe in death. I don't know why, because he was a decent man who loved and lived the full life but did no harm as he passed this way, and he did an awful lot of good. It was risky business to set Babe loose in a room filled with sheltered ladies. You could bet he would let slip a word or tell a story within 15 minutes that would make the ladies, and some of the gentlemen, long for that shelter. But you could turn Babe loose in a hospital room filled with sick kids and watch miracles unfold before your eyes.

Babe's appetites were his only concern, except children. This devotion to children was as genuine as his talent for playing baseball. One of his ghost writers, who knew him as well as any man in the world, once told me, "For every picture you see of Babe with kids in one hospital or another, he visits 10 without fanfare, publicity or even the slightest idea of the name of the hospital.

"When we're on the road," the writer continued, "the Babe will pass me in the lobby about ten o'clock. He's going out to paint the town red; I'm going to bed. Babe will say, 'I told some guy I'd go to a hospital tomorrow morning at eight. Named Saint something-or-other. Meet me at seven thirty tomorrow morning and we'll go together.' Next morning the Babe is on hand, whether he's been to sleep or not. And sometimes he hasn't."

When Lou Gehrig Asked a Favor

Lou Gehrig was a kindly man and my friend of many a pleasant evening. Lou once asked me a favor which I couldn't perform. I was umpiring in a World Series at second base when Lou came to bat. He motioned to me to move, and I stepped a few feet closer to first base. He waved again and I moved no more, so he stepped out of the box and beckoned to Yankee coach Art Fletcher. Fletcher and Lou talked, and then Fletch came over with a message.

"Lou wants you to move behind the third-base side of second, Bill," Fletcher said.

"Tell him I wouldn't move to the other side of second base for my own mother. I'd be out of position. And what difference does it make to him, anyhow?"

"Aw, I'll tell you the truth, Bill. He's superstitious about where the umpire stands."

I stood my ground and the mighty Gehrig unloaded one of his patented power drives that would have taken my head out to center field had I not ducked. To his last day Gehrig could summon up the strength to laugh about that. "When I tell you to move, Wilyum, you better move," he'd say. "Remember how I 'moved' you in a Series game?"

I call men like Ruth, Gehrig and Wagner "champions." To me a "champion" is a man who is a full cut above most of us in class and courage and charm. Dizzy Dean is one of my champions. The first time I saw him he was a fresh busher blazing third strikes past the batters. He struck out the third man in an inning and, strut-

Big-League Game

By WILLIAM J. KLEM
with William J. Slocum

ting by me, he said, "What did you think of that?"

"You're going to be great," I answered. I think my gentle reply surprised Dizzy because he stopped and said, "You think that's good pitching? Wait'll you see my brother Paul. He's even better."

The man who brought Dizzy to the National League, Branch Rickey, is a "champion," too. In my opinion Branch Rickey, and his farm systems, saved the National League. The American League was spending all the money and getting all the great young players. Had it not been for the stars developed in the St. Louis Cardinal chain, I shudder to think of the massacres that would have occurred in All-Star games and World Series. What *has* happened to the National League in those contests is nothing to be happy about, but had it not been for Rickey they would have been no-contests.

I remember umpiring a game for the Cardinals at their spring base in Bradenton, Florida, in the early twenties and driving up to Sarasota later to dine with John McGraw. When I entered his room I said, "John, I saw the greatest thing in my life today over at the Cardinals' park. They had 78 young ballplayers working out."

"Yeah, I know about it," McGraw answered. "It's the stupidest idea in baseball. What Rickey's trying to do can't be done."

"If they get two or three ballplayers out of that farm, it will be worth while," I argued.

"They'll go broke," John predicted. So we had another argument. But today we are at the point where a big-league club is only as good as its farm system.

And no roll of the champions can be compiled without including Uncle Robbie—Wilbert Robinson, of the old Orioles, manager of the Brooklyn Dodgers, and a gentleman in triumph and disaster. The only thing that would make Robbie mad at me was my refusal to play golf with him when his club was in the pennant race. Robbie had too much class to expect a favor from *(Continued on page* 73)

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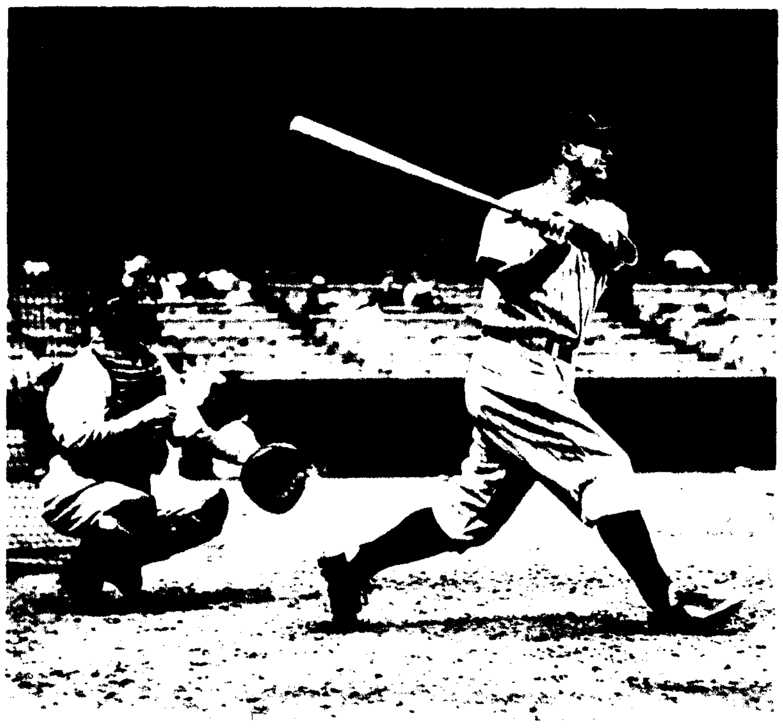
INTERNATIONAL

Babe Ruth **was no plaster hero, says Klem; he loved and lived the full life, but harmed no one and did a lot of good. Photo here shows Ruth hitting the first of three homers in fourth game of 1926 World Series. The evening before, Babe had been on the town until 4:00 A.M.**

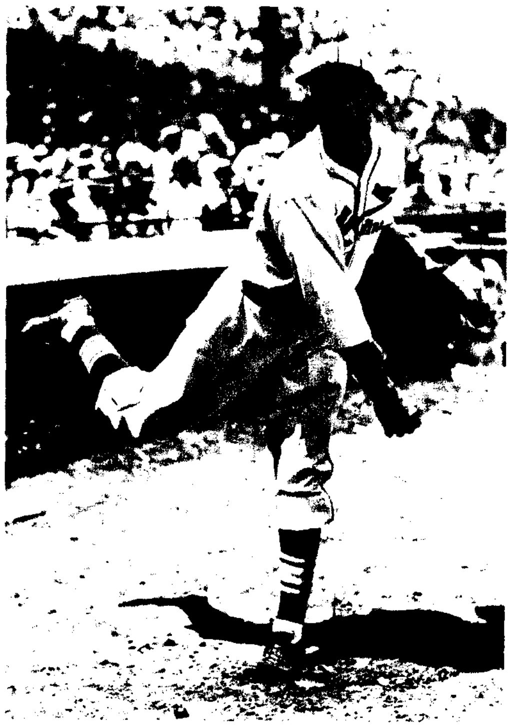
INTERNATIONAL

Hans Wagner **was the greatest player Klem saw in last 60 years**



INTERNATIONAL

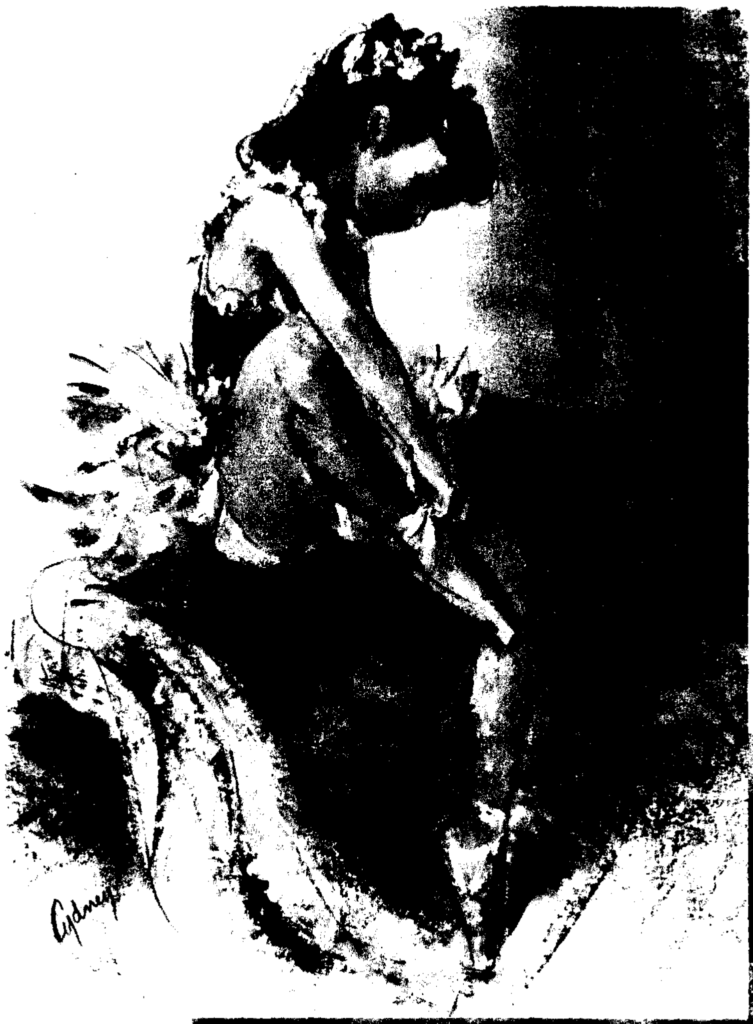
[illegible] **was not only a great athlete, but a kindly man and a warm friend with whom Klem spent many pleasant evenings**



ACME

Dizzy Dean, **like other Klem champs, had abundance of class, courage, charm**

BOOM in BALLET



IN THE United States, little less than a dozen years ago, ballet was a term associated with mad, mad Russians and effeminate aesthetes. It was, most people thought, prissy and inconsequential.

Today in almost every section of the country the dance has become a popular entertainment, as acceptable as good books. And ballet in modern dress is finding vast new audiences through movies like On the Town and The Red Shoes, and in musical comedies and television. As a result, many Americans once cool to the art find themselves going to ballet performances with as much enthusiasm as their grandparents attended stock-company melodramas.

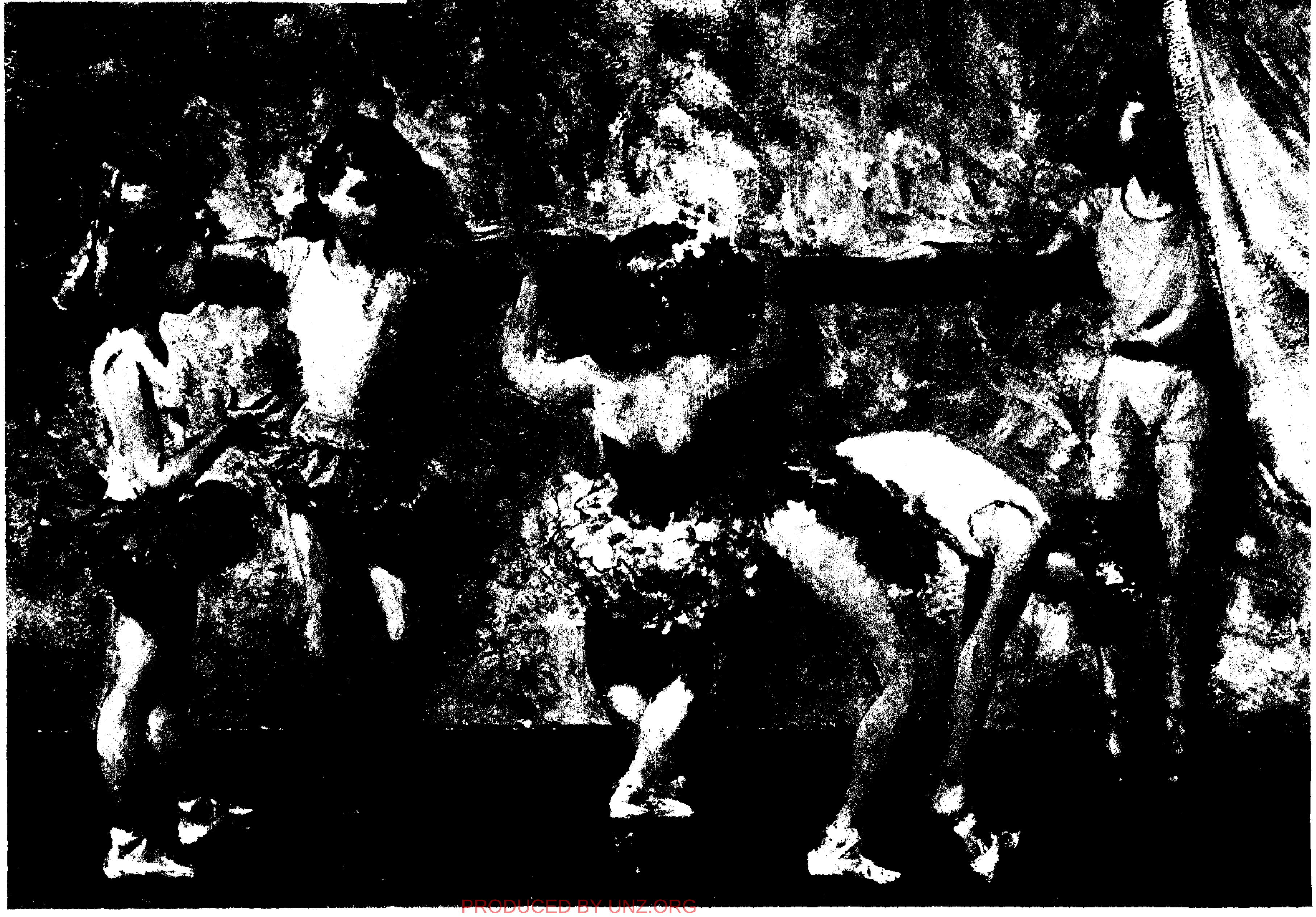
Now true-blue ballet fans and students have to beat the general public to the box office, buy tickets months in advance and settle all too often for standing room only. Recent figures, furthermore, show that where interest in formal ballet was once virtually nonexistent, dance audiences presently exceed an estimated million and a half annually throughout the country.

Why is ballet booming in the U.S.? Anatole Chujoy, editor of the authoritative Dance News magazine, gives two reasons: (a) the activity of ballet companies during World War II, when a good deal of other entertainment was drained off by the USO; (b) the movement of people in recent years to large cosmopolitan areas which have always been better able to support the so-called more artistic forms of entertainment—like ballet—than smaller, outlying communities.

Whatever the causes, though, rising interest in the dance has produced well over 10,000 ballet schools in the U.S. Most of them are attended by little girls whose parents feel ballet training will develop grace, good posture and a sense of beauty.

This situation was recently investigated by Cydney, a self-taught artist who believes that youngsters symbolize the lighthearted atmosphere of the dance and its growing audience better than adult professionals. He made notes for the paintings on these pages at New York's School of American Ballet. Its studios, he says, are typical—full of grace and gaiety, like the art of ballet itself. THE END

PAINTINGS BY CYDNEY



Barbara Charles, four stretches pertly before her first performance

While fixing skirt, this youngster shows fifth ballet foot-position

Felia Doubrovska of School of American Ballet poses elegantly with students illustrating beauty of ballet. In class everyone wears tights

Stairway to an EMPTY

They were afraid of Monica now. She had found something she wasn't intended to find, and she was willing to take risks to find more. So she had to be framed—for murder

By DOLORES HITCHENS

The Story: At first, MONICA MARSHALL had dismissed the fears and warnings of her young niece, WINIFRED, as the natural results of the child's bereavement and bewilderment: Winifred's mother, BIDDY, had been murdered, and Winifred's father, JERRY HUFFMAN, was in prison, due to be executed for the crime in four days. But Monica soon realized that Winifred's life and perhaps her own were in danger.

Monica had come to Los Angeles to assume custody of Winifred, who had been in the care of a woman named MRS. LANNON. Monica arranged to take Winifred away to a mountain resort. There they met a young man called STEVENS. He tried to warn Monica of danger, and she resented his solicitude.

Winifred kept insisting that her father had not killed her mother, and spoke of Mrs. Lannon as a continuing menace. She claimed to recognize two of the other guests at the resort—a fraudulent "psychiatrist" named VEACH, whom she said she had seen at Mrs. Lannon's; and Veach's woman, a plump blonde named WANDA. Then somebody tampered with the brakes of Monica's car, and she was seriously injured in an accident.

Monica wanted to take Winifred back to New York with her, but Stevens insisted that running away would do no good. He took Monica and Winifred to a MRS. ADAMS' private sanitarium near Los Angeles, where they lived as guests. Then he had her meet a rich man named DEMARIST, who had some connection with the Huffman case. Demarist's ward, MARGARET, a mentally retarded girl in her early twenties, had been victimized by Veach and had disappeared and was presumably being held prisoner by him. Demarist asked Monica to go to Mrs. Lannon's house to try to find traces of her. Monica asked Demarist's handsome nephew, RICHARD ALDEEN, to go with her.

At Mrs. Lannon's, Monica went through her sister Biddy's possessions, which had been stored there after the murder. She handled a gun Biddy had owned. And she discovered Biddy's wedding ring hidden in the room she knew must be Margaret's. Now she was sure Veach, not Jerry Huffman, had killed her sister.

IV

OLD Mr. Demarist's face looked older and more frightened, dull-witted and gray. When Aldeen bent above the bed and said, "We think we found something important, Uncle Dem," the old man merely turned his head to stare with half-shut eyes. Aldeen looked at Monica. "Henry gave him something to ease the attack. He's still a bit fuzzy."

"I understand," said Monica.

The old man brought a hand from under the bedclothes, a shaking hand, and touched the cuff of Monica's sleeve. She was in a chair beside the bed in the big, plain room. The Venetian blinds let in very little light. Henry sat reading on the other side of the room, too far away to overhear what they said. The room smelled faintly of medicine. Old Mr. Demarist gave off odors of rubbing alcohol and soap. Everything was clean and bare.

Mr. Demarist said, "Not much time. Can't fuddle this. Got to do it right. Right the first time. You didn't see her?"

"We didn't see Margaret, but I'm sure we found her room in Mrs. Lannon's house. I want to tell you about the clothes I saw there."

"Clothes?" The old man's voice was a husky, disappointed whisper. He spread his fingers on the sheet, shut his eyes, and sighed.

Monica gathered her thoughts. The ring clutched in her hand was a distraction. She'd held it all the way from Mrs. Lannon's—held it even in the house, while she stared into Mrs. Lannon's jet-black eyes and drank her lemonade. Her heart had pounded; there hadn't been much feeling in her head, just a sick, dull awareness of what was going on, of the chatter between Aldeen and Mrs. Lannon, of their getting ready to leave, and of Aldeen carrying down the cartons and Biddy's blue cowhide bag. Then the cool wind on her face as the car raced for Beverly Hills. And now old Mr. Demarist's regretful whisper—he didn't care about the clothes, he wanted the girl who wore them.

He spoke before she could begin. "We didn't know what was wrong until Margaret was almost eight years old. She had been a lovable baby. Obedient, friendly, trusting. Small, with yellow curls and a mouth like a rose. Kitty and I made no demands. Margaret talked or she didn't. She walked when she got ready to; she walked late. Then when she was seven and a half, we took her to a specialist. We'd had trouble with the private school, with the reading teacher who said Margaret wouldn't learn. The specialist told Kitty and me, in his office—a very decent man—that it wasn't the teacher, it was Margaret. Our little Margaret wasn't . . . wasn't . . ."

How had the specialist phrased the bitter verdict? Monica wondered. Kindly, she judged. Kitty—that would be Mrs. Demarist—would have cried, perhaps, and Mr. Demarist would have comforted her. But there would have been a wound, the kind that never healed. How do you feel about a child who will never be fully able to protect itself? She thought of Winifred, the alert, self-sufficient, opinionated brat. Suppose—

Old Mr. Demarist opened his eyes. "Tell me about the clothes."

She forced her thoughts back to the closet in Mrs. Lannon's house. "If I describe them, you might recognize something of Margaret's. That would make it certain that she's there."

"Yes?"

"There was a dress of pale-rose silk with a wide black-leather belt. The neckline was low, the skirt full and pleated. Another dress was a smoky-blue taffeta and had red buttons down the front of the waist."

"She wore it for my birthday," Mr. Demarist whispered.

"There were two fur coats—a gray squirrel and a black Persian lamb."

"She had four," said Demarist. "Those two, and a mink, and a blue-fox cape."

"I didn't see the mink or the cape." Monica looked down at the hand which was clenched about her sister's ring. "There were hats and shoes. Sophisticated, elaborate, and very high style. Most of the shoes had unusually high heels."

Old Mr. Demarist frowned as though some detail had struck an objection in his mind. He puckered his lips in thought. "Any jewelry there?"

Her clenched hand tightened. The ring might be evidence but she intended to keep it. It had been Biddy's—now it was hers. The last link between the two of them; the first goad in her private vendetta with Veach. "There was a leather jewel box on the dresser. Nothing in it, though there were marks left by jewelry which had been kept there."

Old Mr. Demarist's sick eyes searched out Aldeen's face. "This is much worse than we thought, Dick. Worse than just the money. Besides the things I'd given Margaret, there was all of Kitty's collection, too. The diamonds, that ruby gadget with the hanging pearl, the emerald clips, those earrings we bought in London—" The flesh under the sick eyes twitched and grew taut. "Did you mail that letter to Margaret in care of Veach?"

"Yes, I mailed it," Aldeen said soothingly.

A grim smile crossed Demarist's face. "We'll have an answer soon, then. He'll be on tenterhooks for a while, not quite decided what to do—to risk returning the stripped bank account so that Margaret can come into a bigger sum, or to let the gamble slide. I'm betting that he'll gamble. He'll gamble, and I'll get him."

"Perhaps so, Uncle Dem. Or he might smell the trap. We'll know in a little while."

MR. DEMARIST coughed, and twisted on the pillow. In a moment, Henry was there, his face full of concern. "Before you go—" Demarist tried to rise on his elbow; his shoulders shook with the effort. "Miss Marshall, I don't quite know how to say the things I feel. I'm grateful to you for taking the risk you took. I feel sure that once we find Margaret, and get her free of Veach's influence, we will know the truth about your sister's death."

"In a little while," Aldeen repeated. "Just a short time."

Four days . . .

Monica said, "I understand."

"I must plan the next step very carefully. If you're willing to help find Margaret—"

"I'll be glad to."

Demarist's eyelids fluttered. Henry stood up and said, "You'd better let him rest now. It's a strain on his heart even thinking about the girl and Veach. He oughtn't to talk about it, ever."

"We're going, Henry," Aldeen said. He gave Henry a smile that implied that Henry was the wisest and most faithful guardian his uncle could have had, and Henry smiled back.

They went out of the house to the broad porch. Aldeen paused to light a cigarette for each of them. "It's going to kill him," he said softly.

"At least he knows that the girl is alive," Monica pointed out. "She fared better at Veach's hands than my sister did."

Aldeen stared at the sunny drive, at the fountain that splashed gold under the late sun. "I don't think Margaret will come back. She's easily controlled, easily kept in check, lethargic. Uncle Dem should be glad to know that she's alive and well, and at least not living under the same roof with Veach."

"It strikes me," Monica said, "that your uncle, unknowingly and in kindness, has made a sitting duck of his ward."

Aldeen's black brows rose in question.

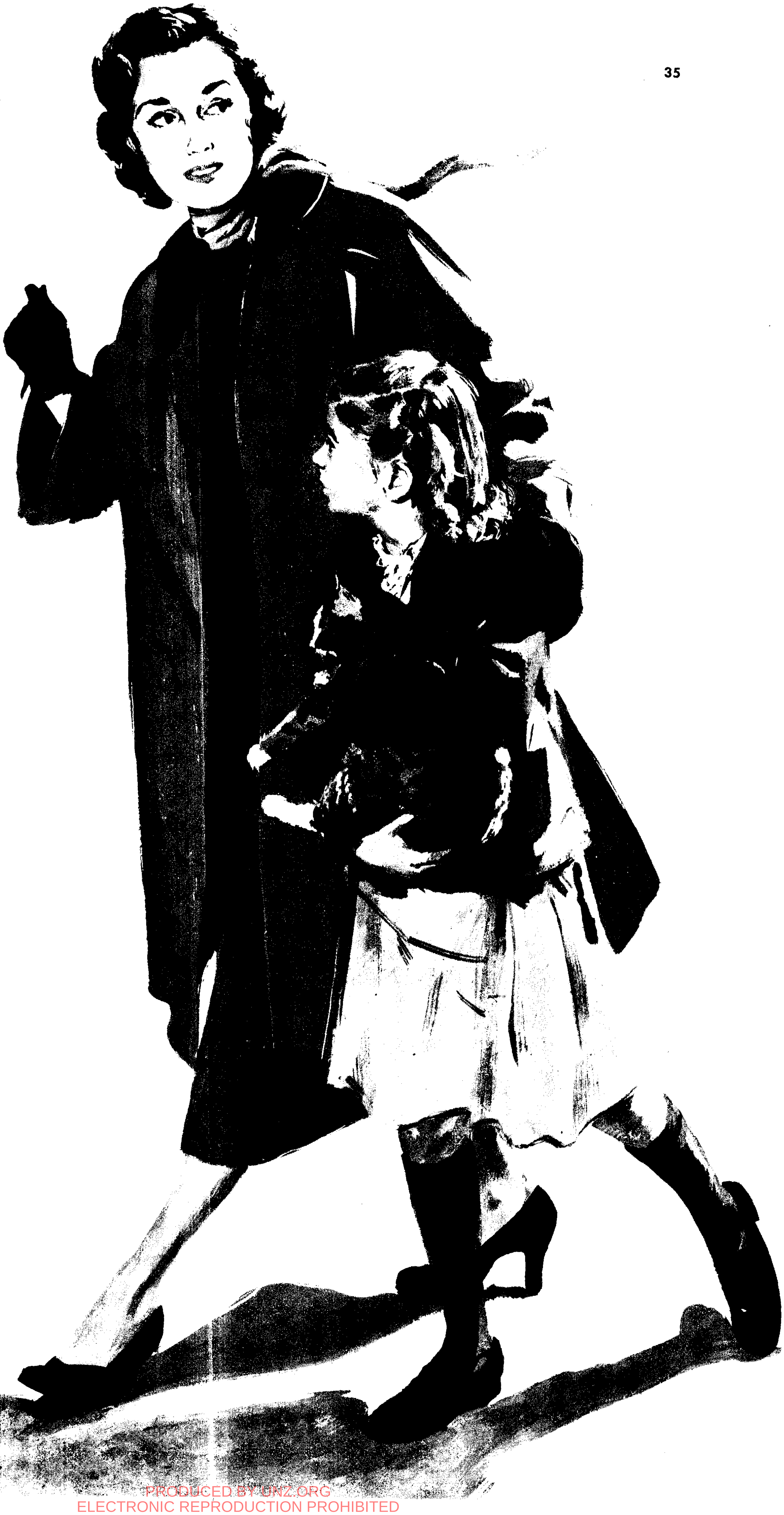
"He shouldn't have given her so much personal property," Monica said, "because she was incapable of protecting it or herself from predatory people."

"That's true," Aldeen said. "That's exactly what I've told him, over and over. I wish you had said it to him in there. The more he gives Margaret, the more she hands over to the people preying on her. This new scheme, this bait to force Veach to restore Margaret's money—it won't work the way Uncle Dem thinks it will. Margaret is stupid, but the people behind her are clever. She'll have the bank account put back, Uncle Dem will kick through with the amount he's promised, and she'll end up with nothing while Veach and his gang pocket the dough." Aldeen's mouth was bitter; his dark eyes were hard.

"What do you think he should do?" Monica's mind was not wholly taken up with the question;

ILLUSTRATED BY LEO [illegible] TECKLER

ROOM



her thoughts were centered on the small gold band in her clenched fist, on Biddy, on the horror and degradation of Biddy's dying. Veach had been in the apartment; he'd forbidden Biddy to call her little girl; he'd committed a hideous murder. Biddy must have had a foreboding. It was the reason she'd called Winifred at four o'clock—everything about that last conversation spoke of farewell. It should, she thought, be legal to shoot a man like Veach. She remembered the gun that had been in Biddy's cowhide bag, and a hot sense of fury swept her. She should have managed to keep it, should have taken it and gone to see Veach, forced her way in, killed him as he had killed her sister. Only, killing Veach wouldn't remove Jerry Huffman from the condemned row at San Quentin.

Aldeen was speaking. "Uncle Dem would never do what I think he should, so I've just kept my mouth shut about it. But if I were he, I'd cut Margaret off without a dime, I'd sue for the return of Aunt Kitty's jewels, and I'd put a private detective on the job digging up enough on Veach to run him out of the state. If things got uncomfortable enough, he'd drop Margaret like a rag."

"That would take time. And it would simply drive Veach underground. You still wouldn't have any evidence against him."

Aldeen nodded. "You're thinking of your sister's murder."

"Yes."

"Uncle Dem raised your hopes that Margaret must know the truth about it. I wish he hadn't done that. It was unkind on such slender proof—"

"No—it's certain!" Monica insisted.

The handsome face smoothed out to blankness. "You have evidence of your own?"

"Yes. It's true. I *know*. Veach did the killing. He planted evidence which implicated Jerry Huffman. I don't quite see how he managed part of it—"

MONICA remembered the testimony of the janitor and the manageress. The janitor had heard sounds of a fight, with Biddy crying Jerry's name. The manageress had heard a direct accusation. Could these people have been paid by Veach to give such evidence? Or could Biddy, in the grip of some terrible fear, have covered Veach's presence to the bitter end?

She rubbed her temples, trying to ease the pounding inside her head. It was warm; the fountain made hazy rainbows in the heat, and the few birds scouting the lawn for bugs had an indolent air. "I'd better get back to Mrs. Adams' place. I'll look through Biddy's things, and if I find anything else that concerns Margaret, I'll call you."

"Do that." He led her to the car with an air of concern. "It's been a sticky afternoon. I hope you're not too tired."

"I'll be all right," she said, grateful for his interest. (*Continued on page* 57)

"Are we running from the cops?" Winifred asked interestedly. Monica couldn't take the time to answer her. They had to hurry

The Closet

By KENNETH LOWE

FRED BANBERY

Regular as clockwork, Mr. Hill would go into the closet and stay for five minutes. Miss Gaylord said it was on account of his age

THE old man came into our hospital ward by himself. He looked the room over slowly and picked out a bed. Then he opened his pasteboard suitcase and took out a pair of pajamas. He laid the pajamas out on the bed. You could tell it was awkward for him to be sick.

"Name's Hill," he said. "This is the first time I've ever been in the hospital."

We nodded and gave our names.

He was a powerful-looking man: short, and broad in the shoulders. His hair was white and he had a mustache—a real forest of hair between his nose and his mouth—that went right on out to the grin lines of his cheeks. Since he grinned most of the time, he looked like a friendly walrus—with blue eyes.

"Fact is," he said, "this is the first day I've really been sick since they opened up Oklahoma."

"What's the matter with you, Mr. Hill?" Reverend Pearson asked from the next bed.

"Kidneys don't percolate right," Mr. Hill said. "But I reckon a pair of kidneys that last seventy-five years are doing right well even so. Team of horses don't last near that long."

He scrunched up his face and looked at Reverend Pearson.

Reverend Pearson sort of blinked his eyes. He generally does that when he can't make up his mind what kind of expression he ought to get on his face.

"Yes, sir," Mr. Hill said, "this is the very first time in my life that I haven't been able to go to the bathroom."

Reverend Pearson didn't say anything. He kept his face stiff as a poker. Mr. Hill laughed to himself sort of easy, loaded up his pipe, and said, "I reckon when a man gets in the shape I'm in, he isn't much account. Old Doc Meaders could have pulled me out of this, but I don't know about these doctors nowadays. Doc Meaders died in 1923, right after he treated my youngest one, James, for the typhoid fever. Had a lot of typhoid in those days on account of the shallow wells we dug."

Then Reverend Pearson told him about his operation. It was some operation. They fished around in him for better than two hours before they found his appendix. Finally, they found it wrapped up around his liver and backbone. The doctor let on like this wasn't the proper place for an appendix to be.

"You know," Mr. Hill said, "when it comes to an operation like that one, I think I'd rather have me a plumber doing the work just to be sure all my pipes were hitched up right again."

He rared back and laughed. Reverend Pearson didn't move. He was as stiff as a blackjack oak on a January morning.

About that time the head nurse came in, a woman name of Miss Gaylord. She heard what Mr. Hill said, but she didn't let on like it. Fact is, she's worried to death most of the time about being sixty-five, because the hospital is going to retire her next year whether she's got a hankering to retire or not. She really isn't a bad woman, Miss Gaylord isn't. But being a Miss, she's sort of missed out on things.

"Is there anything we can do for you, Mr. Hill?" she asked. Sounded real professional. Right out of the icebox.

Mr. Hill nodded at a bunch of roses in a vase.

"You can take them out of here if you want to. Never had any use for roses, anyhow. My wife—buried her in 1933—she worked for thirty-seven years raising her a batch of roses right next to the house. Probably took ten years off of her life."

Miss Gaylord stiffened her back and picked up the vase and left.

It must have been two or three days later when Reverend Pearson called my attention to the way the old man would go into the clothes closet right next to his bed. He'd go in there at ten o'clock sharp every morning and stay there for about five minutes. Then he'd come out. Reverend Pearson said it must be the old man's second childhood or something. Regular as clockwork. Mr. Hill would go into the closet and stay there for five minutes.

Miss Gaylord said it was on account of his age.

"He is seventy-five years old," she would say.

Mr. Hill's kinfolks came by every night. There were so many of them that I counted to twenty-seven and then got mixed up because they wouldn't hold still. Old man Hill was the presiding elder in that congregation.

It was about that time that Reverend Pearson wasn't doing so good. He had so much gas around his stomach that he couldn't breathe right, and they had a contraption rigged up by his bed to pump the gas out. Didn't do much good on account of he kept swelling up like a balloon. I got worried about him. They were giving him shots in the arm and they fed him with a needle stuck in his arm. He couldn't sleep much, either. The thing that bothered him the most, though, was to see Mr. Hill go into that closet come ten o'clock in the morning. It sort of got on your nerves. Made both of us jumpy. Why should he go into the closet like that?

Reverend Pearson was really sick. He got to talking to me about his church. Sooner or later they all talk to me.

Anyhow, Reverend Pearson said, "They're about evenly divided. Half of 'em are for me, and the other half think I'm preaching the wrong doctrine."

I just lay there. Mr. Hill was listening, too, and that sort of bothered Reverend Pearson.

"I wouldn't be surprised," he said, "if they either get rid of me, or half of 'em leave and organize another church."

Mr. Hill got up, combed his hair, smoothed out his pajamas, and went into the closet. It was straight up ten o'clock.

Reverend Pearson looked at me, and I looked at him. He'd been turning sort of yellow, the same color as the stuff they were feeding him. He had the worst complexion I've ever seen on a man. That night he pushed the button and called Miss Gaylord in. He let on like there was something wrong with the pump, but I'd been watching him for some time, and what he was really afraid of was that he would die.

Every doggoned morning Mr. Hill would go into the closet at ten o'clock. It was making the whole ward jumpy. I even thought about asking Miss Gaylord to put him in another ward.

Miss Gaylord would come tiptoeing through the ward. When that woman tiptoes, it's just like a death sentence. She can tell. For two or three days Reverend Pearson just lay there sort of in between being alive and dead. Couldn't seem to make it either way. I've seen 'em get hung up like that, and sometimes it lasts for a week or ten days. I'd known Reverend Pearson a long time, and I hated seeing him go the hard way. We grew up together on the same section of land in Cleveland County.

Well, sir, it must have been the weather. It cleared off and stopped snowing. Reverend Pearson began to take an interest in the sparrows in the tree outside the window. He even tried to lift his head up a little higher on the pillow. That's how I knew he wasn't going to die. And that night Miss Gaylord sat right there by his bed. She nursed him. She fixed the bedclothes. She fed him. First time she'd ever paid that much attention to him. Day after day, old man Hill kept on going into the closet just like it was nothing unusual.

Reverend Pearson finally felt like talking, and he said, "I know now what I'm going to do about the church. I'm just going to preach the best I know how. If the Lord intended for me to preach something else, He would tell me to preach something else."

Miss Gaylord sort of surprised us, too, around then. She got her a job with the new hospital that was being built. It was so new that they didn't even have any regulations about when the nurses had to retire. She looked ten years younger.

Old man Hill was leaving the hospital, going to Oklahoma City to see if a specialist could tell him what was wrong with his kidneys. All his kinfolks showed up. He was grinning just like he did the first day he came to the hospital. His kidneys may have been in bad shape, but the rest of him was in perfectly good health.

AFTER he left, one of his daughters was still in the ward packing up his things. I knew that if I didn't ask her, we never would know. So I asked her, "Why does your daddy go into the closet every morning at ten o'clock?"

She studied it for a minute like maybe she didn't know whether we'd understand her or not. She quit smiling, and I wished I never had brought it up. Looking at me real steady, she said, "Papa prays."

"Prays?" Reverend Pearson said.

She said it real slow: "Yes. Papa prays for everybody around him. And the Lord has given Papa everything he ever asked for."

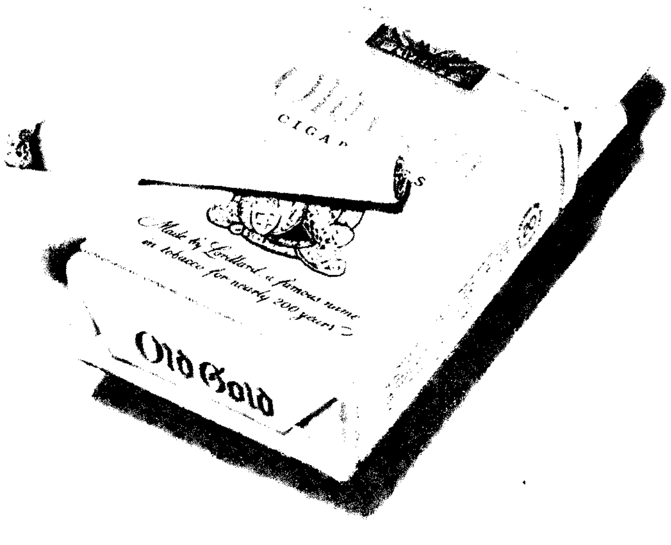
Then she picked up the suitcase and left. It was real quiet. The ward seemed so empty that Reverend Pearson turned on the radio just so we could have some racket.

THE END

For a TREAT

instead of a TREATMENT

...smoke Old Golds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A Matter of Choice

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

fork and plate from the cupboard. He watched the bacon fry and the eggs turn deep yellow. He wanted that bottle of beer bad. He couldn't wait for the bacon to crisp. The old man might drink both bottles by then. The bacon was just crinkling when he pushed the panful onto the plate and began eating. The eggs were fine and the bacon wasn't bad, good and lean, with a sharp fatty taste. He ate three pieces of bread, pushed the pan off the fire, and headed for the barn.

His youngest brother, Nels, looked up from the car and called, "Ready to go, Lars?"

"In a minute," Lars said.

"Where you going?"

"Barn," Lars said. "You got to know everything?"

"Doggone it," Ole called. "Go around back."

"Go to hell," Lars answered affably, and hurried across the yard into the dark sweet coolness of the barn. He saw the old man in the horse stall and heard the wet gurgle of an upturned bottle.

"Let's have it," Lars said.

The old man handed over the full bottle and glared. "Ought to get your own beer."

"Aw, shut up," Lars said. "Drink up before they come nosing down here."

"I'm done," the old man said. "Maybe I better sneak out and grab two more, huh?"

"This is enough," Lars said. "They won't miss two, but sure will miss four."

Lars finished his bottle and dropped it in the manger. The old man shoved his empty under a sill and wiped his mustache and grinned. "Good beer, Lars."

"Sure," Lars said. "Let's go to town."

They left the barn together, the old man licking his lips and blinking against the bright sun. Nels had turned the car around and the others were all helping Ella into the front seat like she couldn't walk by herself. Nels called, "I told you to go behind."

"Yimminy," Lars said disgustedly. "A man ain't his own boss around here any more. Let's get started."

LARS felt something was going to happen that afternoon. He rode in back with Sven and Ole, the old man sitting on his lap. Ella sat between Nels and Oscar in the front seat. Lars figured the old man ought to ride in front, by rights, him being small; and Sven growled that Ella ought to ride in back with him and Ole, and the old man and Lars ought to ride in front. That was the way his brothers had been acting ever since Ella came to the farm three months ago.

Before that, Lars remembered, the five of them and the old man never had an argument. They worked all day and felt good because the farm was growing better every year; they went to town for a beer and some talk, and came home to sleep and work again.

And then Mrs. Andresen quit to go South with her son and they had to get another housekeeper, and his old man came home from town with Ella. Lars always figured the old man had too much under his belt that day; otherwise he never would have hired Ella. Everybody knew she was looking for another husband, and since Carl Svensen died four years ago she had been acting silly around the men at dances and *smörgåsbord* and church socials. It was a helluva feeling to watch his brothers start acting like kids, getting haircuts every two weeks and changing into good clothes after supper and taking Ella into town for a beer and movies two and three times a week; and now baseball was started Ella didn't know a ball from a pine nut.

Lars got out when they parked behind the fence on the third-base side, and went down to the bench where Charley and Howie and all the old-timers sat during the games.

Charley, who owned a tavern in Waniss, had a big bucket of iced beer behind the bench, and after a few bottles, Lars felt better and got into the spirit of things.

Waniss made three runs in the second inning and held this lead through the sixth, and Lars managed to forget about Sven and Ole sitting in the car with Ella, while Nels and Oscar were playing on the field and not tending strictly to business, sneaking looks toward the car whenever they had a chance. Lars grunted. "That's gonna cost us," and sure enough, in the seventh inning Nels dropped a fly ball in left field that let in two runs and tied the score. When Waniss came to bat, Charley uncapped another beer and said, "Nels is not playing his game today, Lars. What's the trouble, skirt in his eye?"

Lars said, "Pass me a beer," and sat back moodily. It was getting so everybody knew about his brothers and Ella. A man couldn't feel decent with his own friends. Lars had a few more beers, and Waniss scored in the eighth to go ahead, 4-3. Oscar dropped a peg at first base in the ninth that let in two runs and Charley choked over his beer. In Waniss' last bat, Nels came up with the bases full and two away, and struck out to end the game. Nels was the best hitter on the team and not even Charley had anything smart to say after that.

Lars drank the last beer in the bucket before Charley could recover, and sneaked around back to the car. Ordinarily he would go over to Charley's after the game and have a few beers and replay every out, but now he didn't want to do anything but go home and hide in the woods. He sat in silence during the ride home, nobody else talking either, and when they stopped in the yard and got out, Ella flounced her skirt and patted Nels on the arm and said, "Don't you care, Nels. You did fine today."

Oscar got red around the ears and the old man said, "Fine, my foot," and stomped into the house. Lars waited until his brothers headed for the shower bath and then swiped six bottles from beneath the tank and headed for his shack. A man had to think this out, he decided, not only for baseball but for the sake of their farm.

Lars sat on the front step of his shack and sipped beer and thought back on the last three months. The old man owned six hundred acres along the Pelican road; he had homesteaded it back in 1900, and once all of them grew up, the clearing had gone fast. Now Lars was fifty-one, Sven was forty-eight, Ole was forty-two, Oscar was thirty-nine, and Nels was thirty-six; and the fruit of their labor showed in the farm. They had cleared three hundred and twenty acres and had it all under the plow or in good meadow and alfalfa and garden. Everybody knew the farm was the best in the lake region, and if none of them had got married and seemed to like staying home, well, that was their business.

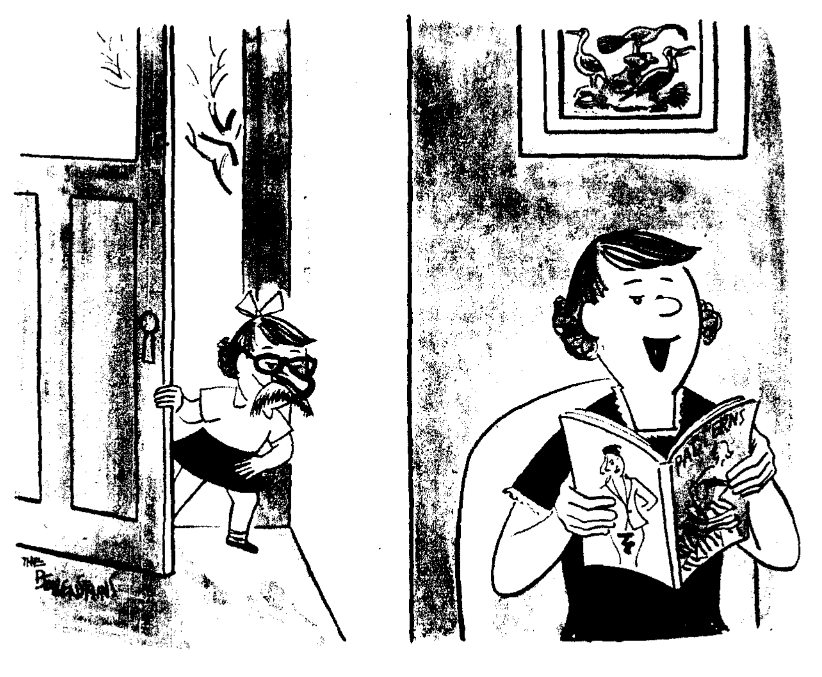
THEIR mother had passed away ten years ago and the old man took it hard for three years, and his sons had to do all the work; but after that the old man had perked up again and was out doing his share of the lighter work, digging up stumps and forking hay and driving the tractor and doing a few of the chores. The old man never talked about dying and they all knew the farm was theirs when the old man passed on, but that wasn't going to be very soon because their grandfather had lived to ninety-seven and their grandmothers on both sides to eighty-eight.

They didn't bother about wages; everything went into the common account and when they needed money they helped themselves. When Mrs. Andresen quit, after being with them nine years, Lars had figured the old man would ask Mrs. Tinklepaugh to come over because she was only about seventy and strong as a bull, and made wonderful bread and coffeecake; and then the old man came home with Ella.

It would have been all right, Lars thought, if Ella had a little age on her, maybe another twenty years, because she was a good cook and a hard worker, but right away she pestered the old man for new curtains and linoleum, and put out a tablecloth for every meal, and wouldn't let them eat unless they were shaved and had put on clean shirts. Lars could even stand her going to ball games if she would dress her age instead of wearing the kind of clothes she did, and putting something on her hair that made it yellower than it ought to be; all this wasn't so bad until he saw how his brothers were starting to act and then he knew they were in for trouble . . .

A month ago the first flowers started to bloom and that was fine: flowers were nice

SISTER



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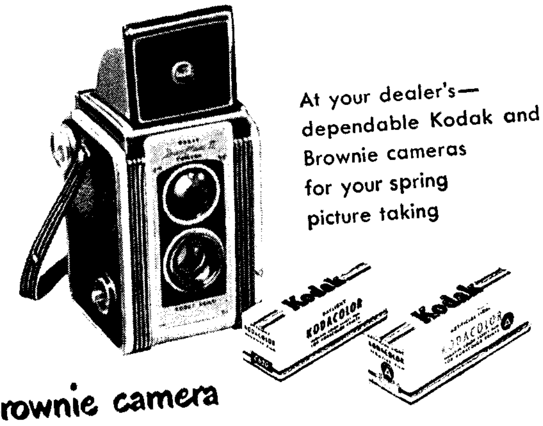

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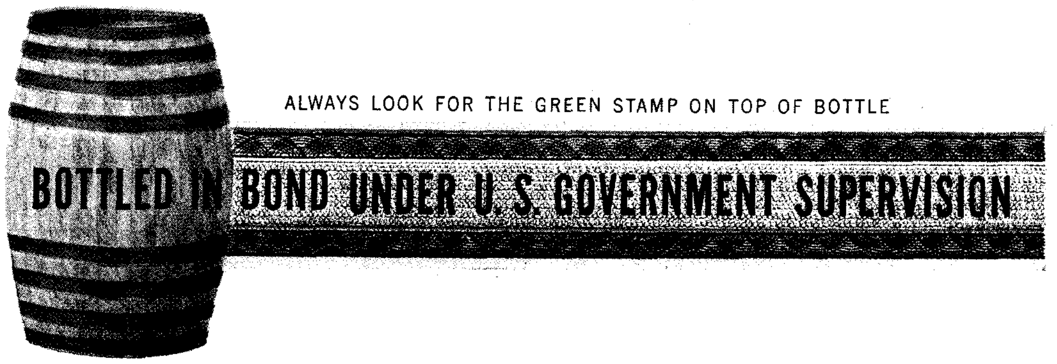
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to see and smell and leave where God put them. But the first thing Lars knew—one night after work, when he was sitting in the barn door with a beer—Sven came patting up to the back door with a big bunch of flowers. He heard Ella thank Sven, and then Ole came from behind the machine shed with a bigger bunch of flowers and sneaked into the kitchen, and Ella thanked him, and Sven growled something Lars couldn't understand. Nobody came outside and pretty soon Oscar came up the lane from the wood lot across the road with an armful of flowers and a silly grin, and went inside; and then minutes later when it was just turning dark, Nels came from the lake with a hatful of moccasin flowers. That was going too far, Lars decided, because everybody knew you weren't supposed to pick moccasins; they were delicate and beautiful growing in the woods but didn't last long on the table.

WHEN he went in for supper, they were all sitting around the table with funny looks and the kitchen smelled like a perfume counter. Flowers were all over, stuck in vases and pitchers and one bunch in a stewpot; and the old man was eating his supper and glaring under his eyebrows fit to kill. Ella brought Lars his plate and said, "Ain't the flowers pretty, Lars," as if to say, "Why didn't you bring me some?"

After that it was one fool thing after another. Lars knew what Ella was thinking. The farm was going to all of them, or one, she didn't know which way yet, and she was putting the icing on her cake before she baked it. She was dangling all of them on the hook and trying to find out how the old man had made his will; and when she did find out, that one would sure be a gone goose. Lars shuddered and opened another bottle of beer. The thought of how Ella would be, married to one of his brothers and owning part of the farm, was too much to bear. He had built the shack twenty years ago because he liked to be alone in the woods. He always ate at the house, but of late he had been cooking half his own meals and staying clear.

Ella was always treating him nice, saving him cake and pie and cookies, because she didn't know for sure which one of them was favored. And everybody in the lake region knew what was going on, and several pool bets were already filled and waiting in Charley's safe for the winner.

Lars remembered the night Charley told him about the pool bets and asked him for any inside information because they were friends and Charley had a right to win some of that money. That was the only time Lars ever got mad at Charley; and it didn't last long, only a couple of hours, because Charley set up the beer for him all night. But he didn't tell Charley anything, even though he knew the old man had made a will five years ago and left the farm to all of them, with Lars, the oldest son, in charge of everything until he died, and so on down. If he told Charley that, it would get around to Ella in two days, and then he'd really be in trouble.

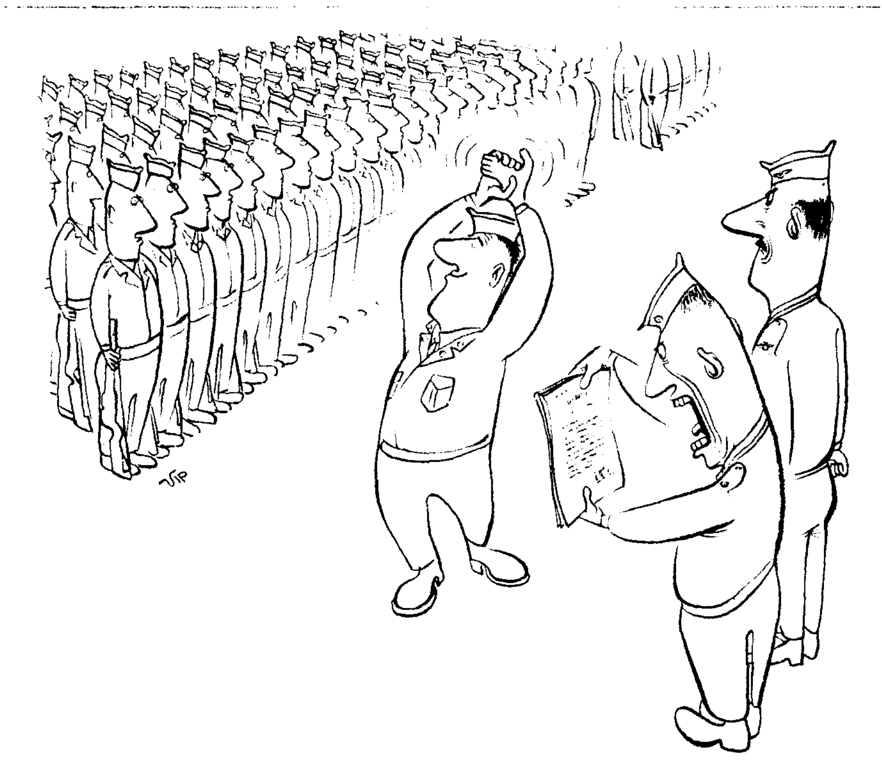
Lars opened the last bottle and leaned back against the top step. Now that he had a few beers inside him, he could think better. Something had to be done pretty soon, that was sure, before his brothers quit doing an honest day's work and started fighting openly over Ella; and anybody knew that idleness was the sure way to trouble. He had to figure all this out carefully; there was bound to be some way of getting Ella off the farm. But the old man was eating good food and his shirts were ironed like he wanted them, and nobody could change his mind when he felt that way.

Lars wanted to ask somebody for advice, but there wasn't anyone in the lake region knew how to stop four half-wits from making fools of themselves. Lars couldn't go to the lawyer; that would just cost him money and the lawyer would recommend a lawsuit. The preacher wasn't any better; he would recommend a wedding and drum up future business. Charley was his best friend, but there was money at stake and once Charley heard that Lars would be in charge of the farm after the old man died, Charley might forget friendship and tell Ella everything.

Lars finished the last bottle and closed his eyes, listening to the familiar wood sounds all about the shack, and wished that Ella had more sense and wore clothes befitting her size and age. She might have the making of a pretty good wife, he mused, if she changed a little. Lars snapped his eyes open and stared openmouthed at the sky; was he starting to feel like his brothers, thinking that way? He was horrified for a moment, seeing the prospect of married life. A stick popped behind the shack and Ella came around the corner and placed a basket beside him.

"What you doing out here?" Lars growled.

VIP'S WAR



COLLIER'S "... who, above and beyond the line of duty, did, without thought of his life ..." VIRGIL PARTCH

Ella had changed into those blue slacks and the green blouse, and her hair was tied back with a big red scarf. She called this her Sunday-night loafing costume, and weighing a good hundred and sixty as she did, it wasn't doing much to make her look like a girl of twenty.

"You never waited for supper," Ella said. "You sick?"

"I'm fine," Lars said. "Just wanted some quiet."

"A man can't work on an empty stomach," Ella said. "Here's some supper"—she giggled—"and six bottles of beer."

"Beer," Lars said, brightening somewhat. "Good."

"There's some nice fried chicken and biscuits and honey," Ella said. "I saved you two wings and three legs. You like legs best, don't you?"

"Same as the rest of the chicken," Lars said, knowing full well he could eat ten legs to one wing. The smell from the basket was tickling his nose. He wished she'd go back to the house and let him eat. He was hungry as sin, all at once.

"Sometimes I think you don't like my cooking," Ella said.

"It's all right," Lars said.

"It's sure nice out here," Ella said, and fanned her face with one hand. "Kinda peaceful getting away from your brothers." Ella giggled again. "They're wonderful boys but they just treat me too good and I don't know why they waste time on a widow when there's so many nice young girls around here."

Lars wanted to say, "Neither do I," but caution held his tongue.

HE OPENED the basket and found a big leg, fried in deep fat and egg batter, and began chewing vigorously. He opened a bottle of beer and took a long drink, and settled back against the top step.

"Ain't you gonna ask me to sit down and join you?" Ella asked. "It's nice talking to a man who knows his own age."

"Mmmmf," Lars said. "Who says I'm old?"

"Goodness sakes, I didn't say you were old," Ella said. "I meant you were mature, Lars. A woman my age likes to talk with somebody who sees things the same way. Your brothers are nice, but they're terrible wearing on a woman, always wanting to go to town and movies and dances."

"Don't have to go, do you?" Lars said, reaching for another leg. "Mighty puny leg, this one."

"That was the fryer," Ella said. "I thought I had to be nice to them, me working here and everything. You mean, I don't have to go with them all the time?"

"What for?" Lars asked. The chicken warmed his stomach. "Have a wing."

"Thank you," Ella said politely. "I could eat just a bit more. I'm glad to hear you say that, Lars. Now I can stay home and do some work."

"I thought—" Lars said.

Ella giggled again. "I know what you thought. You figured I was acting like a silly girl, trying to spark all your brothers at the same time." Ella chewed a wing delicately and blinked her eyes at Lars. "I'm too old for that sort of thing, Lars. A woman of thirty-seven is out of those notions. I like the farm and everybody on it, and I want to please everybody and make them happy."

"I'll be damned," Lars said. "You ain't trying to grab nobody then?"

"Of course not," Ella said. "I think I'll have a beer, Lars. Whatever made you think that?"

"I dunno," Lars said. "I guess—"

Ella uncapped the bottle and drank deeply, wiped her mouth with two fingers, and searched for another piece of chicken. "I declare," she said, "walking down here gives a person an appetite. Lars, I've been married once and I was happy as a lark. There ain't nobody like my late husband. Best man that ever lived. But a woman can't just dry up and blow away, can she? I like to have a little pleasure like anybody else. Why, the way I feel I wouldn't marry the

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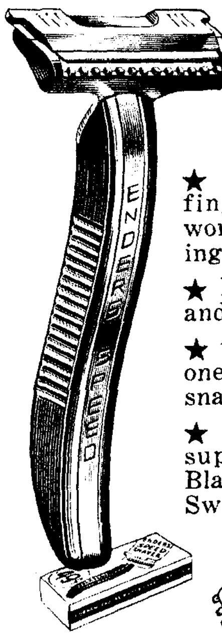

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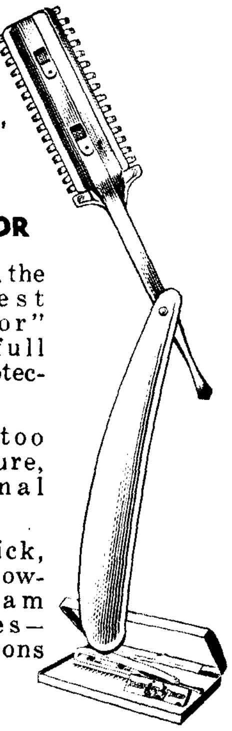

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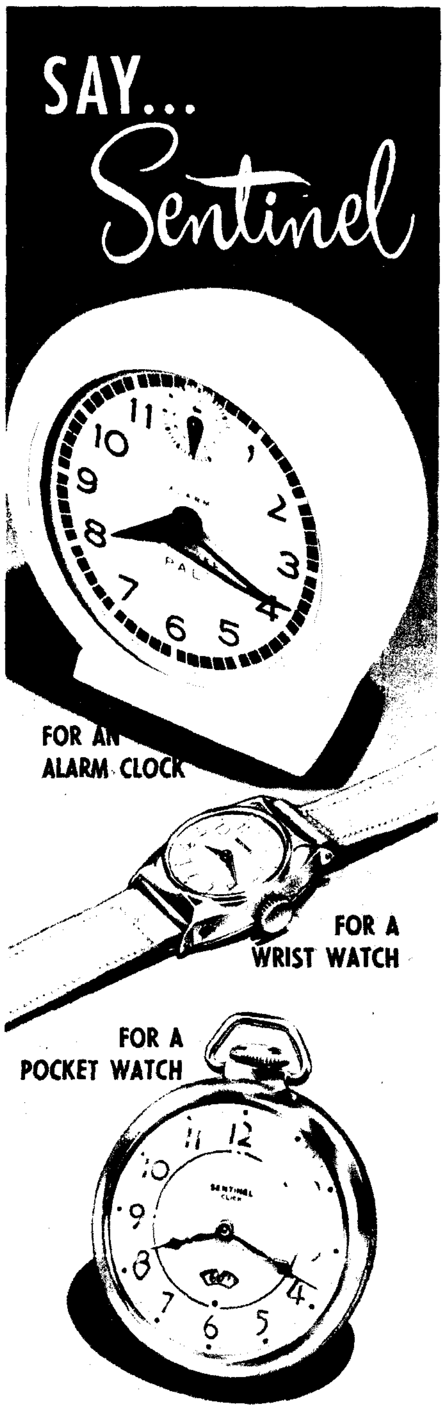

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best man that lived. I'm like you, Lars, I'm misunderstood, I guess."

"Have another beer," Lars said. "Here's some chicken."

"Thank you," Ella said. "Just one more."

"I got some cheese in the icebox," Lars said. "You still hungry?"

"No, thanks," Ella said. "I've got to watch my figure, you know."

"You got a good figure," Lars said. "I wouldn't draw that corset so tight if I was you, though. Cuts off circulation."

"It's just a little corset," Ella said stiffly. "I really don't need one. Well, I've got the ironing to do. I'd best get back to the house."

"Thanks for coming," Lars said. "I'll get up to meals from now on."

"That's what I like to hear," Ella said. "I want to see my men together at the table. I'll make apple pie tomorrow for dinner and supper both. You like apple pie best, don't you, Lars?"

"It'll do," Lars said cautiously. "And you don't have to tell me how good a man your husband was. I licked him five times when we was young bucks."

Ella smiled. "I knew that. But a woman has to say her husband was the best, don't she?" Ella got up and walked to the corner of the house and said, "Even if she knows there's a better man around. Good night, Lars."

"Night," Lars said.

Lars watched her out of sight and sat again on the steps and opened the last bottle of beer. Here he was worrying about Ella, and all the time she never meant nothing, just wanted to be nice to all his brothers because of him and the old man. And she didn't even get mad when he spoke about corsets, like most women who were putting on weight. Maybe he had misjudged her, Lars thought. She was a good cook and not afraid of work, and now she had promised to let his brothers run around like darned fools on their own.

Maybe that would teach them a lesson and they'd do some work for a change. And she even admitted he was a better man than her late husband. That was true, Lars thought smugly. He was a better man, and not as old as a lot of people wanted to make him. From now on he had better keep an eye on his brothers, and when they got to frisking around Ella like a bunch of fools, he could step in and calm them down.

LARS felt so good he sneaked back to the barn and took six more bottles of beer and stayed up until ten o'clock, drinking them slowly and eating the cheese. . . .

Lars decided it was the best idea to start right in next day, showing his brothers that Ella wasn't a fool girl. After dinner somebody had to get the cream cans from the Waniss depot and Lars said, "I'll get 'em," and started for the back door and then said, "Ella, you want anything in town?"

His brothers stared at him, mouths dropping in surprise. Ella said, "I do need some wash towels, Lars. I'll ride along if it won't take too much time."

"Back in an hour," Lars said. "You guys better get them logs ready for stacking."

His brothers just sat around the table, trying to find words, and he was out of the house and stopping the car for Ella before they woke up; and then it was too late. All the way to town he wanted to laugh, thinking how he showed them that Ella wasn't serious with any of them because she was going to town with him alone, and everybody knew they were too old for such foolishness as courting and marriage. Lars felt so good he bought Ella a beer in Charley's after they got the cream cans and towels, and Charley's eyes popped out like two squeezed grapes as he drew the beers. After that day, Ella politely turned down going to the movies more than once a week, and scrubbed the whole house and put up new curtains in the old man's room, and baked more pie and cake than they could eat.

Lars wondered what was bothering his brothers during the next two weeks. They stopped getting haircuts so often and wore dirty shirts to supper, and he had to admit they were working like old times. They stacked the last log cutting and got the stumps ready for pulling that fall, and when haying came they put up all the stacks in record time. Ella came out in the early afternoons and helped Lars load alfalfa and pitch it on the stacker, and went back to the house in time to cook supper. Ella could work mighty good, Lars discovered, taking as big a forkful as a man and not getting tired any quicker.

Nels and Oscar went to midweek practice at the ball park again, and played real good on Sundays. Nels hit three home runs in three games and everybody felt better, because Nels was the key man on the team and when he was off they lost half the games.

Charley finally couldn't stand it any longer, and one Saturday night before closing, he got Lars in the back corner and said, "You courting Ella now?"

"Me?" Lars said. "Hell, no."

"Then what do you call it?" Charley asked. "You're causing us a lot of trouble. We had to change all those pool bets."

"Might as well give the money back," Lars said. "Ella ain't that kind of a woman. Just takes a while to understand her, that's all."

"I've known her forty years," Charley said, "and I understood her forty years ago. She ain't changed."

"Then you oughta know she don't want to get married again," Lars said.

"All right," Charley said. "Somebody around here is crazy. You better have a beer."

"On the house?" Lars said.

"On yourself," Charley said. "You ain't natural any more."

Lars decided that Charley had a touch of summer flu. Charley didn't seem to understand that Ella wasn't trying to marry his brothers; and nobody could believe that he and Ella were thinking that way. Not him anyway, he decided. Even if Ella would make a good wife for a man who wanted some home life. But his brothers were worse than Charley; they didn't seem to understand what he was doing for them. They got worse whenever he was near them They worked harder than ever, but it seemed like he was always doing the single jobs while they went off together to pick and shock corn, and get ready for fall woodcutting and fence fixing.

The only thing that helped was Ella coming out and working with him in the early afternoons. He was fixing the fence along the lake one day, stapling down t top wire while Ella used the stretcher, an when they finished ten posts, Ella wiped h cheeks and sighed deeply.

"I don't know what's got into yo brothers," Ella said. "They act like I'm n even here."

"They're busy," Lars said.

"Have I said anything wrong to them?" Ella asked. "I sure didn't mean to, Lars. You know that. Is my cooking bad?"

"You never said anything," Lars said. "The food is better than ever."

"That's a real compliment," Ella said. "I'm glad somebody around here appreciates a little honest effort." Ella sighed again and brushed her hair back. "But I'm worried, Lars. Sometimes I think unless I go to dances and movies with them again, they're never going to treat me right."

"Stretch that top wire," Lars said. "I'll give it some thought."

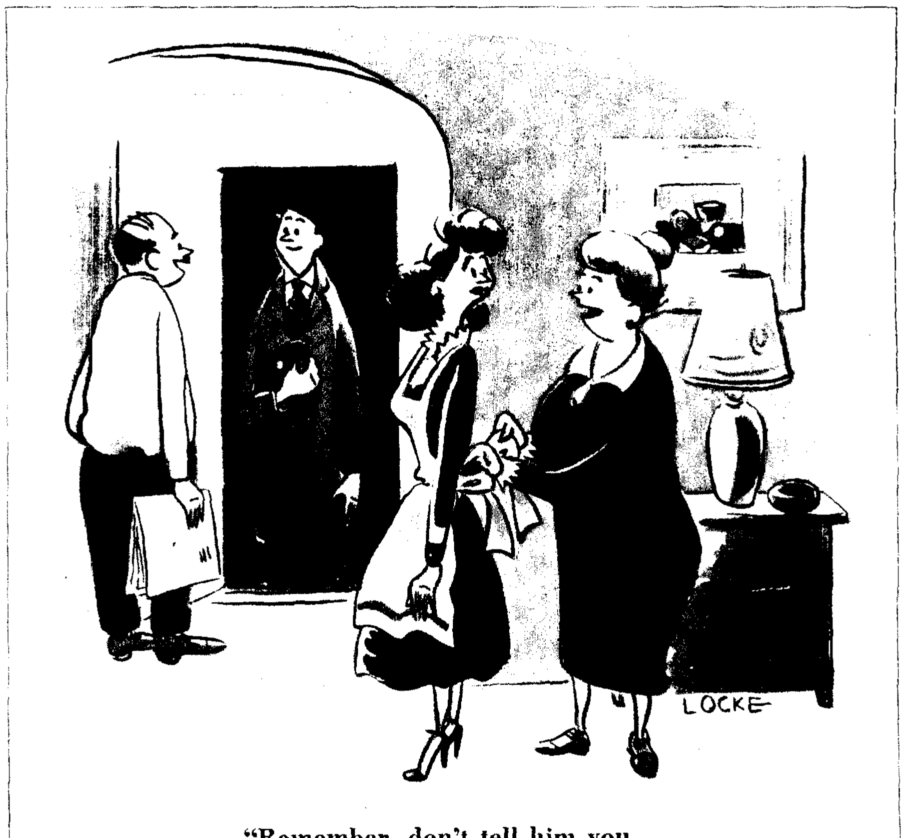
"I wish you would," Ella said plaintively. "I'm sure I don't know what to do unless I quit and go somewhere else."

Lars said, "That's enough for today. Let's have a beer."

THAT night Lars was worried. His brothers ate fast, never said a word more than grunting for this and that, and took the car to town and stayed until eleven o'clock. Lars sat on the shack steps and wondered what they were mad about; and the next day and for two weeks after that, Ella didn't help in the fields, but stayed in the house talking with the old man and getting the storm windows ready for wintertime. His brothers perked up a little and sneaked back during the day for tools and other reasons, and once he worked on the manure spreader with them for an afternoon and it was almost like the old days. It was that afternoon Lars got his idea.

He wondered why he hadn't figured it out sooner, it was so simple and natural. If he married Ella, he would be making the biggest sacrifice of his life, but maybe by doing that, his brothers would stop sulking and act like before, and everything would be fine. The more he considered this, the better Lars liked the idea. It was funny how he had always shied away from marriage, but having Ella for a wife would be almost like he was before.

Ella wasn't the kind to nag. He could drink beer and play the machines, and go to ball games, and nothing much would be changed. He'd have to fix his shack up better, he decided, but Ella could still



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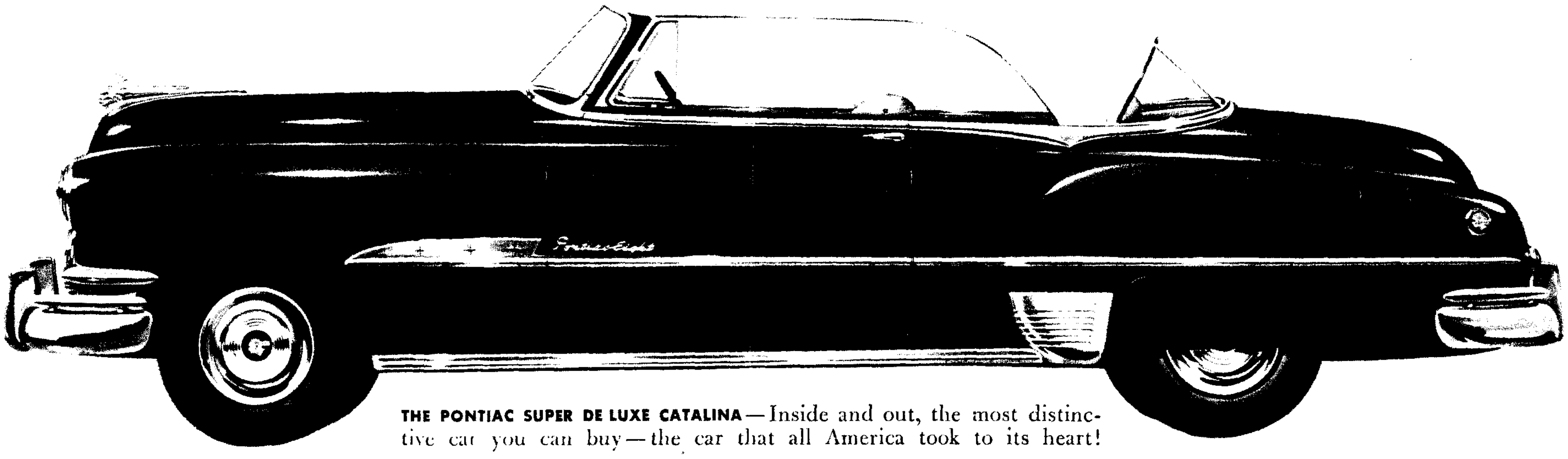

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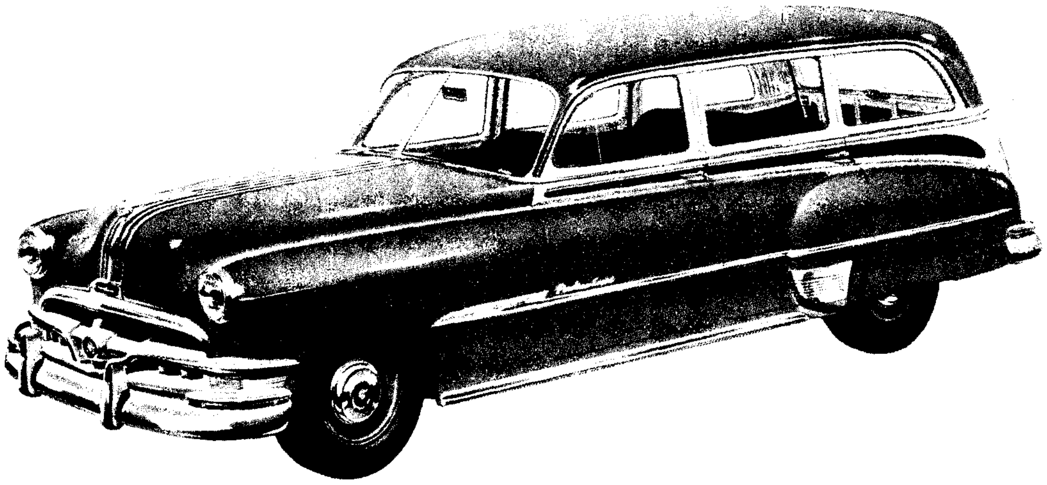

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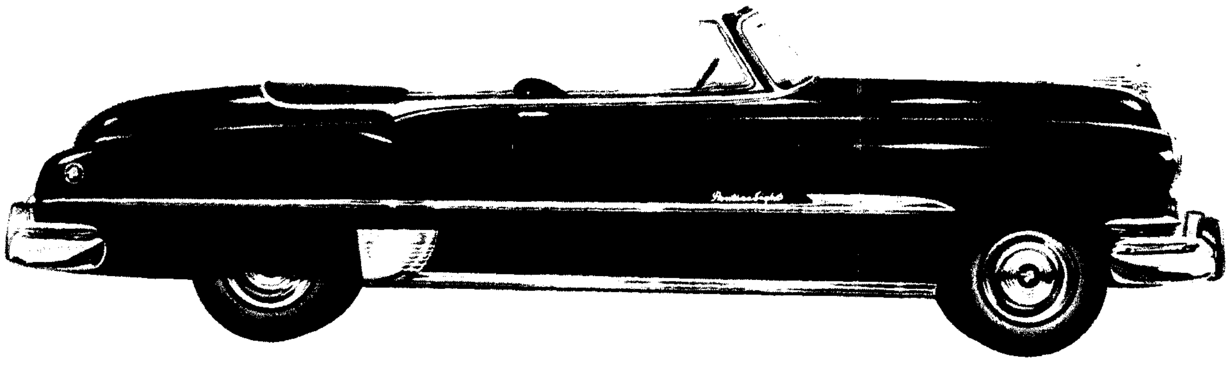

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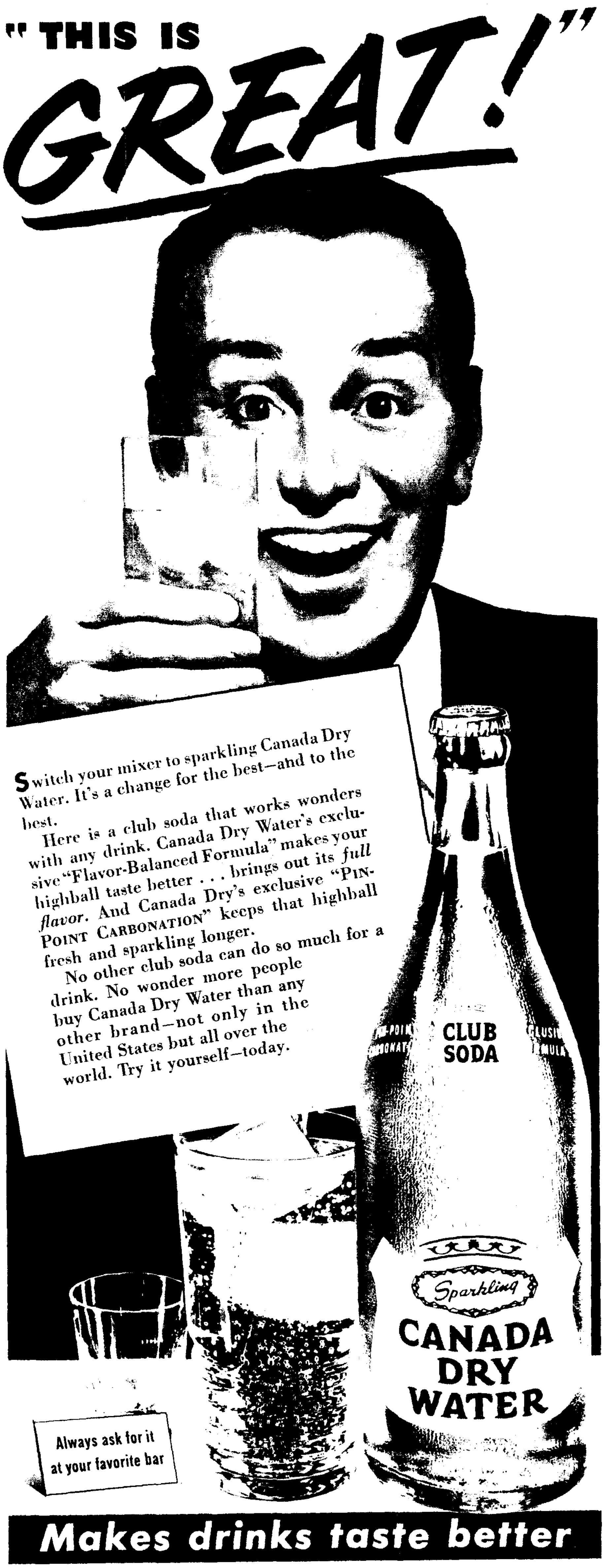

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cook at the house and do the housework, and help with the chores just like before. He was glad Ella had stopped coming out to help him these past two weeks; it gave him time to figure everything and plan ahead. Ella wouldn't want something foolish like a honeymoon: she already had gone on one of those, he remembered, over to Duluth for almost a week when she and Carl were married. Lars and Ella could have the preacher marry them and be home in time for supper, and nothing lost.

That was on Friday. Lars decided he'd better tell Ella the next night so they could get the license and be married the next week, so he wouldn't miss the ball game on Sunday. He ate four waffles for breakfast the next morning and Ella was smiling and cooking more than enough for everybody. The old man sat back and belched, and twirled his mustache. Lars noticed the old man had trimmed it down to almost a whisper, and had cut his hair so his eartops stuck out like a couple of weather vanes. The old man must have been a heller in his young days, Lars thought, for he was mighty handsome even now. The old man caught him looking that way and said, "What's the matter with you?"

"Nothing," Lars said. "What's biting you?"

His brothers got up and tramped outside, and hitched the teams to drag logs from the wood lot across the road. The old man drank his coffee and smoothed his mustache and said, "Not a damned thing. Why don't you do some work for a change?"

"All right," Lars said. "Don't get excited."

Lars stopped beside the stove and said, "Good waffles."

"Thanks, Lars," Ella said. "I hope to make you a lot of them from now on."

"You sure will," Lars said, deciding right then to tell her that night before supper. He went out to the barn and drank a bottle of beer, and hitched up the third team and drove to the wood lot.

AN HOUR later Ella and the old man came down the lane in the car. Ella waved and drove toward town, and Lars decided the old man wanted to kick out a little and have a few beers with Charley. There was nothing wrong with that, as long as the old man didn't make a habit of it, and they were lucky to have Ella driving him into town when they were busy.

Lars helped Oscar load the stake wagons while Nels and Ole and Sven drove the loads across to the sawmill shed and unloaded. At quitting time they sat under the mill roof and smoked a cigarette and let the sweat dry on their arms and backs. Nels and Ole were frowning over something, and Lars lighted another cigarette and said, "What's the matter with you guys?"

Oscar and Sven came over and sat on the feeder box. Sven said, "It's time we had a talk, Lars."

"About what?" Lars asked.

"About us," Sven said. "And Ella."

"Talk ahead," Lars said. "What's the matter with Ella?"

"Nothing," Sven said. "But we want to know how you stand. Are you courting Ella?"

Lars said, "What if I was?"

"I'll be damned," Nels said. "There's no fool like an old fool."

"Or a young one," Lars said, real quick. "I never said I was."

"We want to know," Sven said. "Ella's been shining up to you, and you been shining right back, and all the time you know damned well why. We was doing fine until she got to looking at you, and then she was talking with the old man two weeks back, and that cinched it."

Lars said, "Cinched what?"

"You don't think she was sparking you because you can beat our time?" Sven said. "Hell, Nels was on the south side of the house fixing that cellar window and he heard Ella asking the old man if you was the oldest, which was a damned-fool question anyhow if they just looked at you, and he said sure you was, and the meanest too, and we all agree to that, but anyway, pretty soon the old man was telling her about the will and how you was in charge after he died. And then the old man got to bragging how Grandpa lived to ninety-seven and he was gonna live longer or bust a gut. Nels sneaked away then, and we compared notes, and we figured out pretty easy why Ella's been shining up to you."

"That ain't so," Lars said weakly. "Ella don't give a damn about that."

"Neither do we," Sven said, "but we want to know your intentions. If you're courting Ella, say so. If you ain't, then you tell her so the rest of us have got a chance. That's no more than decent, is it? You're our brother and we ain't gonna fight over this, but we want to know."

FOR several moments Lars felt hollow inside, and then remembered that Ella had come to see him real decent long before she talked to the old man about the will. That sure proved his brothers were wrong, and Lars felt a lot better, putting everything together and seeing it plain. It was time he taught his brothers a good lesson. They heard the car drive into the yard, and Ella walked into the house with the old man, both of them laughing and talking fit to bust.

"All right," Lars said. "Let's go up and ask Ella, just like you want. I ain't saying I'm courting her and I ain't saying I ain't. So I'll just call your bluff. We'll all go up right now and ask Ella to tell us, straight out, which one she likes best. Whichever one she says, the others got to accept that."

"That's fine with me," Sven said.

"And me," Ole said.

"Me and Oscar too," Nels said. "And after Ella tells us, you better go look in a mirror, Lars. Then you'll know why she picked who she did."

Lars said, "I ain't saying I'm courting her."

"Come on," Sven said. "It's almost suppertime anyway."

They walked together toward the house. Lars felt his shoulders rub Sven on one side, and Ole on the other, and remembered past days when they always stuck together. It was a pretty good feeling; but when they got to the back porch and heard Ella laughing, Lars lost the feeling. They went into the kitchen and Ella looked around and called, "Hello, boys. You all look wonderful."

"What's the matter with you?" Lars said. "We ain't changed."

"Listen," Sven said. "We want to ask you something, Ella."

Ella looked at the old man who was drinking a beer and had two more at his elbow. The old man said, "Hurry up and ask it. I'm hungry."

"Well—" Sven said.

"Wait a minute," Ella said. "We got something to tell all of you first." She turned to the old man. "You tell them, Peter."

The old man preened his mustache and said, "One damned thing for sure, there's gonna be some work done around here for a change. And from now on you treat Ella with more respect, you understand?"

"More respect?" Lars said.

"You doggone right," the old man said. "Because we got married this afternoon, that's why, and I don't want to see any more of this mooning around." The old man glared at them. "What's the matter with you, swallow your tongues? Figure I was getting too old? I know a good woman when I see her."

Lars turned and walked straight out of the house, across the farm to his shack. He opened the six bottles of beer in the icebox, then remembered Ella had brought them and felt like throwing them away; but he got over that quickly and drank all six, one after the other, and then went into the bedroom and broke the mirror. THE END

In Defense of Our Jury System

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

of testimony if it were the attorney for the corporation who was seeking to have his fee fixed?

There are experts willing to say that almost every defendant charged with crime is suffering from some kind of psychosis or mental infirmity which should relieve him of responsibility for his crimes. What would happen if these experts were the judges?

The examining staff of the United States Patent Office is a highly trained group of experts with continuous daily experience in deciding questions of fact. They have passed upon and issued millions of patents. They have a scientific library of over 37,000 books and 44,000 bound volumes of scientific periodicals; they have the official journals of the Patent Office and over 6,000,000 copies of foreign patents. Yet their decisions as patent experts are constantly being reversed by courts of the United States!

Too Many Experts on One Jury

What of the cases in which questions of medicine and engineering and traffic are all present in one case? I suppose in such cases (and there are thousands of them) there should be four doctors, four engineers and four traffic experts on the jury. What a terrifying scheme for administering justice!

A real-estate agent suing for his commission, who would be content to rest his cause in the hands of 12 real-estate brokers, should consult a psychiatrist. I have never heard of a lawyer who would be willing to submit the cause of his client to a jury of 12 lawyers.

It is not unfair to say as to experts—whether judges, doctors or engineers—that their interests, their ambitions, their pleasures, their passions and their frailties influence them sufficiently to make them, as has been aptly said, ". . . idols with eyes, ears and mouths."

I do not mean that experts should be eliminated or that they do not have a proper function to perform. I do not mean to say that they do not perform a proper function as witnesses. But, in the long run, it is better to have the truth determined not by experts, but by juries made up of a cross section of the citizens.

We have a legal test which we apply in determining whether a person is guilty of negligence. We say that a person is negligent if he fails to do what an *ordinarily* prudent person would do under the same circumstances. Our standard is based on the precautions which ordinary people take. It is not a standard fixed by scientific experts. And that is fair and just, for people do not perform their daily tasks with experts at their side. And so it is right that ordinary people should be the judges as to whether such standards have been observed.

My years of experience have increased my faith in my fellow men who serve as jurors. They have not increased my faith in experts. I say this even though I might be labeled by the jury critics as a "devout jury worshiper."

The instinct of our democratic society is wise in providing that into our judgments in our system of justice, as Chesterton has said, "there shall upon every occasion be infused fresh blood and fresh thoughts from the streets."

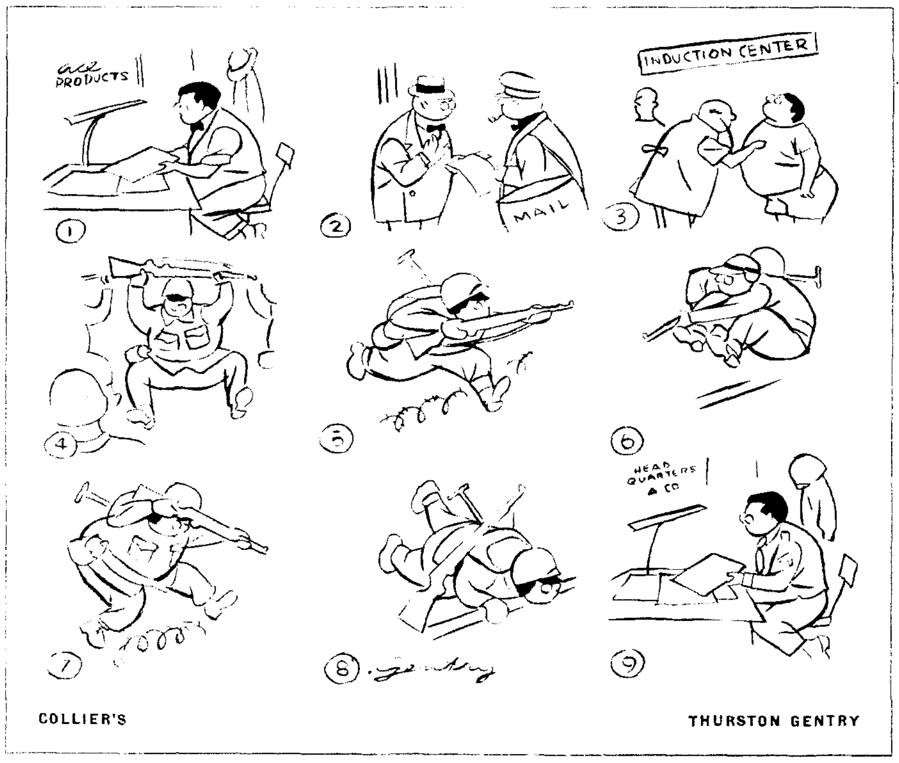
Judge Peter Shields, now retired, was the dean of trial judges in the West, having served almost 50 years on the trial bench in Sacramento, California. This beloved jurist, out of the wisdom of his experience, told me that the common sense of citizen juries accomplishes more just results than all the cold scientific intellects combined could bring about. You cannot, in seeking justice, he said, apply the expert's slide rule to run-of-the-mill human controversies.

I have had occasion to talk with many trial judges and trial lawyers of long experience. They, as well as I, have a firm conviction that juries in 90 to 95 per cent of cases come to just conclusions. Of course in some cases, jurors may reach the wrong result or be too generous or too niggardly in money awards. But those of us who have daily contact with juries rarely see a case where jurors are indifferent to their responsibilities or are corrupt.

Who Would Do the Job Better?

Certainly no more so than judges. And indeed certainly no more so than executives or administrators or legislators. They have no more than their share of the frailties or prejudices or indifferences that human beings on the average have in America. These averages may vary in different parts of the United States; they may vary in different states; they may vary between urban and rural communities. But, in the over-all picture, jurors have no more infirmities as jurors than any other class or group which may be entrusted with the power of making decisions.

It has been my experience, in an overwhelming number of cases in which jury verdicts have been set aside or reversed,



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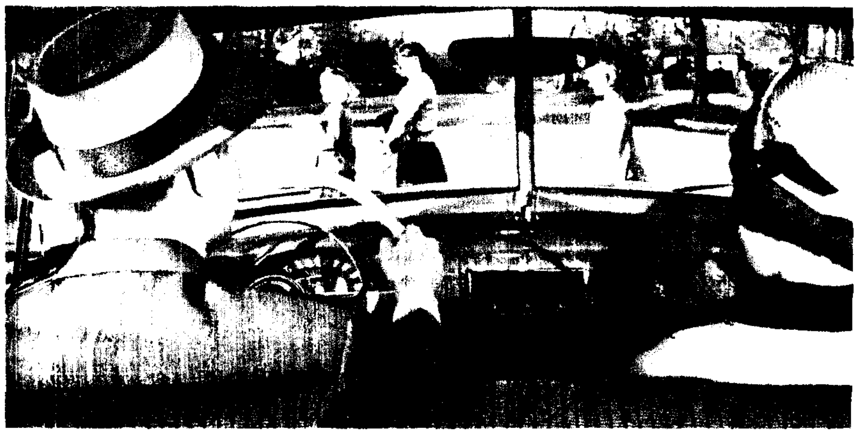
Many of the taxicabs in use today are standard-built cars, essentially the same as the cars bought for personal use. Fleet operators keep records on their performance. And the taxicab drivers, who operate the cars under all conditions, have formed some pretty definite opinions on various car features.

We thought that some of these opinions, based on surveys and interviews, might be helpful to you. So we present the advice we think an experienced taxi man would give you, if you took him along on your car-shopping tour.

Of standard-built cars used as taxicabs, Plymouths outnumber all other makes combined, which is certainly significant. However, we hope you'll compare *all* features of *all* the low-priced cars before you decide. With all the advice in the world, you're still the best judge of the car that's right for *you*.

BIG DOOR OPENINGS and doors that swing wide are appreciated in a taxi, where people of all sizes are constantly getting in and out. If you like easy, graceful entrances and exits, you'll appreciate these advantages, too. So before you buy the car, try getting in and out. Of the lowest-priced cars, we think you'll rate Plymouth way ahead for its lower door sill, higher door openings, and doors that open wider.

TRY THE RIDE, *a taxi driver would tell you, not just on a smooth street,* but on the roughest stretch you can find. When you do this with a Plymouth, we think you'll be impressed with "Safety-Flow Ride." New Oriflow shock

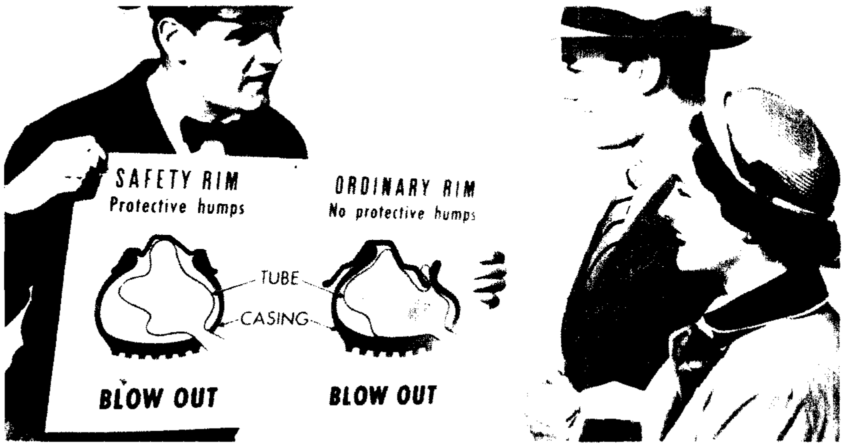


TAXI DRIVERS like brakes that always give the same response for the same pedal pressure. Then they know exactly what to expect. With a total of six brake cylinders as compared to four in the other two leading low-priced cars, Plymouth brakes do give you more predictable stops. The two extra cylinders are at the front wheels where control is needed most.

EVEN THE BEST DRIVER may come home with a dented fender these days, and the question is this: Does the body design permit easy repair? Fenders that are actually parts of the body are frequently expensive to repair or replace, and the car is laid up for some time. But all four Plymouth fenders are bolted on, so the job's fast, simple, and costs much less.

absorbers, combined with other engineering factors, smother road shocks to give you a smoother, safer ride. Even a big bump doesn't bounce or unbalance you. Instead of watching the pavement and worrying about giving your passengers a toss or thump, you can devote your entire attention to oncoming traffic and the road ahead. This gives you an unusual feeling of security, plus physical comfort, so you stay relaxed and rested.

TO BE COMFORTABLE over any length of time, you should sit up fairly erect, not tilted back, or down low with your knees high. Taxi drivers have told us that they can drive a Plymouth eight and ten hours without getting tired. Natural-posture, chair-height seats – higher than others in the lowest-priced field – are part of the reason for this exceptional comfort.



YOU FEEL CONFIDENT and relaxed if you know that, in the event of a blowout, the tire won't twist off the rim and throw the car out of control. Only Plymouth, in the lowest-priced field, gives you the protection of the famous Safety-Rim Wheels. Special retaining ridges hold a deflated tire firmly on the rim while you bring the car to a safe, controlled stop.

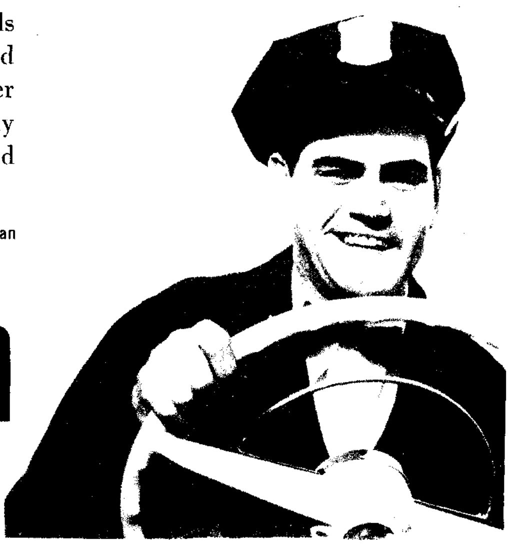
WHEN YOU KEEP RECORDS of every item of expense on maintenance and repairs, you soon learn what makes for real car value. A taxi operator would urge you to look for features that make your car a low-cost car over the years. A good example is Plymouth's exhaust valve seat inserts; they mean thousands of extra miles without valve grinding.

Equipment and trim are subject to availability of materials.

Your taxi driver is a good man to get an opinion from on cars – and a good man to ride with if your own car isn't nearby. He offers a service that's available 24 hours a day and in all kinds of weather – a service that's safe, efficient and reasonable in cost. Beyond that, your taxi driver is a ready helper and an unsung hero in many emergencies. In almost any community it would be pretty hard to get along without him.

PLYMOUTH Division of CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit 31, Michigan

Plymouth



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that the errors have been the errors of the judge and not the jury. The number of cases in which a verdict is set aside by the trial judge or reversed by the appellate court for mistakes on the part of the jurors is nothing in comparison to the cases in which decisions are reversed because of mistakes by the judge in instructing the jurors or in ruling on evidence during the trial.

The records of the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals, which has jurisdiction in the Western states, Alaska and Hawaii, do not, in the years since I have been on the bench, record a single case in which the court of appeals has reversed a lower court-trial verdict because of any actual misfeasance or misconduct on the part of a trial jury.

Placing the Blame for Errors

The mistakes that occur are not due to the fact that 12 laymen are jurors, but lie in the manner in which the jury system is administered by those who have it in charge or review its functions. It is completely erroneous to place the blame for mistakes in jury trials upon the doorsteps of the 12 people who make up the panel.

During my years as a lawyer and trial judge I have been much more concerned about the errors of judges who stray from the facts than I have been appalled by unfairness of jurors.

It is not fair to charge the jurors with inconsistency when judges themselves are most guilty in that regard. How frequently judges reverse themselves! Recently Mr. Justice Jackson of the United States Supreme Court repudiated an opinion which he himself had signed when he was Attorney General. It was a magnificent confession of error by the Justice when he said, "Precedent, however, is not lacking for ways by which a judge may recede from a prior opinion that has proven untenable and perhaps misled others."

Do we not almost monthly see the spectacle of the Justices of the United States Supreme Court disagreeing with one another and with their predecessors and changing the very law which they or their predecessors have laid down?

To say that 12 laymen are unfit to sit in most cases and resolve issues of fact is to say that a cross section of the American people is in the main made up of morons and weaklings. I know of no better statement on the subject than that made by the late Merrill Otis, United States District Judge of the Western District of Missouri: "In the last 12 years I have worked with a thousand juries and out of that experience I say to you tonight, and I mean it every word, that he who says or intimates or contends for that which necessarily implies that American juries, intelligently constituted, are made up of moral and mental weaklings, that man greatly slanders better men than himself."

Judge Frank's conclusion that the jury system is no longer an essential part of democratic government is most astonishing. Because pre-Hitler Germany, or France or Switzerland, and, more latterly, England, has abandoned, in whole or in part, jury trials, is no reason at all to assume that it should no longer be considered an essential part of our democratic government. The fact that democracy may have become weaker in those countries is no reason for us supinely to throw in the sponge and quit.

Judge Frank says that Maryland and Connecticut lead the way as states which have very few juries in criminal cases. In Baltimore, he says, only 118 out of 7,754 criminal cases in 1949 were tried by jury. This, he implies, means that juries are being abandoned. These figures mean very little. For in a huge percentage of criminal cases, defendants plead guilty and many minor offenses are tried by the judge. In our court, in 1950, out of 617 criminal defendants, only 21 were tried by jury. But 570 *pleaded guilty* and 26 were tried by a judge! Statistics are often a trap for the unwary. The important thing about such statistics is not *how many* cases are involved, but *what kind* of cases they are.

To say that 12 citizens are not competent to decide questions of fact in court is tantamount to saying that they are not competent to vote for sheriff, or mayor or governor or legislative representative.

What does a citizen decide when he has to choose between two candidates for President? He has to decide a question of fact. It bears upon the safety, security, health, well-being and prosperity of all the people of the country. Is not that just as important a question of fact as whether or not Smith is liable to Jones because he ran into him in his automobile? If these arguments are carried to their logical conclusion, perhaps the President of the United States should be elected by experts!

Thomas Jefferson, when he wrote the Declaration of Independence, and in it declared that life, liberty and happiness were God-given rights, certainly did not have in mind that the protection and preservation of these rights should be left solely to the decision of any so-called experts.

It should be the citizens' decision as to whether the life, liberty or happiness of any other individual should be abrogated or curtailed. Therein lies the core of democracy.

The critics of the jury system are unmindful of its historic basis. Jury trial did not come into being because of the desire to have an efficient scientific system of adjudicating controversies between men. The institution of the jury came into existence, as has been said, as a "living bulwark of the laws."

The jury can be an effective weapon against government efforts to restrict the liberties of the people. A classic case occurred when the press was given new freedom in 1735 by the jury which acquitted the newspaper editor John Peter Zenger of the charge of libeling the governor of the colony of New York. That jury refused to follow the instructions of the English judges that truth was no defense for a person who had published criticisms of the government.

Respect for Law Increased

The citizen's participation as a juror in the administration of justice has unquestionably spread among all classes a respect for decisions of the law. "Each man in judging his neighbor thinks that he may be also judged in his turn," said William Forsyth, the renowned English man of letters. Even in Athens of old, the virtue of jury decision lay in the fact that jury service made the citizen in a degree responsible for the purity of court proceedings. Alexis de Tocqueville very aptly has said that the jury is a political institution because it actually places the direction of society in the hands of the people. It is truly a political institution grafted into the process of justice because the jury is a segment of the community. As such it represents the people.

Today, as in the past, the jury system may be criticized for its lack of sureness. It has not been a perfect instrumentality for justice. No more so is the administration of the government of the country as entrusted to the administrative or executive or legislative departments of the government. We might attain, of course, greater efficiency if one man, without restriction, were to make all orders and decrees affecting our lives. But we would have to sacrifice liberty.

It is true that many improvements are needed in the administration of the jury system. Better techniques in selecting jury panels are necessary. We need better methods of training jurors and in the procedure of instructing jurors. More careful screening of potential jurors to eliminate the unfit is undoubtedly needed. Progress is being made in these directions. We aim to have much more. But reformations are also needed in other phases of our administration of justice. Before us always is the warning that to make justice work, eternal vigilance and constant and intelligent effort are essential.

I say: Hold fast to the jury system. It is of the essence of democracy. It is a symbol of freedom. To abolish it is a step toward totalitarianism. THE END

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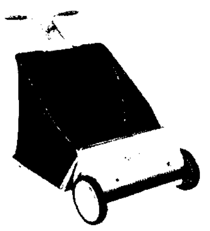

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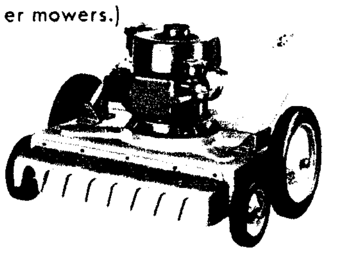

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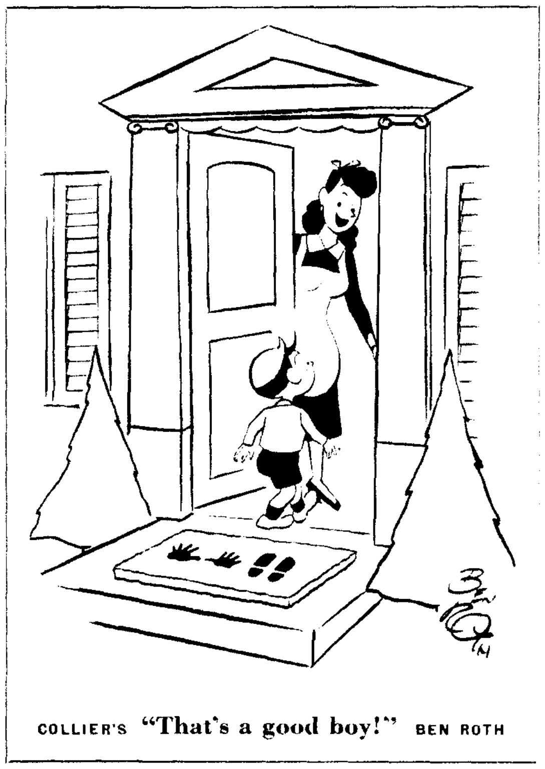
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

powerful radiation could be delivered at a chosen spot without risking damage to the skin or intervening tissues . . . to observe that neutron bombardment likewise would be more effective than radioactive isotopes because the isotopes, whether given by mouth or injected into the blood stream, are already throwing off radiation when they enter the body and dissipate part of their power before reaching the site of their principal work; consequently, they cannot be started off with more than a given potency for fear of harming the body's general health.

As long as all the "ifs" are kept in mind, such deductions are perfectly legitimate. However, it is wise to remember that the first stage in this theoretical development is discovery of individual elements that are exclusively attracted to individual organs.



COLLIER'S **"That's a good boy!"** BEN ROTH

Christopher Columbus at least had a map. Science today doesn't even know why boron pauses momentarily in a brain tumor. The brain has no use for boron that anyone knows. The phenomenon the Boston surgeon confirmed seems to be merely incidental to something else. What is the something? What has boron to do with it?

Questions of this sort are answered solely with echoes at the Brookhaven National Laboratory. That institution, which has been described as America's "greatest present investment in long-range, nonmilitary, essentially peaceful research in atomic energy," is run in the old conservative scientific tradition by Associated Universities, Inc., a nonprofit combine of nine Eastern schools—Columbia, Cornell, Harvard, Johns Hopkins, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Pennsylvania, Princeton, Rochester and Yale—under contract with the Atomic Energy Commission.

The men who staff it are intensely proud that their heads are screwed on tight and that their jaws don't waggle. Although unclassified rather than secret research is encouraged there, the circumspection with which experiments are discussed throws an aura of hush-hush around everything. No cancer sufferer is going to be tortured with false hopes, even distant and indirect ones, if these men can help it.

Thoroughly exasperating though their attitude is to laymen who feel privileged to know how taxes are being spent (Brookhaven costs $7,500,000 a year to run), the reticence is probably a good thing. The very nature of the place breeds drama, and even the simplest events have a way of sounding sensational. Brookhaven's reactor, for example, was the only one in the country that could have made the final preparatory step in the neutron experiment, the treatment of the dog.

Previous work of that sort done with the reactor at Oak Ridge, Tennessee, had been restricted mainly to rats and rabbits; there was no accommodation for experimental subjects of near-human size and complexity. The Brookhaven reactor tunnel cars can carry animals as big as chimpanzees.

From the time it began operating on August 22, 1950, until some of the four-foot-square blocks in its concrete top were lifted out to make space for the leaden room, the Long Island reactor did little more than make engineering dry runs. But it is designed to carry on a larger number of simultaneous experiments than any of its existing relatives. There are seven rows of small windows on each of two of the four outer walls. Into all of the apertures material can be inserted for irradiation, or beams of neutrons and gamma rays can be shot out.

Centered in a third wall is one window, about a foot square, through which neutrons can be fired down a 60-foot corridor through adjacent laboratories. And inside the reactor cube the graphite is crisscrossed with a maze of pneumatic tubes that whisk raw material in and finished isotopes out of scores of designated niches. Some of the tubes end at the reactor walls, others reach under the floor into the labs, and some can even be connected directly to lab apparatus and be made to deliver newly manufactured isotopes inside test tubes or retorts while experiments are in progress.

"Because of the striking character of such machines," the Johns Hopkins Magazine recently observed, "it is well to remark on the obvious but sometimes forgotten fact that they accomplish no fundamental research by themselves. They merely implement the thoughts of the scientist, whose highly personal function it is to phrase intelligent questions to ask of nature, to plan experiments, carry them out, draw conclusions from the results—and, in the light of these, phrase new questions."

The writer of that penetrating paragraph might have added that the questions of the scientist have no real meaning until the answers are brought to bear on the lives of human beings. Recognition of that fact is what gives Brookhaven its true distinction and greatest promise. The reactor serves the laboratories, and the laboratories serve the physician.

The analytical facilities of modern medical science at Brookhaven are adequate for a big-city general hospital. The newest tools of pathology, bacteriology, biochemistry and physiology are at hand, and are lavished unstintingly on three small wards with a total capacity of 36 beds. At the time of the New England woman's adventure with the neutrons, there was a nurse for every patient and a staff M.D. for every other one. All the care and attention that anyone could reasonably ask are provided absolutely free.

This is not quite the heaven it may seem from a distance to those who yearn for breakfast served in bed. To be in the Brookhaven hospital at all is a mark of greater or less personal tragedy. Patients are not accepted into the unpretentious low frame buildings of this remarkable place until their own physicians are pretty thoroughly baffled, and usually not until at least one hospital has given them up, too. In return for treatment that costs rather

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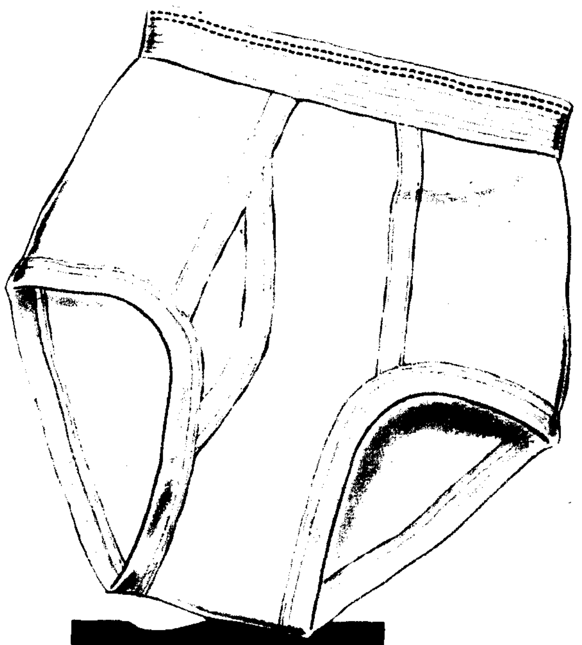

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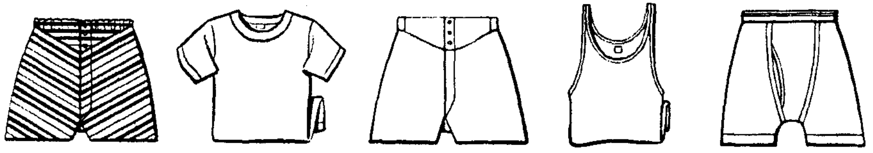

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- ☐ **Rexall Foot Powder,** 4 oz. 33c **2 for 34¢**
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- ☐ ***Rexall Pile Ointment,*** *1 oz.* 65c **2 for 66¢**
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- ☐ **Rexall Puretest Milk of Magnesia,** pt. 50c **2 for 51¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Cold Tablets,** Special, 30's 39c **2 for 40¢**
- ☐ **Spring Tabs.,** sulfur & cream tartar, 40c **2 for 41¢**
- ☐ **White Pine Tar & Wild Cherry Compound 2 for 40¢**

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- ☐ **Rexall Spirits of Camphor,** 1 oz. 37c **2 for 38¢**
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- ☐ **Rexall Soda Mint Tablets,** 140's 35c **2 for 36¢**
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- ☐ **Rexall Flavored-Aspirin** for children, 1 gr. **2 for 36¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Mercurochrome,** ½ oz. 25c **2 for 26¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Epsom Salt,** medicinal, 4 oz. 17c **2 for 18¢**
- ☐ **Essence Peppermint,** 1 oz. 47c **2 for 48¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Spirits Ammonia,** aromatic 1 oz. **2 for 30¢**
- ☐ **Cascara Sagrada Tabs.,** 5 grain 100's **2 for 82¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Antacid Tablets,** 40's 35c **2 for 36¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Little Pills,** laxative, 100's 35c **2 for 36¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Lanolin,** soothes skin, 1 oz. 27c **2 for 28¢**
- ☐ **Rex-Salvine,** antiseptic burn salve, 53c **2 for 54¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Boric Acid Solution,** 4 oz. 25c **2 for 26¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Alum,** Powder or Lump, 4 oz., 25c **2 for 26¢**
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- ☐ **Rexall Prickly Heat Powder,** 4 oz. 29c **2 for 30¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Hygienic Powder,** spray or gargle, **2 for 66¢**
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TOILETRY TIPS

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- ☐ **Mascal's Hand Lotion,** almond, pint 69c **2 for 70¢**
- ☐ **Mascal's Hand Cream,** 6¼-oz. jar 59c **2 for 60¢**
- ☐ **Silque Hand Lotion,** 6 oz. 59c **2 for 60¢**
- ☐ **Lavender Cologne,** 4 oz. $1.25 **2 for $1.26**
- ☐ **Lavender Deodorant Cologne,** 4 oz. 85c **2 for 86¢**
- ☐ **Lavender Bath Salts,** 13 oz. $1.10 **2 for $1.11**
- ☐ **Violet Cerate,** beauty cream, 3 oz. 85c **2 for 86¢**
- ☐ **"8480" Talcum,** pound tin 59c **2 for 60¢**
- ☐ **Dainty Deodorant Powder,** 4 oz. 49c **2 for 50¢**
- ☐ **Lavender Soap,** box of 3 cakes 75c **2 for 76¢**
- ☐ **Langlois Dry Skin Soap,** 4 cakes $1.50 **2 for $1.51**
- ☐ **Ilasol Hand Lotion,** softening, 8 oz. 79c **2 for 80¢**
- ☐ **Lavender Bubble Bath,** 20 packs, $1.10 **2 for $1.11**

HAIR GROOM BUYS

- ☐ **Silque Cream Shampoo,** 8-oz. jar, $1.59 **2 for $1.60**
- ☐ **Maximum Hard Rubber Combs,** 29c **2 for 30¢**
- ☐ **Opalite Plastic Combs,** assorted 10c **2 for 11¢**
- ☐ **Helen Cornell Cocoanut Oil Shampoo,** 79c **2 for 80¢**
- ☐ ***Rexall Hair Oil,*** *scented, 4 oz.* 29c **2 for 30¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Cream Hair Tonic,** 5 oz. 53c **2 for 54¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Cocoanut Oil Shampoo,** 6 oz. 53c **2 for 54¢**
- ☐ **Helen Cornell Bobby Pins,** 30's 10c **2 for 11¢**
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- ☐ **Rexall Denturex Plate Cleanser,** 4 oz., 50c **2 for 51¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Denturex Adhesive Jelly,** 2 oz., 60c **2 for 61¢**
- ☐ **Sodium Perborate,** flavored, 4 oz. 55c **2 for 56¢**

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- ☐ **Hall's Borated Talc,** *full pound* 59c **2 for 60¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Quik-Swabs,** 100 sterile, cotton-tipped applicators 27c **2 for 28¢**
- ☐ **Nursery Castile Soap,** pure, mild, 19c bar **2 for 20¢**
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Helen Cornell

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Super-rich and lubricating ... with 10,000 I.U. natural estrogenic hormones in every ounce ... softens dryness, leaves skin smooth and supple.

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NOT 1¢ SALE MERCHANDISE BUT EXCEPTIONAL VALUES TOO GOOD TO MISS

☐ **Rexall Puretest MINERAL OIL**

Specially refined for extra-heavy body, tastless, odorless, colorless...non-habit-forming.

Pt. 2 for 86¢
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University of Illinois formula. Helps prevent tooth decay. Pleasant after-taste and thorough cleansing.

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- ☐ **Elkay's White Shoe Polish** 6 oz. **2 for 26¢**

- ☐ **No. 6 Pine Oil Disinfectant** pint **2 for $1.10**
- ☐ **Rexall Castor Oil,** mild action 3 oz. **2 for 46¢**
- ☐ **Elkay's Insecticide,** 5% DDT pint **2 for 50¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Aga-Rex,** plain or compound with phenol, laxative pint **2 for $1.11**
- ☐ **Rexall Analgesic Balm** medium size **2 for 58¢**
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- ☐ **Rexall Zinc Oxide Ointment** 1 oz. tube **2 for 26¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Boric Acid Ointment,** white, 1 oz. **2 for 26¢**
- ☐ **Tincture Benzoin Compound** 1 oz. **2 for 41¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Saccharin Tabs.,** ½ gr. 100's **2 for 46¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Saccharin Tabs.,** ¼ gr. 100's **2 for 36¢**
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- ☐ **Adrienne Velour Powder Puff** 4½" **2 for 26¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Milk of Magnesia Tablets** 36's **2 for 26¢**
- ☐ **Cocoa Butter Sticks,** softens skin, ⅞ oz. **2 for 31¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Styptic Pencil** jumbo-size **2 for 16¢**
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- ☐ **Rexall Vanilla Extract** 2 oz. **2 for 56¢**

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100's Compare the price on these capsules which give all vitamins for which minimum daily requirements are established.

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RUBBING ALCOHOL
Cooling, soothing, invigorating . . . helps relieve lameness and stiffness of sore muscles due to over-exertion . . . reduces body temperature . . . helps prevent excessive perspiration.

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50 Sheets Reg. 75¢ 2 FOR 76¢

50 MATCHING ENVELOPES
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SHAVE CREAM
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Sets up whiskers for quick, close, comfortable shaving . . . leaves your face feeling cool and smooth!

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Sticks better...stays put longer...is less irritating
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Developed after years of research in leading hospitals and clinics, it's 3-ways better . . . recommended by doctors everywhere!

1" x 5-yd. roll
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STORES EVERYWHERE

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REXALL
MILK OF MAGNESIA
Mild and Creamy-Smooth

An effective antacid and gentle laxative. Has no unpleasant earthy or gritty taste. Safe for children.

Reg. 39¢ pint
2 FOR 40¢

Tangy...Ruby-Red ...Refreshing
Rexall KLENZO MOUTHWASH
Cinnamon-flavored and astringent, it destroys contacted germs almost instantly . . . leaves a happy after-taste.

Reg. 79¢ pint
2 FOR 80¢

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☐ **Bath Powder,** 7½ oz.	$1.25	**2 for $1.26**
☐ **Lipsticks,** fashion-smart	85c	**2 for 86¢**
☐ **Face Powder,** 5 flattering shades	85c	**2 for 86¢**
☐ **Cologne,** subtle, 4 oz.	$1.25	**2 for $1.26**
☐ **Cold or Cleansing Cream**	85c	**2 for 86¢**
☐ **Powder Puff,** 3¼"	15c	**2 for 16¢**
☐ **Bath Salts,** 13 oz.	$1.10	**2 for $1.11**

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☐ **Klenzo Nail File,** 6 inch	19c	**2 for 20¢**
☐ **Klenzo Hand Brush,** plastic back, nylon bristles	50c	**2 for 51¢**
☐ **Klenzo Tweezers,** assorted styles	19c	**2 for 20¢**
☐ **Tincture Green Soap,** 8 oz.	65c	**2 for 66¢**
☐ **Wickstyle Household Deodorant,** 6 oz.	59c	**2 for 60¢**
☐ **Insect Repellent Liquid,** w/ #448 2-oz.	59c	**2 for 60¢**
☐ **No. 6 Disinfectant,** for use as household disinfectant, pint	84c	**2 for 85¢**
☐ **Floor-Brite Wax,** liquid, 16 oz.	59c	**2 for 60¢**
☐ **Insecticide Powder,** w/10% DDT, 4 oz.	39c	**2 for 40¢**
☐ **Elkay's Klens-All Spot Remover,** 4 oz.,	29c	**2 for 30¢**
☐ **Moth Fume Crystals,** full pound	79c	**2 for 80¢**
☐ **Saccharin Tabs,** ½ gr., 1,000's	$1.26	**2 for $1.27**
☐ **York Men's and Ladies' Billfolds,** favorite styles	$1.00	**2 for $1.01**

STATIONERY SAVINGS

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☐ **Lord Baltimore Royalton,** 24 large flat sheets with 24 matching envelopes	$1.00	**2 for $1.01**
☐ **Wedgewood Envelopes,** legal size	15c	**2 for 16¢**
☐ **Cascade Jolly Notes,** 20 notes, 20 env.	50c	**2 for 51¢**
☐ **Gold Floral Notes,** 12 notes, 12 envs.,	50c	**2 for 51¢**
☐ **Lord Baltimore Humorous Everyday Greeting Cards,** 15 cards, 15 env.,	$1.00	**2 for $1.01**
☐ **Charming Letters and Notes,** 48 sheets, 24 envelopes	$1.25	**2 for $1.26**
☐ **Medford Tablets,** plain or ruled,	10c	**2 for 11¢**
☐ **Lord Baltimore Royalton,** 30 folded sheets, 30 matching envelopes,	$1.25	**2 for $1.26**
☐ **Lead Pencils, Old Colony**	5c	**2 for 6¢**
☐ **Varsity Filler Paper,** 2 or 3 hole	10c	**2 for 11¢**
☐ **Engraved Informals,** 12 notes & envs.,	50c	**2 for 51¢**
☐ **Lord Baltimore Mechanical Pencil**	50c	**2 for 51¢**
☐ **Lord Baltimore Fountain Pen,** 14 K. gold plated point	$1.00	**2 for $1.01**
☐ **Belmont Ball Point Pen,** even flow,	$1	**2 for $1.01**

SHAVING SAVINGS

☐ **Lavender After-Shave Lotion,** 4 oz.	85c	**2 for 86¢**
☐ **5 Stag Razor Blades,** single & double	25c	**2 for 26¢**
☐ **Rexall Bay Rum,** after-shave, pint	59c	**2 for 60¢**
☐ **Lavender Shaving Bowl**	$1.10	**2 for $1.11**
☐ **Rexall Shaving Lotion,** 6 oz.	49c	**2 for 50¢**
☐ **Rexall Shaving Cream**	39c	**2 for 40¢**

REXALL ALCO-REX RUBBING ALCOHOL, pint, 59¢ **2 for 60¢**
REXALL PETROFOL MINERAL OIL, pint . . . 59¢ **2 for 60¢**
VICTORIA HOT WATER BOTTLE, 2-quart, $2.39 **2 for $2.40**
VICTORIA FOUNTAIN SYRINGE, 2-quart . $2.75 **2 for $2.76**
REXALL STORK NURSER, 8-oz. guard-cap . . . 35¢ **2 for 36¢**
REXALL FUNGI-REX, greaseless, for Athlete's Foot . . . **2 for 64¢**
ENVELOPES, Medford, white, 6¾", 18's . . . . 10¢ **2 for 11¢**
REXALL THEATRICAL COLD CREAM, lb., $1 **2 for $1.01**
LAVENDER BATH POWDER, 9-oz. . . . . . $1.10 **2 for $1.11**
REXALL HYDROGEN PEROXIDE, USP 3%, pint, 45¢ **2 for 46¢**
REXALL BORIC ACID, powder or crystal, 4-oz. . . . . **2 for 34¢**
OLIVE OIL, imported, 12-oz. . . . . $1.35 **2 for $1.36**
REXALL SACCHARIN TABLETS, ¼-gr., 1000's, $1.08 **2 for $1.09**
MEN'S & LADIES' SUN GLASSES, assorted . 98¢ **2 for 99¢**
GLYCERIN SUPPOSITORIES, adult or infant . . 43¢ **2 for 44¢**

Rexall
DRUGGISTS OF AMERICA

Prices listed in this advertisement that refer to size or value represent the manufacturer's suggested full retail price. Cosmetic items are subject to Federal Tax. All prices subject to change without notice. Right reserved to limit quantities. Prices, items and dates may vary slightly in Canada.
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SELF-BALANCING CASH REGISTER for quick cash count: "Total" figure on tape always agrees with cash in drawer because Clary subtracts paid-outs. Locked-in, tamper-proof tape records every transaction.

CONVERTS TO WORLD'S FASTEST ADDING MACHINE. All-electric Clary adds, subtracts, multiplies, divides at rate of 188 items a minute. Cuts overtime bookwork on payroll, taxes, other figuring jobs.

NEW! 2-TOTAL ITEMIZER MODEL prints customer receipt, retains duplicate. World's fastest checkout register—speeds store traffic up to 52%. There's a rugged, quiet, space-saving Clary designed for *your* business. Easy terms.

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more than many of them could afford, they willingly offer themselves to help medicine learn everything possible about their maladies.

Radioisotope tracers of one kind or another are traveling through the blood of one or more of them all the time. For the main purpose of Brookhaven's studies is not to refine known treatments for cancer, but to determine the limits within which doctors can work; not to try to control wild growths directly, but to discover the disturbances which cause the growths and try to correct them. It is a long and tedious process for which a patient must become virtually a permanent resident. The institution has been operating only since March of 1949, but already the staff has seen feminine charges grow from awkward girls to personable young ladies, and has watched boys who came in with peach fuzz on their cheeks master the arts of shaving and holding a tune while their voices changed.

"No hospital is very much fun," is the way one patient phrased it for the rest, "but if you've got to be in a hospital this one is the best."

Brookhaven is as much like home as any institution is ever likely to get. Indeed, the lives of its adult occupants are less set in routine than they would be in most families. Patients can get up in the morning whenever they like, stay up late at night with the radio or television, and sidle out to the kitchen for snacks at odd hours. Those who can walk (most of them can) have the run of the grounds. They share a garden in the summertime. Hobbies are not only possible, they are encouraged; and expert teachers lend them noticeable polish. Birthdays are observed with cakes and candles, young people from nearby towns are asked in for parties, and nurses' homes are visited for every social purpose from pie-baking bees to dancing lessons.

The darlings of the place are eight small children, aged two to six, who live together in a ward of their own with pint-sized figures of Bopeep and her Mother Goose acquaintances on the walls. They snitch rides through the corridors on the lower deck of the laundry cart, and march themselves to meals with their own band—two drums, three triangles, a tambourine, sleigh bells and a police whistle—in what they happily think is harmony with recordings of Sousa's stirring strains.

Baffling Nephrosis Symptoms

These gay unfortunates are victims not of cancer but of an even more mysterious affliction which goes by the name of nephrosis. Nephrosis is a sort of museum of diseases in itself because it has so many symptoms of other ailments. All that is really known about it is that it throws the delicate balances of the body haywire. It puffs children up like balloons, by creating within them an unnatural reservoir of salt water, and Brookhaven studies the phenomenon in the hope that these metabolic disturbances may teach something about the origins of cancer and that cancer in turn may indirectly provide a clue to the causes of nephrosis.

According to the theory of evolution, we lived in the sea long ago. When we moved to dry land, we adapted gradually, taking sea water along with us as an inner environment. Our blood today is composed mainly of sodium and chloride, the principal constituents of sea water. The same is true of the fluid between our blood vessels and body tissues. The tissues themselves, however, contain neither sodium nor chloride in a normal, healthy person. So Brookhaven has been injecting radioactive sodium into the children's blood to see where it goes. If it disappears inside the cells of the body tissues, then that is partly to blame for the abnormal swelling and it may be possible to produce a drug that will cause the cells to get rid of the unwanted water.

Amino acids, the building blocks of the body, and albumin, the protein that keeps normal blood at a good working level, are also off balance in nephrosis. To keep track of them, a blood test is taken every month and a urine examination is made weekly. As an added precaution, each child's temperature is recorded at four-hour intervals day and night. Three meals and three lesser "nourishments" are served per day, the food being cooked without salt and weighed—meat, individual vegetables, dessert and fluids separately—in advance. At the end of each session, the plates are scraped clean and the leavings weighed, again item by item, right down to the last remaining crumb of a candy wafer.

The nurses, the occupational therapist and the dietitians are incredibly patient. They share, on a more or less communal, catch-as-catch-can basis, the reading of Little Red Hen and Black Sambo, the assembling of picture puzzles, the lightening of sudden despondencies, the periodical reminders that the bathroom should be visited before instead of after, the encouraging of "please" and "thank you" and the teaching of simple prayers.

"The least we can do is spoil them a little." That's the philosophy of the place as it seems to "Chick" Miller, the red-haired daughter of the forest ranger whose watchtower overlooked the Brookhaven site before anyone ever heard of atomic energy. As the first nurse to serve the institution—it was only a first-aid station then—and as lieutenant chief of nurses now, she speaks with some authority. And although she is no longer the only redhead on the premises, she can lay claim to being the most radioactive, for her regular post is in atomic medicine's major addition to hospital architecture: "the counting room."

Next Week

THIS IS MOSCOW TODAY

By Maj. Gen. John W. O'Daniel

"The counting room" is the one point at Brookhaven where the children and the older patients meet on common ground. It is like a conventional operating room, with the customary table overhung with a mechanical spider of lights and mirrors. But the closest thing to surgery that takes place in it is the piercing of a vein with a hypodermic needle. Instead of scalpels, there are Geiger counters. It is here that all but the smallest doses of radioisotopes are administered and where their peregrinations through the body are charted by measurement of the radiation they throw off.

On a small stand beside the "counting" table is a square-cornered, three-walled igloo of lead, through whose open door the patient under observation extends his right hand. Nosing at the hand, within the igloo, is a short metallic cylinder with an eye that counts each burst of radiation in the blood that flows beneath. Beyond the igloo is a tall, black, be-dialed and multisnouted monster that snorts fire dimly as the counting mounts.

Dials click steadily, adding a digit for every 64 of the fiery flickers, while a shapely taffy-blond technician takes minute-by-minute readings. Thus the doctors determine when a tracer introduced in the left ankle has completed its journey across the body. And from it they calculate with slide rules the precise meaning of blood and urine samples they collect in the hours the patient rests there.

Tracer doses generally are so weak in radioactivity that neither doctors nor nurses worry much about the effects of their proximity. But precautions to protect the patients are elaborate. Drinking glasses, bedclothes and wash water are scrupulously "scanned" by Geiger counters after the operation; if they show the smallest variation above the minimum safety limit, they are marked accordingly and stored under adequate safeguards until the radiation dies out.

Waste cans prominently display the danger colors, magenta and yellow, and their contents are tagged, dated and described before being turned over to decontamination experts. After this tidying is done, the counting-room attendants step one by one onto a machine that measures any radiation left on their hands and feet.

An Attack on Thyroid Cancer

Therapeutic doses of radioisotopes have been given at Brookhaven in only one form: iodine, to attack thyroid cancer. The heaviest of those, given by mouth, stirred the whole hospital with excitement. Attending nurses were held at a distance from the patient's bed, the person in the next room was moved out, and the nurse's station for that ward was shifted down the hall. The results were well worth the trouble, for the massive dose prolonged a woman's life. Nevertheless, it is unfortunate, for laymen who do not understand the intricate uncertainties of cancer treatment, that such dramatic episodes distract attention from the long, tedious preliminaries.

This particular woman's case, in common with most thyroid cases at Brookhaven, did not involve an attempt to kill the gland tumor itself. That had been removed earlier, elsewhere, by surgery. The problem was to attack the metastases, or tumor-children, of the parent cancer. Since these were scattered through the body, the method of attack had to be built on the fact that wherever the metastases were they were thyroid cells, and could be expected to behave as though they were still back home in the thyroid gland.

Now the thyroid normally manufactures a substance called thyroxin, and sends it into the blood stream. The pituitary gland, at the base of the brain, oversees the job. As long as the thyroid is working, the pituitary knows it because the thyroxin passes its way. When the thyroxin fails to appear, the pituitary speeds a messenger, TSH, the thyroid stimulating hormone, to tell the thyroid to get busy.

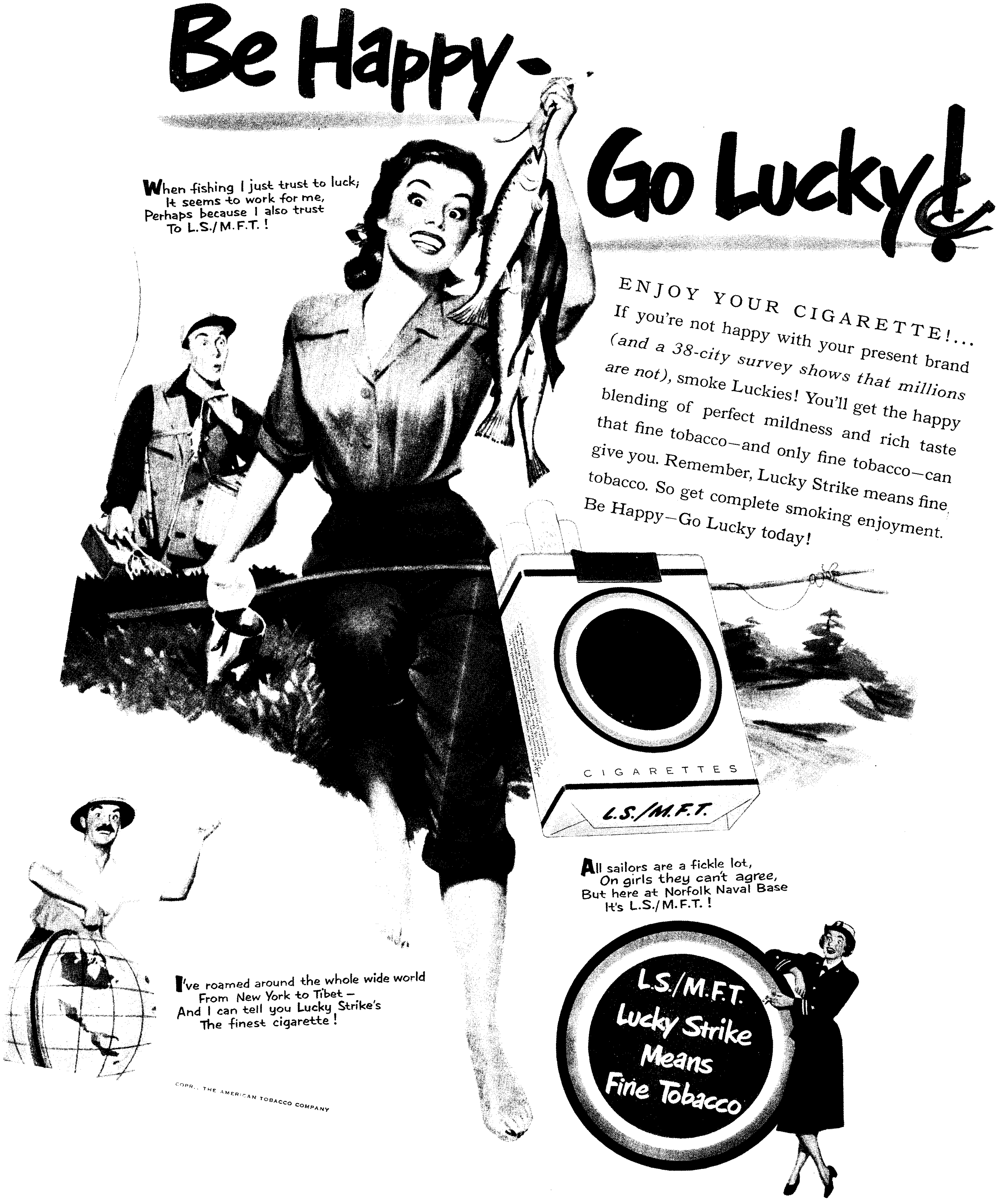
In order to manufacture thyroxin, the thyroid needs, among other ingredients, iodine. So the first step in reaching the metastases is to inject iodine into the blood as a teaser. After the wayward cells become interested, a drug called thiouracil is introduced. It stimulates the truants to work harder to make thyroxin but at the same time prevents them from finishing the product. When the pituitary doesn't get the thyroxin, it sends down more TSH, which, in cahoots with the thiouracil, drives the thyroid cells frantic for lack of iodine.

Suddenly, at the height of the frenzy, a tracer dose of radioactive iodine is injected. If 70 per cent or more of it is taken up by the wild cells, a therapeutic dose is given on the theory that they are hungry enough to absorb a killing dose of radiation. If less than 70 per cent of the tracer is accepted, the patient goes back to a diet of thiouracil until subsequent tracers indicate the big day has arrived. Often the periods of waiting last for months, and the patient's metabolism is slowed down so far he has to drag himself out of bed. There are cases where the tracers never attain the necessary limit of encouragement.

It is not necessary, therefore, to look beyond Brookhaven's present handful of cases to appreciate the difficulties of simplifying the neutron bombardment technique for general use against cancer. They alone are ample evidence that even when the doctors have a specific element that is by nature forcibly attracted to a specific point in the body—as iodine is to the thyroid—there is still no guarantee of sure-fire effect.

So the experiment described at the opening of this article must not be construed as a panacea for anything. It is only the trail mark of a new era in atomic explosions. The important thing is that the era has begun, and that its reason for being is to *save* life. THE END

Be Happy—Go Lucky!



When fishing I just trust to luck;
It seems to work for me,
Perhaps because I also trust
To L.S./M.F.T.!

ENJOY YOUR CIGARETTE!... If you're not happy with your present brand *(and a 38-city survey shows that millions are not)*, smoke Luckies! You'll get the happy blending of perfect mildness and rich taste that fine tobacco—and only fine tobacco—can give you. Remember, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. So get complete smoking enjoyment. Be Happy—Go Lucky today!

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On girls they can't agree,
But here at Norfolk Naval Base
It's L.S./M.F.T.!

I've roamed around the whole wide world
From New York to Tibet—
And I can tell you Lucky Strike's
The finest cigarette!

COPR., THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

Portrait of a Poacher

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

I agreed. Since then we had fished and ridden and loafed with great enjoyment. I found myself growing to like him very much. I had not yet learned why a man, young and handsome and obviously educated, should be living alone like a nomad with a small band of horses. But I had learned some things and I was beginning to guess.

There was the night when we were talking about his horses, and the subject of their value came up. It was his contention that one could not put dollars-and-cents value on a living creature. Then too, he would not sell his horses, because he had a definite breeding program planned for them.

I was sure he had paid a good deal for his horses, but it came out that he had once given one of them to a polo player simply because he liked the way the polo player rode and because the polo player had shown great admiration for the horse. A few weeks later he had received a check for five thousand dollars. That accounted for his not having to work. A man could live as he lived for the remainder of his life on five thousand dollars. He said something to me while we were discussing raising polo ponies that I thought about a great deal later on. He was considering going into the business. The breaking and training of horses was work he liked to do, he said, and he could be among people and yet be independent of them.

NOW, tonight, he had been talking. He had touched on almost anything, and now he suddenly took up where he had left off, speaking about his experiences with the game wardens as if there had been no interval of silence.

"It's difficult to catch a man on a horse," he said. "They tried it with their pickup trucks, but I would swim my horse across the river, or cross a draw they couldn't cross. Later they came in on horseback. But their horses were nags. I'd run away from them and hide whatever meat I might be carrying, then ride back and let them catch me. No meat, no evidence; and they finally got so mad they came back with horses and dogs." He stopped and laughed again.

"What did you do then?" I asked.

"I got away from them and then rode to six mine shafts, one after another. At each one I'd dismount and climb down a few feet, then climb out and move on to another. Then I rode to that cave where we left your fish. I cached the meat there and climbed to where I could watch them. Their dogs trailed me to the first shaft. The men stopped and climbed down into it. It was about a hundred feet deep and it took them almost an hour to search it. Their dogs could tell them where I had been, but they couldn't tell them how far down I had climbed, or whether or not I had left the meat. Of course, the dogs could follow my trail from one shaft to the next, but the men had to stop and search each one and after climbing in and out of three mine shafts they were beginning to drag. The fourth one broke their hearts. I knew there were rattlesnakes in it. There's nothing that will cool a man off quicker than to be in a hole and have a few of those babies sound off. They popped out of that one in about thirty seconds. They must have gotten discouraged then because they gave up after that."

He turned his eyes on me quizzically. "They haven't bothered me since."

I made no comment, and he added, "I felt bad about it in a way. They were trying to do their job. On the other hand, I have no respect for men who carry out other men's orders."

I thought about this last for some time, but still I made no comment. He seemed to expect an answer. After a while he said, "Shall we start early and get the meat put away before the sun gets hot?"

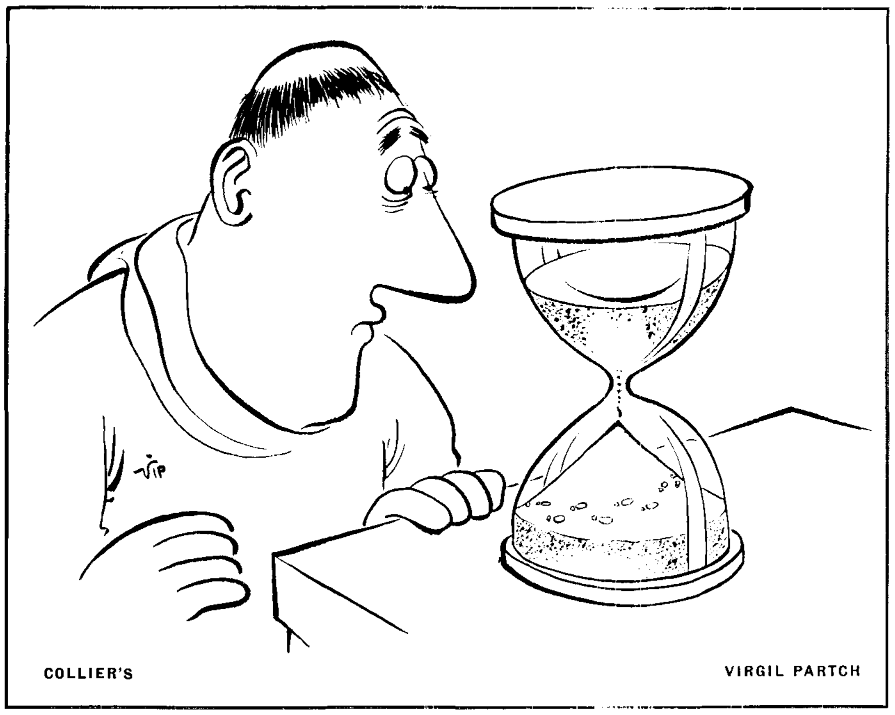
"Isn't it rather risky for you to kill game out of season with me to witness it?" I asked.

"It could be," he said, and his smile flashed across the fire at me, "but I don't believe it is."

Abruptly, that was the end of our conversation that night. I remember him crawling into his sleeping bag. I remember turning on my back and feeling the delicious cold on my face and seeing a sky so clear and soft with moonlight that I wanted to stay awake and look at it all night. And the next thing I remember was the sound of him bringing the horses up the trail and the red sun sitting on the hills to the east.

It was four thirty by my wristwatch as we rode away from camp. At four thirty-five we had our first opportunity to shoot. We startled a buck antelope and a doe and twin fawns as we dipped down into a draw where they were feeding. We stopped our horses and watched them. The buck, heavier and more muscular and slightly taller than the doe, with a beautiful set of horns, broke swiftly and reached his maximum speed within fifty feet. The doe trailed him closely, but she could not catch him. The fawns ran frantically, neck and neck, straining hard, showing much more effort than their parents.

They were running incredibly fast for creatures only two and a half months old, but they couldn't match their parents' speed. All four of them, with their white bellies and rears and their rich creamy tan backs, reminded one somehow of flying fish skimming the surface of a slowly billowing green sea. A quarter of a mile away the buck slowed and the doe caught up with him. After a few yards they stopped and waited nervously for the fawns. Then all four disappeared at a leisurely gallop.



COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

"Before I had to depend on them for meat," said my friend, "I used to hunt them for sport. I couldn't do it again. That's one reason I'm glad to be quitting this life. Killing things no longer interests me."

"Oh, are you leaving?" I asked, and perhaps there was relief in my voice.

"I told you," he said gently, "I'm going to raise polo ponies."

We rode for thirty minutes, then tethered the horses to sagebrush at the bottom of a draw. He took his thirty-thirty from the saddle scabbard and we went up the draw on foot. We had seen fourteen head of antelope in a swale at the mouth of the draw. He was sure that there would be some yearling bucks in the bunch. The wind was from them to us and the draw provided ample cover. It was a perfect setup for a stalk.

We really didn't stalk at all. We just walked quietly until the draw began to get shallow; then we went a short distance stooping over until we could stop behind sagebrush tall enough to conceal us. The antelope were between a hundred and eighty and two hundred yards from us, and there turned out to be one yearling buck in the bunch. There was plenty of cover so that we could have stalked them now and got within seventy-five yards, but my friend calmly rose and fired a shot in the air.

The bunch broke instantly and quartered away from us, running hard, crossing from our left to our right. The yearling was more or less in the center of the bunch, but there was a constant shifting of position as first one then another hastened his pace. By the time my friend shot to kill, the bullet had to travel approximately two hundred yards. During the fraction of a second it took the bullet to cover the two hundred yards, the antelope had, I later figured, moved about fifteen feet. Hitting him, as he moved in and out among his fellows, put one in a class with boys who toss marbles in the air and break them with a rifle.

My friend tumbled the yearling with the first shot. The nearest thing to it, in case you've never seen a running antelope dropped, is the end-over-end fall of a duck suddenly arrested in full flight by a load of number fives. The smooth-functioning, living machine became a nonintegrated bundle of neck and body and legs churning up dust as the antelope skidded to final, absolute stillness. I knew then what I later confirmed: his neck was broken.

We bled and gutted him and cut off his head. The bullet had caught him just in front of the withers, up high, taking out about four inches of the large vertebrae at that point. My friend skinned the cannon bones out of all four legs and tied the feet together with the dangling skin of each lower leg. He slung the buck over his shoulder like a satchel. When we got back to the horses, we skinned him out and quartered him and now he was no longer antelope; just meat. We put each quarter in a flour sack and tied each pair of sacks together at the mouth and slung them on the horses like saddle bags. It was six o'clock when we dismounted at the ice cave and cached the meat. Thirty minutes later we were back at camp cooking breakfast.

It was while we were eating breakfast that I definitely made up my mind to leave. When I told him, he did not seem surprised.

"I'll pack you out," he said.

"Hell, no," I answered. "I came intending to hike out, and hike I will."

"It's a long hike," he said. "I'll catch up one of the mares. We can load your pack on her, I'll ride the other mare and you ride the stallion. We can make it to town in a couple of hours."

"What about the mares' colts?" I asked. "Won't it be pretty hard on them?"

"Just a workout for them," he said. "They have feet of flint and hearts like lions."

He got the McClellan saddle and went to catch the extra mare. I sat by the dying breakfast fire and smoked thoughtfully.

AS WE rode that morning he talked horses. He spoke of the characteristics of the Arabian that made it different from all other breeds of horse. And he knew the great individuals of the breed all the way back through Skowronek. Then he spoke of the American quarter horse—its back-snapping starting speed and all-day stamina. He knew the breed intimately and admired it. Then he spoke of the Standard Bred, the horse that pulls the racing sulkies. It was his contention that for pure stamina at high speed no horse in the world could match the Standard Bred.

Next, he outlined how he intended to fuse the three breeds to produce a horse that would be unequaled for speed and handiness, stamina and beauty.

"This may not be a very important lifework," he said. "I don't pretend to know. All I know is that there is nothing I would rather do and, at the present time, nothing I can do as well." He paused. "Anyway, it will be an unhurried sort of life where a man can learn what he *is* fit for."

After that we rode mostly without talking. In fact, if anything else was said it was small talk, for I remember nothing more until we pulled up on a rise above the small town beside the highway. He looked me in the eye and spoke in his leisurely way.

"I think I'll move my horses to Arizona and make my start there."

I lighted a cigarette and looked down toward the town. "Hell," I said, "it's hot in Arizona and this is the prettiest country in the world in the summertime. Why don't you wait until winter?"

He seemed to think over the idea. Slowly, he grinned. "Maybe you've got something there," he said.

The highway leading out of the town wound around the bottom of the hill we were on.

"We can drop off my duffel down by the road," I said. "There's no need for you to go on into town."

He agreed and we rode down to the highway. We dismounted in a field near it, and he took the hackamore off the mare he'd been riding; loosened the diamond hitch on the pack mare and dropped my duffel to the ground. He took the halter and lead rope off the pack mare, and both mares and their foals began to graze. He took the reins of the Arab from me and mounted him.

"I have your address," he said. "I'll write you when I get established."

"I'll be looking forward to visiting you," I said, "and riding one of those horses."

He gave me his flashing smile and reined the Arab around. He moved in behind the mares and started them and their foals back in the direction in which we had come. I watched him ride to the top of the hill. He stopped just before he went out of sight and gave me a last wave. It was a kind of salute.

I walked into town and made my phone call. Two hours later the chief game warden himself was there to pick me up.

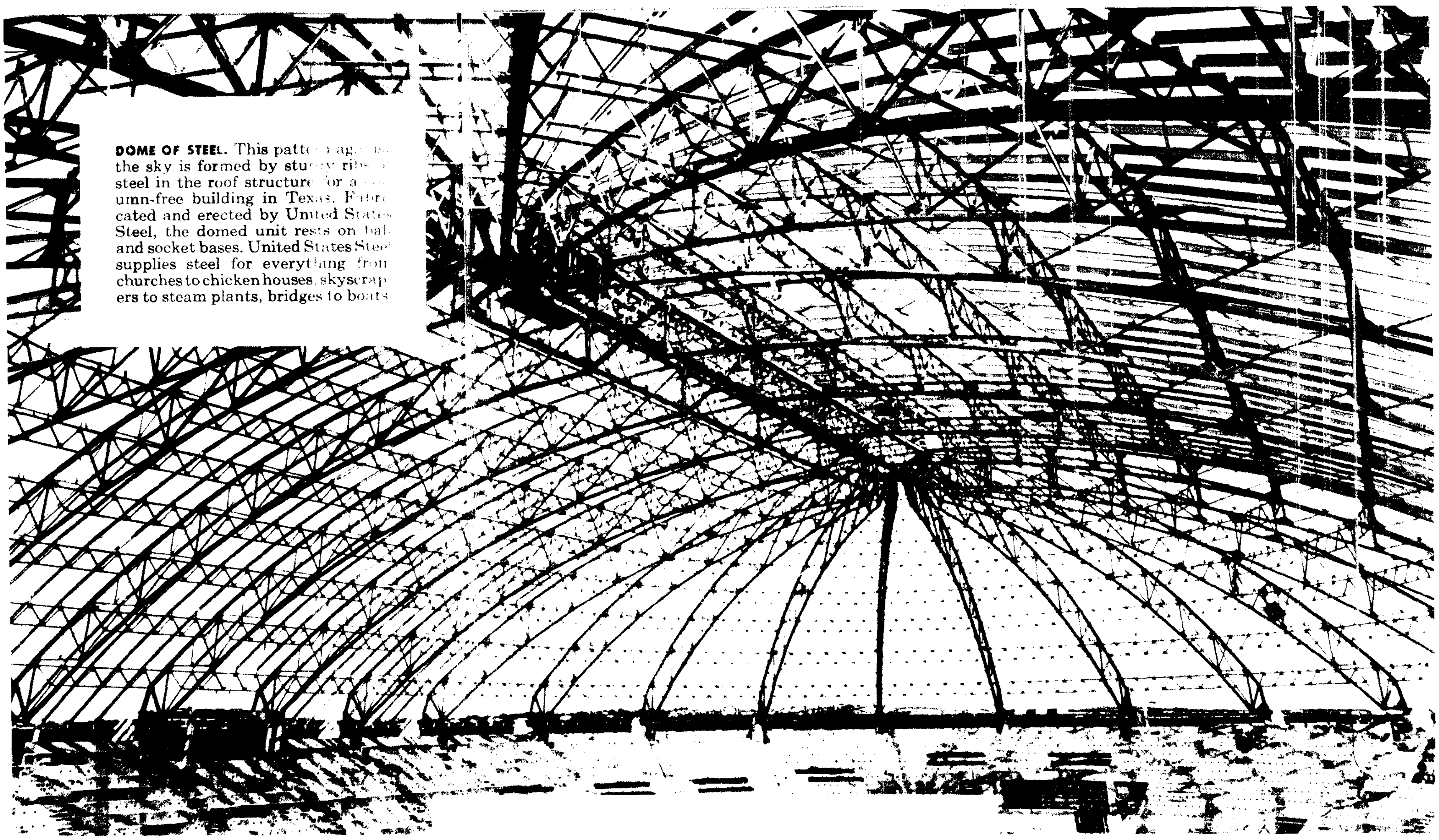
"Did you find him?" he asked.

"He's quit the country," I said. "I heard in town that he's raising horses in Arizona."

"What kept you so damned long?"

"Fishing was good," I answered truthfully.

"You waste more time than any deputy I've got," he muttered as we got in his truck to go and pick up my duffel. THE END



DOME OF STEEL. This pattern against the sky is formed by sturdy ribs of steel in the roof structure for a column-free building in Texas. Fabricated and erected by United States Steel, the domed unit rests on ball and socket bases. United States Steel supplies steel for everything from churches to chicken houses, skyscrapers to steam plants, bridges to boats

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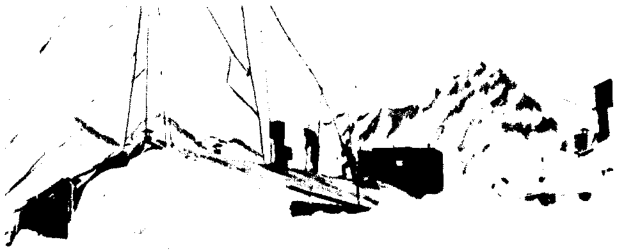

7 YEARS IN THE ANTARCTIC. Exposure to years of sub-zero temperatures had little effect upon the operation of two dieselectric plants made by Witte Engine Works, now part of U.S. Steel. Originally taken to Palmer Land by the Byrd Expedition, they also provided light and power to the Ronne Expedition seven years later!

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Stairway to an Empty Room

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

"Call me anyway this evening—just to talk," he said, as if on sudden impulse.

There was something new in his voice—warm, personal, cajoling. A little bit of wolf cropping out, Monica thought. It amused her. In the midst of her fright and terror for Winifred, the ugly mystery of her sister's death, and Stevens' bullheadedness, she had almost forgotten that she was a woman.

THE gardener carried the two cartons and the blue case to her room. Monica put them in the closet. She wasn't up to looking at them just now. The tape was becoming an agony; her bones ached and funny cold fingers played at the back of her neck and her head buzzed. She stretched out on the bed in her clothes and shut her eyes. Then the young nurse came in with the rack of thermometers. Monica opened her mouth; she was too tired to argue.

The nurse went away. She came back in a little while, removed the thermometer from under Monica's tongue, and looked at it. She didn't say a word, but a sudden stiffness in her posture didn't escape Monica's drowsy eye. The nurse went out quickly and Monica sat up. A dizzy nausea clutched her.

Mrs. Adams returned with the young nurse. She was smiling with a brisk, confident, casual air which wouldn't have fooled anyone. She sat down beside the bed, twinkled professionally, and said, "Let's count a little pulse here."

"I'm quite all right," Monica said. This is my tag line, she thought. I'm always telling people that I'm all right. They don't believe me but I go on telling them anyway. The room swam.

"How have you felt today?" Mrs. Adams asked.

"Fine. Splendid." Oh, just ducky. I passed out in Stevens' car, of course, and I thought I was going to drop on Mr. Demarist's veranda. Being picked up and carried around by Mr. Aldeen shouldn't be an unpleasant experience. She looked dreamily at the ceiling. It wriggled.

"The accident in which you hurt your ribs—any severe bumps you might have overlooked?"

"No. Not a one. I sort of half caved in one side of me against the steering wheel. And I think my skull hit the windshield. But this feels more like the flu. A very mild flu which will go away if you give me five or six aspirins."

"Your ribs hurt, of course."

"Well, I keep remembering them."

"Let's have the tape off."

They turned down the bed and undressed her while she grumbled at them. The tape seemed to want to take the skin with it. Monica bit her lips for a while; then she let out a scream that lifted the roof.

Someone looked in the door in a hurry. Mrs. Adams threw a sheet over Monica, and Stevens' voice said, "Sorry."

The tape was off. Monica lay on her face and squeezed her eyes shut and said, "*Damn it, damn it, damn it,*" into the pillow. Cool fingers poked and probed.

"Let's have Dr. Shattuck take a look, shall we?" Mrs. Adams crooned at Monica.

"I'm all right," Monica said.

"He'll know what to do."

"I want my clothes on before that damned Stevens comes back in here!"

"I'm awfully sorry. Miss Raymond was standing between you and the door, though, so you needn't worry."

"It's the principle of the thing," Monica yelled.

"Of course," said Mrs. Adams. "Please don't cry like that. You're only causing yourself unnecessary pain."

"Who's crying? I'm gritting my teeth!"

"Good girl! Just lie quietly until we get Dr. Shattuck."

Mrs. Adams went out swishing her white skirts. The other nurse remained, looking solemn and big-eyed, as though Monica were developing symptoms of beriberi or elephantiasis. Winifred popped in for a moment, yapping about the trip she'd made with Stevens; she managed about a dozen words before the nurse shoved her back out into the hall. During the eviction, Beezer squeezed in between the nurse's ankles. He came to the bed, jumped up, marched to the middle of Monica's stomach, and sat down.

SOME time later, after the doctor had taken his satchel and his hypodermic needles and gone, and Monica was sitting propped up, eating dinner off a tray, Stevens put his head in at the door. "Hello." He looked wary and embarrassed. Damned snoop, Monica thought. She ignored him.

He came in anyway. "Where did you go this afternoon?"

"To Mrs. Lannon's house," she said, inspecting the broiled sole.

"Alone?"

For some reason the look she gave him made him blush. Or perhaps his thoughts were making him blush. "Mr. Aldeen kindly went along."

Stevens sat down, though she had not invited him to. "Why did you scream like that?"

It was her turn to blush. "My skin was coming off with the tape."

"All right now?"

"It seems I have a touch of pleurisy. That's why I keep wanting to pass out with fever, and why my breathing hurts me, and perhaps even why I hate you so much."

The mask look came over him. She hadn't realized until then that it had been gone, that an opener and friendlier expression had taken its place. She puzzled over it, wondering, until she remembered the incident of the suddenly opened door. Her mind seemed to throw up a wall; she stiffened on the bed. Stevens asked hastily, "Did you find anything important?"

"Margaret Demarist is living there in an attic bedroom. I didn't see her, but I found clothing which Mr. Demarist identified. I found this, too." From under the pillow she took Biddy's small gold band.

He took it; it looked small in his hand. "Whose is it?"

"It was Biddy's wedding ring."

HE LOOKED at her: a funny half-shut look, as though he were trying to read her face without her knowing. "What do you think it means?"

"Veach killed Biddy. He robbed Margaret Demarist of even her foster mother's jewels. In return, as a sop, he gave Margaret this ring."

Stevens' voice seemed hoarse. "It could mean other things."

She thought it over. "You mean that Veach could have gone through some hocus-pocus fake marriage ceremony with Margaret?"

"Perhaps."

"He wouldn't need to. She wouldn't be strong enough mentally to hold out against him, marriage or no marriage." In sudden impatience, Monica changed the subject. "What results did you have this afternoon?"

"We found a bar." Stevens was sitting hunched over, as if he were tired; his eyes were still on the ring. "My idea was to take you back there this evening. You were to be my alcoholic wife, about whom I was worried. I thought we might run into someone who was scouting for Veach, and who had known your sister."

Monica shook her head impatiently. "There must be more direct methods than that."

Stevens didn't argue. "I'll figure out something," he said. . . .

Three days . . .

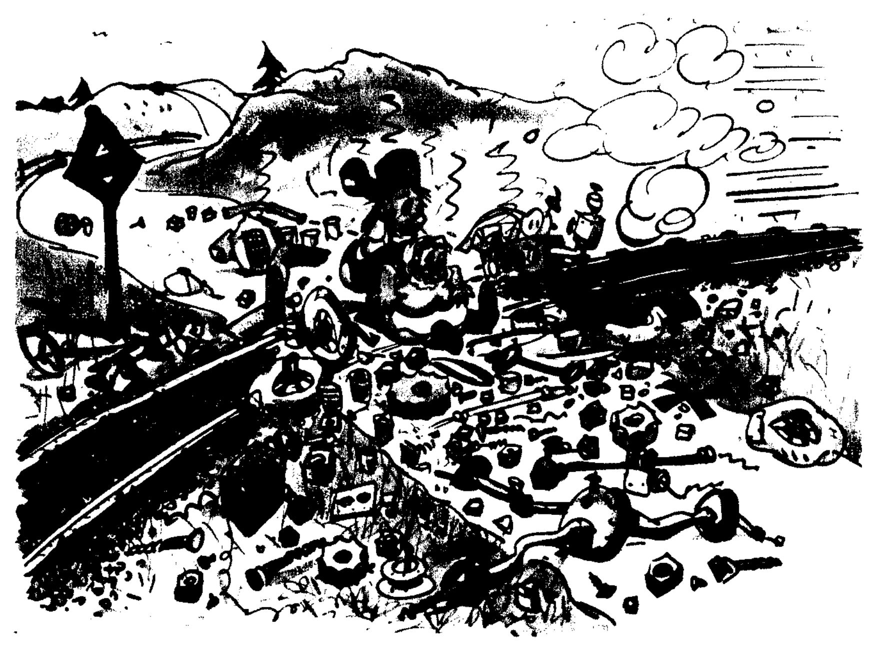
Monica inched cautiously over in bed so that she could see the window and the gray, early light. The birds were at it again in the trees outside—convention of sparrows. The air smelled damp and fresh and the iron bars looked very black.

Tomorrow, two . . .

She had on a great deal more tape now. The doctor had explained the mechanics of pleurisy: one part of your lung rubbed against another when you breathed, and since in pleurisy both were sore and infected, it was like the rubbing together of two boils. So, you wore a casing of tape as stiff as concrete to keep you from moving when you breathed. Where did the air go? Into your stomach, probably. It was nice to have something to speculate over. She'd spent the night thinking of Biddy.

She remembered that Biddy had been a moody and difficult child. Their parents had indulged and petted her because she'd been terribly ill when she was small. Mon-

KENNESAW



COLLIER'S "Gosh, Bessie, I only hope I can remember how it all goes back together again!" REAMER KELLER

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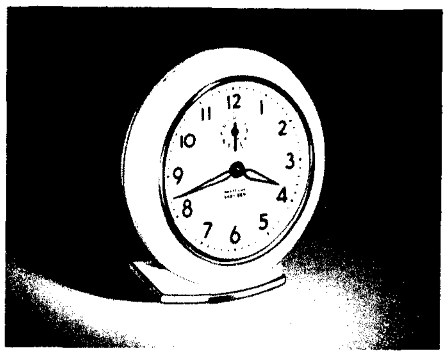
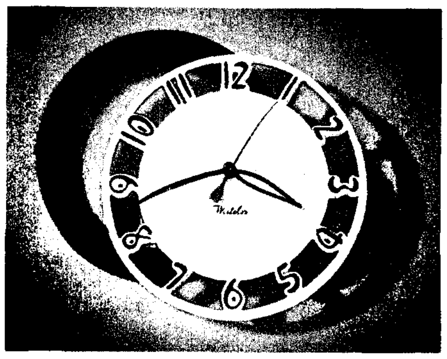
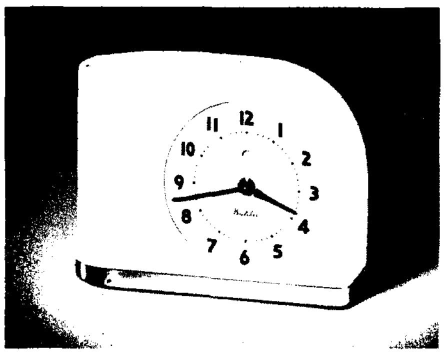


Baby Ben Alarm Clock.
Popular little brother of Big Ben. Baby Ben has a quiet tick and a steady call that you adjust to loud or soft, as you prefer. Choice of black or ivory finish. A handsome, dependable little fellow that comes in plain or luminous dial.



Melody Electric Wall Clock.
Brilliant new note in wall clocks! Melody has removable case ring that comes in a variety of colors. To change color you simply flip out the ring and flop it over. Or paint ring to suit, *or* remove it entirely so your own wall color shows through!



Moonbeam Electric Alarm.
New, modern way to wake up! Moonbeam calls two ways: "First he blinks . . . then he rings." The first call is *silent*—a blinking light that disturbs nobody else. But if you ignore the light, an audible alarm goes into action. A Westclox exclusive. Comes in plain or luminous dial.

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ica remembered the pale face on the big white pillow, the bottles of medicine, the quiet room, the weeks of waiting. What had Biddy been ill of? Polio? T.B.? She couldn't recall; it had been very serious, and, when Biddy had recovered, her presence among them had always seemed a miracle.

Monica had been eighteen when their parents had died in the car wreck. She had worked her way through art school. The money her parents had left, the modest savings and the money from the sale of the house and the fifteen thousand in insurance, had been put aside to keep Biddy in a sheltered place. Biddy at fifteen had had a fragile, pixy loveliness—not a girl who would challenge the world.

Monica saw that Biddy stayed on in the expensive school, and that worry, excitement and grief didn't touch her. A good sister. I was a damn' fool, Monica thought savagely. Why didn't I bring her to New York and introduce her to the wolves of the world and teach her to protect herself from them? I let her marry a dumb kid, whom she seems to have ended up treating like dirt; I let her get herself involved with a creature like Veach—

Such thinking was unendurable. It was better to wrestle with something else—with the problem of sitting up, for instance. When the nurse came in, some minutes later, she found Monica ramrod-straight in the bed, panting with exertion.

This was an elderly, jowly nurse with a mole beside her nose. "You're not supposed to be sitting up, Miss Marshall." She made it plain that she intended to do something about it, so Monica lay down again. "Penicillin," said the nurse. "Turn over."

"I haven't even had breakfast."

"Lots of things before that." *Stab.* "Washing up, brushing teeth, using the pan—"

PRIVATELY, Monica was damned if she would. When the nurse went away she propped herself up, got her legs over, and staggered to the bathroom. When she was through, she went to sit in the window seat.

The nurse came back, took one look, and went out again. Presently, in walked Mrs. Adams, very crisp and irritable. She stood over Monica. "We admitted you as a favor, Miss Marshall. Even though you are now ill, you are not ill in a way we expect to cope with, and you *are* occupying space that may become necessary to people who badly need it."

It wasn't too bad, sitting up, Monica thought, so long as she didn't move quickly. It could be endured.

Mrs. Adams tapped her foot. "We ask co-operation—no more—so that you may get well and prepare to leave."

"I *am* prepared," Monica said stubbornly. "Just pack me up and ship me along to a hotel somewhere. I'll be fine."

"Your attitude is childish and silly." Mrs. Adams half turned; she wanted to stamp out of the room and make a lot of noise slamming the door; the desire showed in her face. But training won. She said civilly, "Just go back to bed and stay there for a day. Then Dr. Shattuck will look at you and decide how you're getting on. We admitted you because Mr. Stevens said you were in some sort of danger—"

"Stevens is apt to say almost anything," Monica put in. She wasn't trying deliberately to rile Mrs. Adams. She wanted out of this place: if she stayed here she was going to be sick and there wasn't time for it.

"And the little girl?"

MONICA tried to figure what she could do about Winifred. Stevens was no fit guardian for a child, though he showed signs of being willing to take over. Funny. She had never managed to get out of him his exact place in the scheme of things, though it seemed obvious that he was interested from Jerry Huffman's point of view. He was Jerry's friend, or a relative—there was nothing impersonal in his feeling about the case.

Monica studied Mrs. Adams and decided to pull in her horns. She could not afford to have the woman evict her; she would have to slip away by herself, leaving Winifred in the shelter of the strong house built to hold madmen. "I'm sorry. I'll be good and go back to bed."

"That's better," Mrs. Adams said. She touched Monica's shoulder consolingly. "It won't be long. As soon as the penicillin works, you'll be better than new."

"May I see Winifred?"

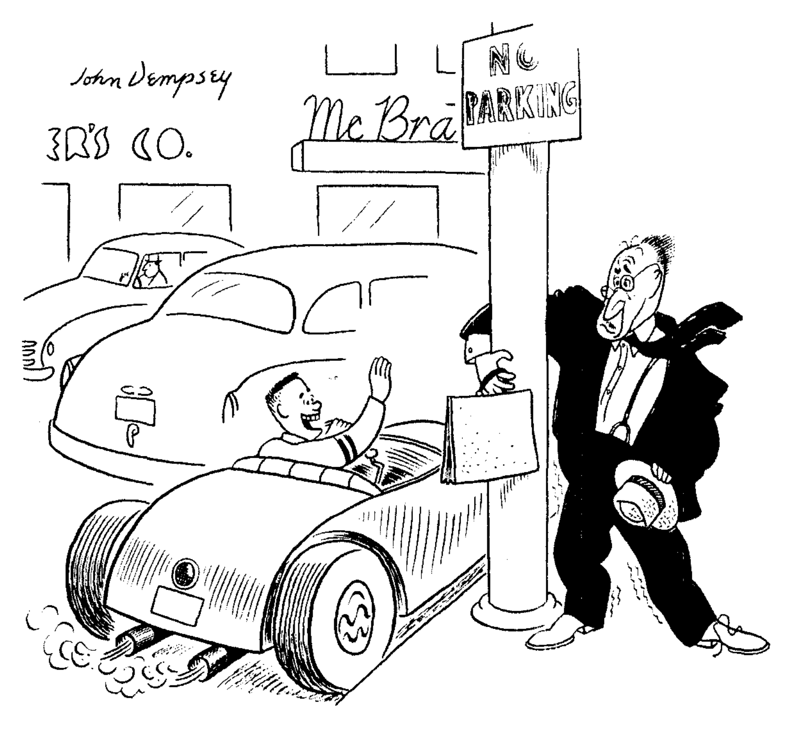
"Of course."

Mrs. Adams went out, but the older nurse remained; she straightened the bed and changed the water in the bedside pitcher. "You can hop in now, Miss Marshall."

Monica went to bed. The nurse went out. When she returned, she had Winifred and a tray. "I'll bring yours. You sit here."

Winifred sat down; she looked fresh and scrubbed and healthy. An obnoxious friskiness kept her bobbing on her chair. "I'm going to eat with you."

"Sit still. What did you do yesterday on the trip with Stevens?"



"No trouble at all to drive you to work, Mr. Tegeler, and any other morning your car doesn't start"

COLLIER'S JOHN DEMPSEY

I WEAR FALSE TEETH
yet my mouth feels fresh, clean and cool
No "DENTURE BREATH" for me*

*"A Polident bath always leaves my dental plates clean and fresh tasting. I never worry about Denture Breath. It's wonderful!"
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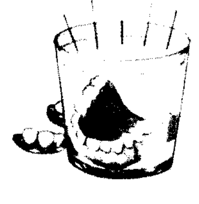
When plates taste bad—feel hot and heavy in your mouth, watch out for Denture Breath. False teeth need the special care of a special denture cleanser—Polident. For a smile that sparkles . . . for a mouth that feels cool, clean and fresh . . . for freedom from worry about Denture Breath . . . soak your plates in Polident every day. Costs only about a cent a day to use.

NO BRUSHING
Soak plate or bridge daily—fifteen minutes or more—in a fresh, cleansing solution of Polident and water.



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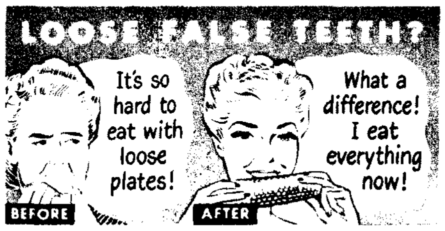
LOOSE FALSE TEETH?
It's so hard to eat with loose plates!
What a difference! I eat everything now!
BEFORE
AFTER

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"We rode around. We found a place where Mama used to go. He went in. I ate me a Popsicle and a little box of raisins."

"Not ate *me*." Monica corrected. "Just ate. You ate a Popsicle."

"It dribbled on me," Winifred said. "I sucked the juice at the wrong places."

The nurse returned with Winifred's tray, put it on a stand, took the napkin and tucked it neatly into the neck of Winifred's dress. "Poached eggs. Aren't they nice? And Melba toast with jam. Let's see—milk, orange slices—"

"When I get out of here I'm going to have waffles again," Winifred said, in a tone that implied she was serving a stretch in jail.

The nurse swished out and shut the door. Monica said, "Go on about yesterday. Did anyone go in or out of the bar that you knew?"

"No, but Wanda waited on the corner for the bus."

"Wanda! Did she see you?"

"No. I scrooched down in the seat."

Monica thought about it. Was Wanda a spy, a messenger of Veach's? "Do you suppose she lives nearby?"

"I don't know."

"Mrs. Lannon used to meet her at that same bus stop?"

"Sometimes. Sometimes other places."

"What did Wanda and Mrs. Lannon talk about?"

Winifred bit into the dry toast with a crunching noise. "It was jokes sometimes, because they laughed. Once in a while Mrs. Lannon would get a little cross at Wanda, and twice she said, 'Keep your lip buttoned.' When they talked about my daddy they called him George. They thought I didn't know. Once Wanda said, 'How long has George got?' And Mrs. Lannon said, 'Not time enough to figure it out.' "

Not time enough. No, not enough. Three days.

"Did you ever meet Wanda there with your mother?"

"No. I never saw Wanda till after Mama was gone."

Monica ate, not tasting the food. If Wanda had appeared on the scene after Biddy's death, it might mean that she was some sort of replacement, taking Biddy's place.

BIDDY had become involved with Veach because of an innocent desire to have more money to live richly. That had to be it. Veach had gradually involved her in his schemes; she'd spent the money on the better apartment, on clothes. This would have been like Biddy. She'd always been spoiled and petted and indulged. When the last of the money from the estate was gone, she'd looked around for a way to get her hands on more. Like a child. Veach had taken advantage of her and in the end she must have revolted; then he'd killed her.

I have two little shreds of proof, Monica thought: the thing Winifred tells about Veach being in the apartment at four, and the ring I found in Mrs. Lannon's house. I've got to go to the police with them, or to a lawyer. She put the tray aside. "When Veach came to Mrs. Lannon's house, what did they say to each other?"

"Mrs. Lannon told him everything I'd done."

"Such as?"

"Was I talking to strangers? Things like that."

Into Monica's mind came the clear picture of Mrs. Lannon's unwillingness at Winifred's departure. Was Veach unsure of what Winifred knew? Why had he let her go unharmed from Mrs. Lannon's house? A possible reason crossed her thoughts: Veach wouldn't have wanted anything to happen which would draw the attention of the police to Mrs. Lannon or her house. She was far too important a link in his organization. A dead or missing child was too risky. He had decided to wait, to strike after Winifred was with her aunt and it could be made to look like an accident. The importance he had placed on the job might be judged by the fact that he had undertaken it himself.

This had to be the right line of reasoning. His murder of Biddy had been long planned and deliberate. Winifred's story of the telephone call had one point which revealed the study and stage-managing of the crime—Mrs. Lannon's exclamation on seeing the time: *'It's four o'clock!'* What else could this have meant but that Biddy was due at that moment to die and the evidence must be planted swiftly to involve her husband? The oil spots under the body, the trace of blood inside his trouser leg, the hidden ball-peen hammer which had been used around a garage—all of these things were no more than a cheap trickery once you realized how the thing had been built up to incriminate another man.

There was a polite rapping at the door; then Stevens looked in.

WINIFRED jumped on the chair and grinned at him and sputtered Melba toast crumbs in his direction. Monica felt a surge of irritation. She wanted time to think; she needed most of all to plan a method of getting away and telling her suspicions to someone official. It had to be done carefully; she must be believed. There wouldn't be time for delay or doubt. And Stevens might hinder her. She had no faith in his roundabout schemes.

He came to the bed, pulled up a chair, and sat down. He looked tired, and his blond hair, damp from combing, seemed to have lost its gleam. "I hear we had a revolt. I'm glad you're that full of pep. I want you to help me."

"Doing what?"

"I think I've got a lead into Veach's web."

"What good will it do you? Once he catches sight of you, he'll remember you from Raboldi's."

"The people I want to find are his subordinates. I'm going to stay out of Veach's way as long as I can and talk to his lower-grade help."

She frowned at him. "For what purpose?"

"I want a line on that woman in Mrs. Lannon's house. I went out there last night around ten o'clock. There's someone in that upper room, all right. A girl. I caught a shadow on the blind."

"It's Margaret Demarist," Monica said. "But I don't think we could get enough out of her to do Jerry Huffman any good."

"We have to try," he said. "The one thing that stumps me, that makes me suspicious, is that you got into that room so easily."

"I just outsmarted Mrs. Lannon," Monica told him.

"No one outsmarts her. She let you go into that room for a reason."

Monica pointed to the dresser, where Biddy's ring lay on the scarf. "I don't think I was meant to find that. It's too damaging."

"I don't think you were meant to find it, either. Maybe that was a slip. If so, it was the only one. You were meant to see the other things."

She puzzled over it. "They must have wanted old Mr. Demarist to know that Margaret was all right, that she wasn't living openly with Veach. This might soften the old man up and make him release more money to her."

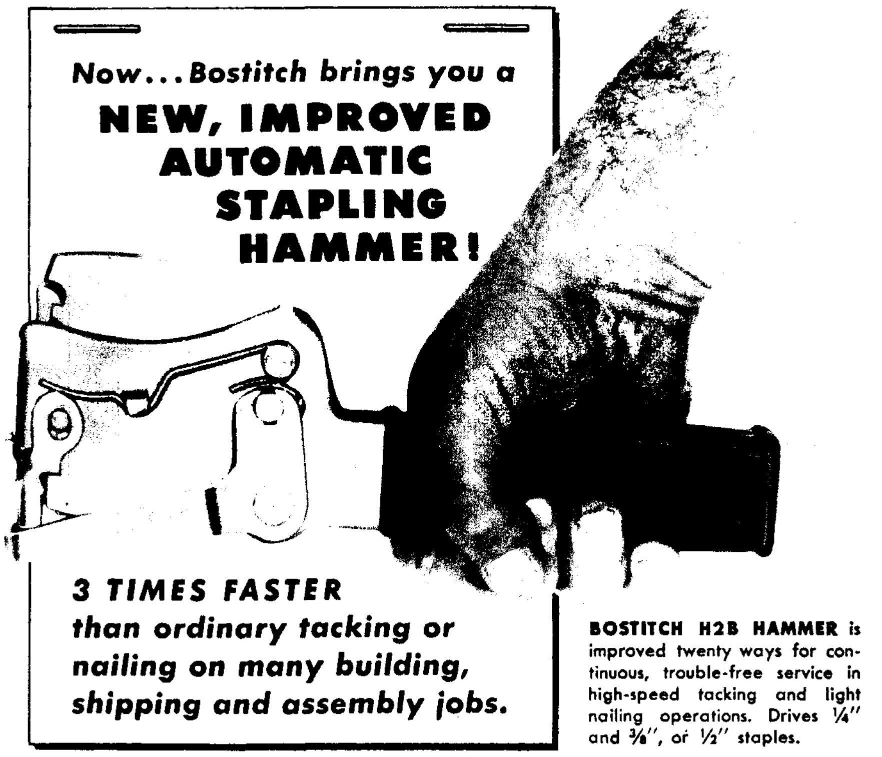
"Possibly." His eyes flickered over her.

She pleated the bedclothes nervously, hating herself because he could break the icy front she wanted to present. "What else did you do last night?"

"After I left Mrs. Lannon's place I went back to the bar on Santa Monica Boulevard. I was worried—I was looking for my wife who was a dipso and who hung out there when she could get away from me."

"Someone talked to you about your wife?"

"Yes. A steerer for somebody. I'm hoping it's for Veach. He's a little guy, professional-man type, well-dressed, wears glasses, speaks with authority. I wasn't the only one he had his ear out for—a woman was trying to control her husband, and this little guy helped her with him. They had a short talk on the curb before she got into her car. I rather imagine that he told her he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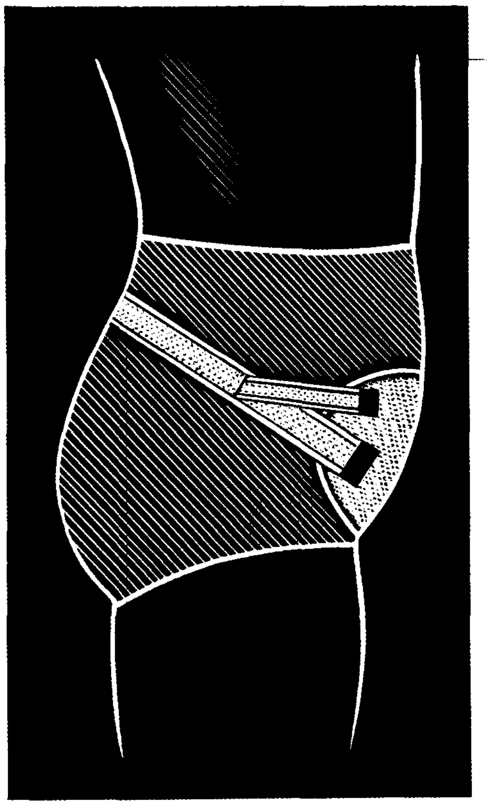

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knew someone who might straighten out the husband."

Winifred had crawled into his lap and he was stroking the yellow curls; for the first time, at that moment, Monica saw it—the resemblance. Their faces were close, the features lighted by the same light.

The knowledge brought Monica nothing but fear. She had begun to think of Winifred as belonging to her; a possessive affection had taken root. Here was someone—an interloper—whose very face branded him as having a claim upon the child. She shrank back into the pillows.

He never missed anything, of course. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing. A twinge," she said hastily. "What is your lead to Veach?"

"The little well-dressed guy gave me an address. I'm supposed to take my wife there tonight. It may be a sort of screening process. Or it might be—something else."

"What?"

"A trap. I'm asking you to take that chance."

She reached out a hand to take one of Winifred's. "Come sit over here." She pulled the little girl to the edge of the bed and put an arm around her. Stevens' eyes followed every move: "I'm not sure what I should say," she told him. "I'll have to think."

"You want to rush to the police and start sirens and things. You mustn't do it. The results would make you very unhappy."

"What results?"

"We wouldn't find the woman in Mrs. Lannon's attic room. She has a way out of the house—proved by the fact you didn't catch her there yesterday. Without her we get nowhere."

Monica stirred: pain stabbed her under the heart. "You keep calling her 'the woman.' Why don't you say Margaret Demarist?"

"We haven't seen her face," he said quietly.

Monica started to argue, and then did not. What he said was true. In the attic room she had found clothing, had felt the impact of a personality. It was as if she had caught a half glimpse of someone in the distance on a foggy evening—someone who had quickly vanished and left only the impression of a faint familiarity, a teasing memory.

"Tell me what you want me to do," she said.

AT a quarter past seven it had begun to grow dark. Presently a nurse came in to give night care. Monica had her back rubbed with alcohol and dusted with powder; the light was adjusted for reading. "There. All tucked in," the nurse said.

That's what you think, Monica told her silently. When the door shut, she was out of bed and jerking into her clothes. She slapped a powder puff at her nose, used a lipstick, tied a scarf around her hair. How does a dipso look? How would Stevens' wife look if he had a wife and she were a dipso? She gave herself a searching look in the dresser mirror. "You're not trying to fool anyone, are you, baby?" She studied her reflection while doubt chewed at the edges of her mind. Any wife of Stevens' would be, she decided: (1) a moron; (2) a door mat; (3) a dipso in self-defense. I'm not any of those—I hope.

There was a faint tap at the door—Winifred. Monica let her in. They spoke in whispers. "The nurses are having their dinner," Winifred told her. "Mr. Stevens has it fixed with the gardener. The car is already out in the road."

"You'll stay here? Promise you won't go outside?"

"I'll stay," said Winifred. "I'll look after Beezer."

MONICA hugged her, then went out into the hall and walked quickly and silently to the terrace. In the gray light she saw Stevens. He was leaning against one of the posts at the entry. She saw his eyes move, taking her in. She walked close to him, and suddenly he roused. His arms shot out, his hands gripped her shoulders. He pulled her toward him. She felt a start of surprise. This wasn't anger—there was a kind of despair in his eyes. "I can't take you there."

"I'm going anyway. You can't leave me out. Biddy was my sister."

In the half-dark his face seemed tight, bitter, brooding. "There's something you'd better know."

"About you?"

"I'm not on your side, or your sister's side. Barbara never liked me. I didn't like her. I always thought she was a cheat."

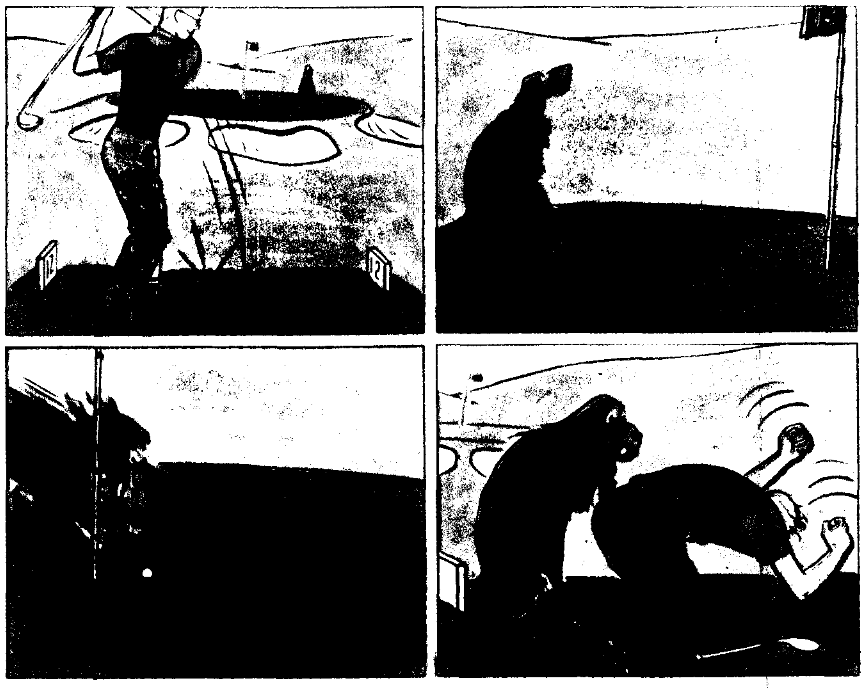
Monica's mind closed against him. There had been a moment, there at the beginning of their meeting, when a wild new thought had beat inside her brain. Now it was gone. Stevens was the enemy. "I'm still going."

He thought she hadn't understood. "Don't you see—this can turn out nastily from your point of view. We might find out that your sister wasn't what you thought she was."

"I know that." This was bitter knowledge, gained through a long day of lying abed, thinking. "I'm not going to let it stop us."

"If I find out what you wouldn't want

CLANCY



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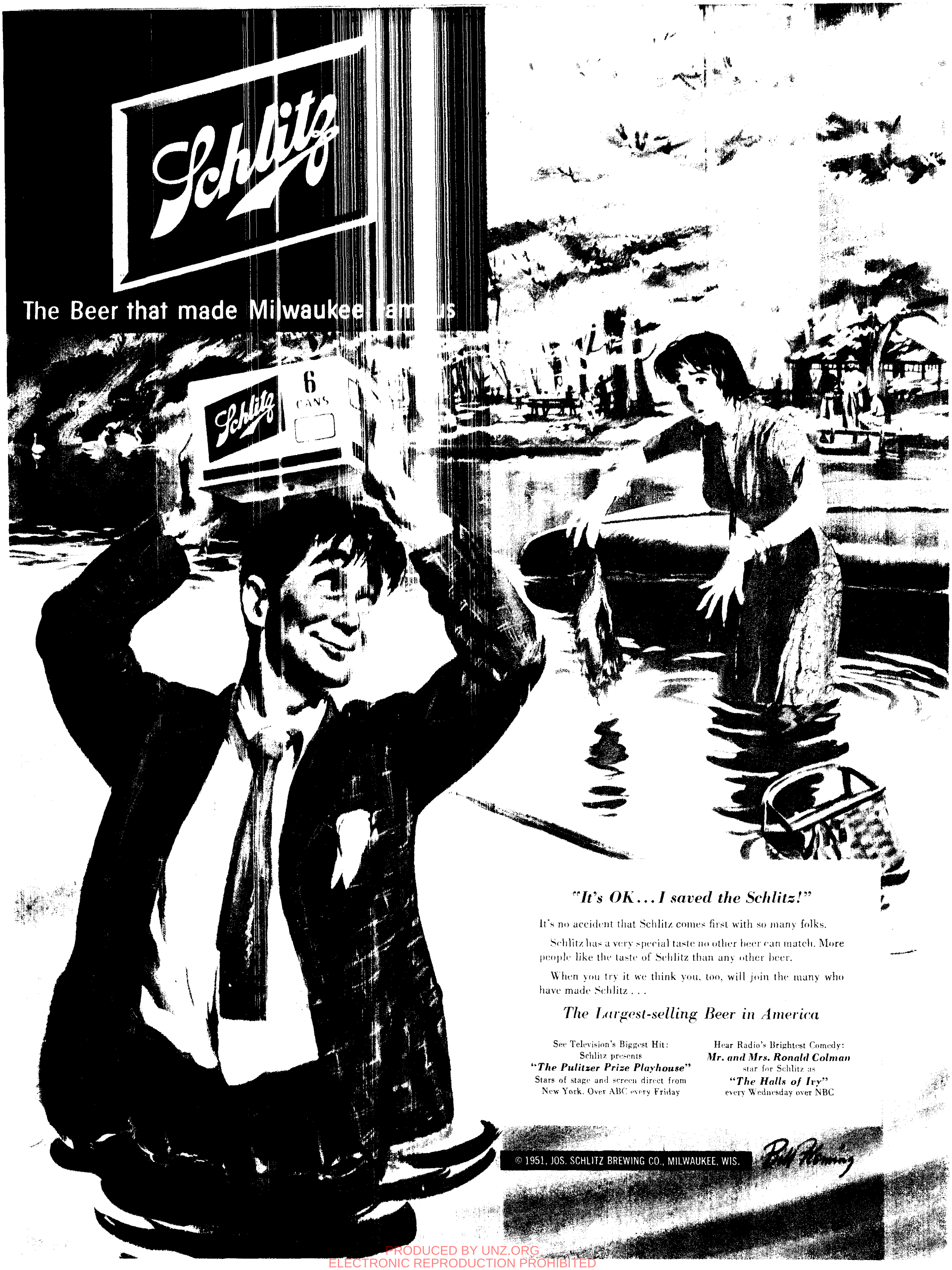
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known, I can't keep it a secret. Not if it's important to Jerry's defense."

"Promise me you won't take Winifred away from me. That's all."

He took his hands off her shoulders. "Why should you say that?"

"I know you have some claim. Perhaps one as good as mine. When you held her today, when her face was close to yours—"

He cut her off abruptly. "Someone's coming. They'll be looking for you. Let's go."

They hurried to the back gate, where the gardener waited. He looked with deliberate innocence in the opposite direction as Monica passed through. The car was parked below the rise, at the spot where Monica had met Aldeen yesterday. Stevens put Monica in the car, then went around and slid in behind the wheel. "I won't ever take Winifred away," he said. "She's yours—if Jerry can't have her."

"Thank you."

HE STARTED the car, drove to Ventura Boulevard and joined the traffic going east. They swept through Cahuenga Pass into the fringes of Hollywood, then west again on Sunset. Stevens slowed down now and then, and studied the rearview mirror. "We're going to be early. They wanted us at nine thirty. We'll beat that time by a half hour and see what's doing. It's a place in a canyon, a side road. I went up part way this afternoon. I don't like the isolation. It looks phony."

"Veach would have to be careful about who he took in for treatment," she pointed out. "He couldn't admit just anyone. He'd end up with charity cases and stool pigeons and an order from the police to cease and desist."

Stevens grunted, weaving through traffic in a burst of speed. "It was too easy. It should have been harder."

"You were in luck."

He shook his head. "I don't believe in luck." They were on the Strip now; neon signs glowed, shattering the dark; and feverish, overdressed people hovered at the doors of the expensive night spots. Beyond Beverly Hills, Stevens turned the car right and found a road that wound among trees. It looked much like the district where Mr. Demarist had his house.

There were walls, iron gates, an air of exclusive quiet. Then suddenly the surroundings changed. Monica caught sight of a couple of shacks beside the road. This was outside the city limits, outside the control of the building restrictions set up to keep the neighborhood slick and glossy. This was county, and it was shabby and helter-skelter. Still the road climbed, leaving the cluster of shacks behind. It wound between sharp little hills, skirted a reservoir whose waters glittered faintly under the stars. The wind searched its way into the car, a desert wind with sage smells and a touch of dust. Stevens turned off the lights. The car lurched and crawled, feeling its way up the steep grade.

Monica was beginning to share Stevens' feeling about the trip. It was indeed queer that Veach would ask a prospective patient to make this long drive to such a lonely spot.

With a wrench of the wheel, Stevens pulled off the road into a pocket of utter blackness. Shrubbery scratched at the windows. Monica smelled the sharpness of crushed sage. She felt Stevens' hand touch her arm. He said, "Follow me out this way." She slid across the seat, under the steering wheel, and out of the car.

"I don't see any sign of life," she complained in a whisper.

"We're early, of course." He guided her to a level spot in the road. "We're going to crawl through a hole in a fence. Duck down a bit. We don't want to be conspicuous." They went forward between clumps of sage. Monica felt twigs grind underfoot; the strong tang of the crushed herb filled the air. The ground rose and broke into tiny gullies. Stevens reached out, taking her hand and putting it against wire netting. "There's a hole here. You'll have to wriggle through after me." Then he was gone. Monica felt her way to the ragged break in the wire. Stevens' hands found her again, settled on her shoulders, pushed her down and then pulled her forward. She dropped to her knees and crawled through.

Stevens put his mouth against her ear. "The house is above us, a little to your right. See it?"

She squinted, straining to see in the dark, and made out the bulk of a dwelling. Not large. It reminded her of the clustered shacks in the canyon. "What sort of place is it?"

"It's a dump," said Stevens.

"Then we've come into a trap," she told him. "Veach wouldn't bring a prosperous patient here."

"He may let the subordinates do the screening on the pickups in the bars. We'll take a chance. Or I will."

"What are you going to say?"

"Not much. Most of it will be up to you. Think of the worst hang-over you ever had, and act it out. A semistupor. I'll ask you questions as if I want you to make a good impression. You ignore me, or grunt."

It sounded vulgar and stupid; Monica felt herself stiffening.

"I know—you're too good for the part," Stevens said sourly. "Play it the way you want . . . Quiet—somebody's coming."

They crouched by the fence and waited while footsteps passed some distance away. Several minutes later, far down the hill, a car's motor started and then there was the soft crunch of tires. Stevens peered down that way. "No lights. I didn't see the car on the way up, but then I wasn't using my lights, either. I don't like this. Someone's cleared out."

"Leaving the trap?"

"Let's have a look at what they left."

She tried to get to her feet silently, slipped on gravel, and almost fell, making a lot of noise.

"Don't worry. We'll go quick, not quiet." He pulled her with him into a level path. They found wooden steps set into the side of the hill and went up, making no effort to be silent. The house had a smell that met them—an old smell, a tired and undusted and overused smell. People had been here on week ends, Monica decided, and had done a lot of drinking and smoking and hadn't aired or cleaned up afterward. The porch was unsteady as though the foundations were beginning to weaken. She knew, without being able to see, that the paint was peeling, that the windows were dusty, that the place exuded a secretive dirtiness. Stevens opened the door. There was no light inside, only more of the same smell.

"I'll find the light switch," Stevens muttered. She heard his hand rubbing the wall. "No button by the door. Might be a cord in the middle of the room." He went away, leaving her alone with the night at her back.

MONICA found herself shivering in spite of the stricture of the tape, the warmth of her coat. The feeling of being on the verge of a trap was making her heart hammer. "Where are you?" she said.

"Right over here. I've found something." The next instant the light went on—it was a floor lamp beside a divan. On the divan was a woman who looked at Monica and smirked.

It was Wanda, the blonde.

She was all wrapped up in a gray fur coat. Her legs were half off the couch, as though she might be getting ready to sit up. Her yellow hair was fuzzy and unkempt and her make-up needed fixing. There were dark patches under her eyes where the mascara had run. Wanda had been crying.

"What's the matter with her?" Monica whispered.

"She's dead," Stevens answered. He stood looking at the body with a cynical expression, as though Wanda had played him exactly the kind of trick he had expected.

"How?"

He reached with a forefinger and flipped the edge of the gray coat, so that the things Wanda had on underneath were visible. She was wearing a green satin dress; the blood

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on its bosom was like the blooming of a gigantic flower. "Shot through the heart. No blood on the coat. She was brought here afterward. Then the coat was put on her and she was propped up to wait."

"For us to find her?"

"Something like that." He began to walk around the room. It was a narrow room, perhaps ten by twenty, stretched across the front of the house. There were two inner doors. Stevens went through one, snapped on a light, and came back out. "Kitchen. Lots of dirty dishes. No weapons, unless she was killed with a wooden fork." He went through the other door. Monica crossed the room, avoiding the divan, to peer in at him. There was a bed. Stevens had pulled the mattress up and was looking through the springs at the floor. He glanced at her. "Come here."

She went to stand beside him, to look where he pointed. On the floor, in the midst of dust-rolls, was a gun.

"I don't get it," Stevens muttered. "The whole thing smells of a trap, of a plant, except for the gun being where it is. We couldn't be expected to pick it up, to handle it." He glanced at the watch on his wrist. "Nine twenty. We're supposed to be coming through Beverly Hills about now." He let the mattress drop.

"We have to get away from here," she said.

"Not yet."

"It's dangerous. We might be found here."

"We'd be found here at nine thirty, much to our embarrassment," he said. "I wish now I'd risked taking a look at the gent who walked down the hill in the dark."

"Was it Veach?"

Stevens went on frowning. "Somehow I didn't think so. A heavier guy than Veach . . . You haven't seen Wanda since you came back to town?"

"No, but Winifred saw her while you were in the bar."

"She told me."

The silence closed in after his words. Monica's mind kept re-creating for her the scene on the divan—Wanda, with her hair all screwed about on her head, as if from a struggle, with the stains of mascara on her cheeks. She'd spent some little while in fear, in terrified weeping. She'd known what was coming. Why had Veach sacrificed her to the scheme of trying to trap his enemies? Were they so close to the truth—was Winifred's little story so damaging—that he had to get them out of the way at all costs?

Wanda . . . Monica recalled the rocklike stare, the impervious self-satisfaction. A woman who thought well of herself. Mrs. Lannon had warned her to keep her mouth shut. Wanda had proved expendable.

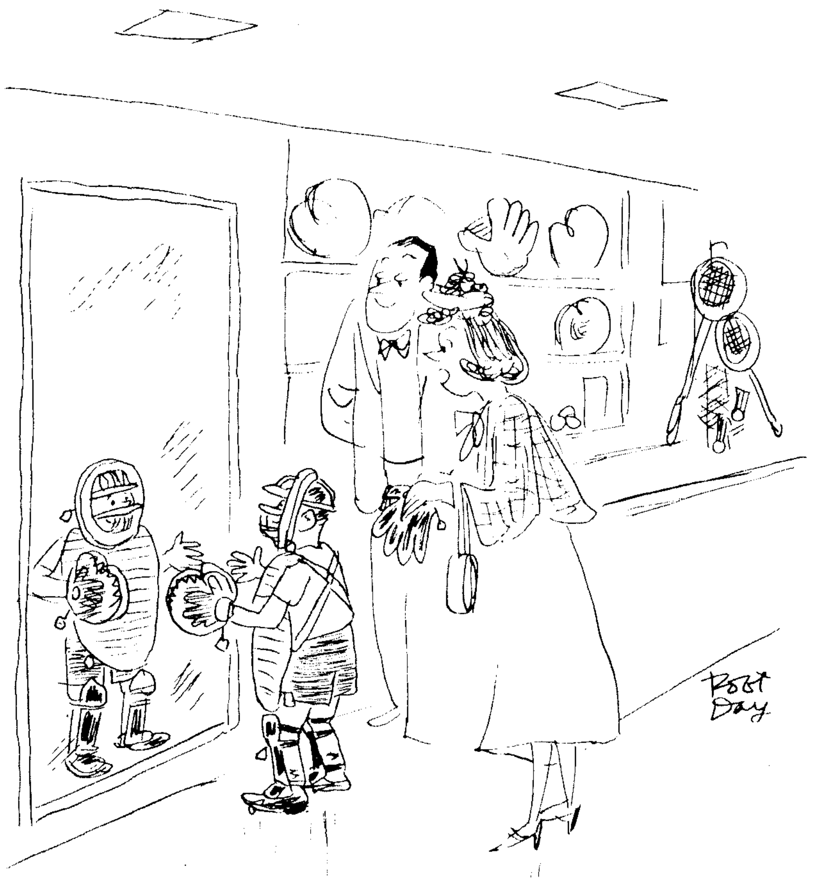
But Veach's reasoning was faulty. There was no link between Stevens and herself and the blond woman, except the fact that they had been at Raboldi's together. It wasn't enough. He couldn't expect the police to know it, to take a charge against them seriously.

SHE moved restlessly away from Stevens and walked back into the other room. Stevens was cutting the time too close. They had to be down off this hill before the trap sprang shut on them. She went to the doorway, pushed the screen ajar, and looked out at the night. It was velvety and deep, that darkness. It could hide many things. A murderer, for instance.

She heard Stevens' step behind her in the room, and then, far away, another sound. A siren. It sounded thin and lonely, floating up to the twisted reaches of the canyon.

Stevens' hand on her arm jerked as he caught the sound. "It could be for us. We'll go now." He went back and clicked off the light. A moment later he was beside her again; they went out upon the faintly shuddering porch. There was no siren now. They began to walk down the path that led to the steps and the hole in the fence. It's too quiet, Monica thought. There's too much silence—and the cruel business inside that cabin hasn't any sense to it. Wanda was killed for something which isn't going to come off. Some inner part of her mind whispered: It will come off and you won't like it.

I'm turning Veach into a superman. He can make mistakes. He's already made one—Biddy's ring. He shouldn't have let me find it in Margaret's room; he shouldn't



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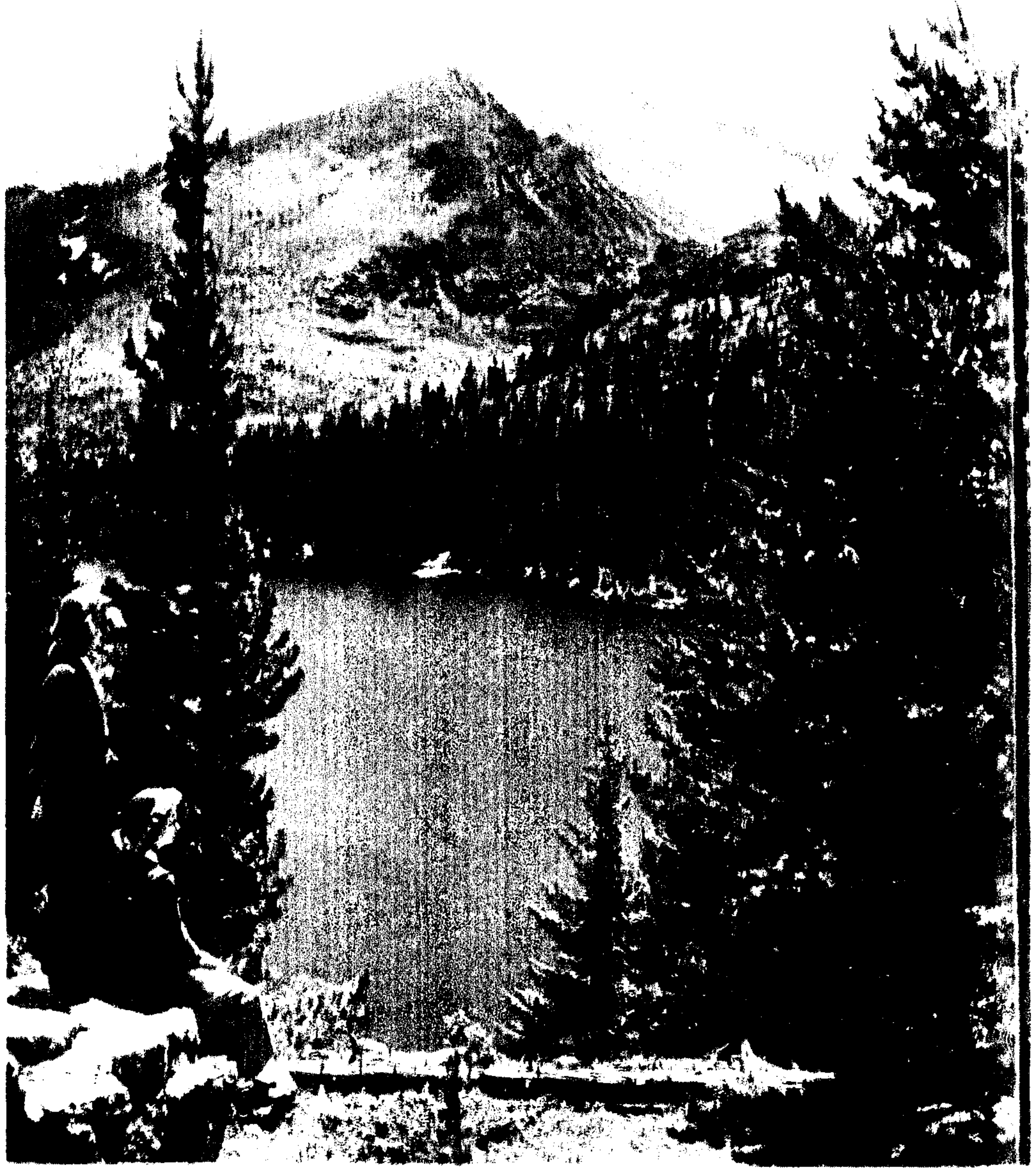

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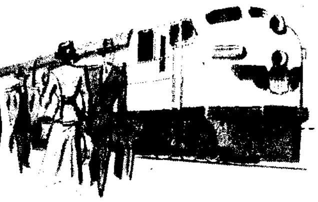

CAVALCADE OF SPORTS
...Jack Redmond

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have let me get hold of that pitiful proof of his hold over my dead sister. Because no matter what happens to Jerry Huffman, I'm going to see that Mr. Veach gets his just deserts. It may take years, it may ruin me; but I'm going to attend to him personally.

The siren came again, briefly, just enough to clear a knot of traffic at an intersection. Not enough to startle two guilty people on a hillside above the city. Stevens was at the hole in the fence. He crouched, pulling her with him through the broken wire. They felt their way through the thicket of sage, across the road, into the car. Monica slid in, Stevens following. He started the motor.

The car had started to roll when Monica cried out, a wordless yelp full of sudden fright. Stevens jammed on the brakes. "What is it?"

"The gun!"

He peered at her in the dark. "What about it?"

"At Mrs. Lannon's house. It was in Biddy's suitcase. Mrs. Lannon said she'd given it to Biddy because Biddy was afraid." She shook Stevens' arm, trying to make him understand.

"You touched it?"

"And she didn't. She had me lay it on the sewing machine."

"Oh, God. Your fingerprints are all over it. That's why it was under the bed. We weren't supposed to see it; the police were." He opened the door on his side of the car.

"What are you going to do?"

"Go back and wipe it off."

"There isn't time!"

He hesitated for a moment. "You'll have to get out of here and take the car. I'm going to try something. Go straight to Mrs. Adams' place. Wait a minute." He stood with the door open: she could barely see him in the dark. "There has to be another trail. The fingerprint angle needs backing up." He beat his fist on the rim of the window. "Those things you brought from Mrs. Lannon's place—you'd better go through them at once. It's the only thing I can think of right now. Hurry up and get on it."

He shut the door and vanished into the dark.

SHE parked the car at the curb under the hill and began to climb to the back gate of Mrs. Adams' place. She was trembling with fear, and with the effort to control it. Instinct commanded her to crouch, to hide, to be small and silent. She paused at the crest of the rise to suck breath into her lungs and to look back. She staggered on, to touch the fence, to follow it to the gate at the rear. She shook the iron frame softly. Inside, out of reach, the padlock grated on the mesh, the chain rattled. "Let me in!" There wasn't any answer. She looked up. The fence was about eight feet high. Monica took off her shoes, tossed them over, and tried digging her toes into the spaces between the steel mesh. The pain was excruciating.

She took off the coat and flung it upward by the collar. The collar caught at the top of the fence and hung there. She tested it with her weight, and it held. Mrs. Adams, you're not as good as you thought you were. I've found a way into your fortress.

And others might, said a part of her mind.

She scrambled upward, clutching the coat, digging her toes into the spaces of the steel mesh. Her stockings snagged and tore; the hem of her dress ripped with a snapping of stitches. Then she was teetering at the top of the fence. She was up; now she had to get down. I could break my neck, she thought, if there's something there and I hit it. She wriggled over the stiff fringe of the mesh. Her ribs stabbed her, and she let go and dropped.

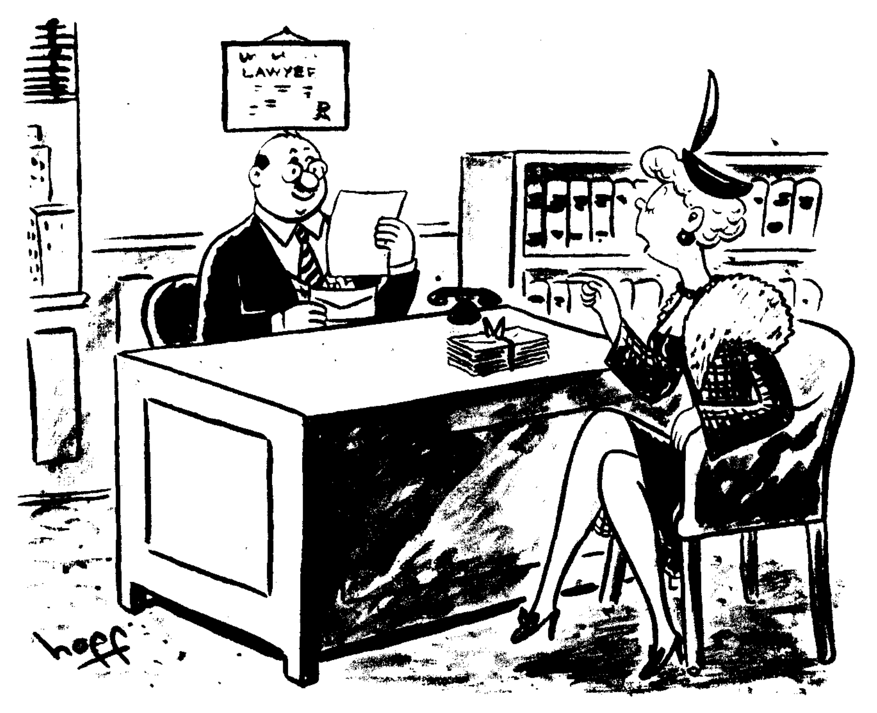
THERE was a sharp pain in her left calf. She lay, on the grass, conquering the urge to yell, then felt behind her to find what she'd hit. A rose stake—a little stick to keep a thorny plant upright. She touched her left leg. It was sticky with a warm wetness. The welt on her flesh was beginning to throb. Then the ribs began again—a steady burning. She forced herself up and began to hobble toward the terrace. Then she remembered the coat and went back for it.

She took the rose stake and hooked the collar with it. The fabric was firmly wedged into the spiked edges of the steel mesh. She tugged and swore. When it came, it fell over her head and she fought it as if it were alive. "You're cracking up, old girl," she chattered. Then she laughed. It would be easy to go on laughing; a lot of hysterical giggling seemed crowded just inside her throat. Then the sobering thought came that Mrs. Adams had strait jackets in her little closets and wouldn't have any hesitation about using one if it seemed necessary.

Monica wrapped herself in the coat and headed for the terrace.

There was a man on the terrace, a fellow in a white jacket, evidently one of the help whom Monica hadn't seen. He was stretched out in a lounge chair, snoring.

She tiptoed past and went into the hall. The quiet, she thought, had a slyness about it, as though Mrs. Adams and the nurses might be hiding and spying on her. She went to her room. The light was on; the



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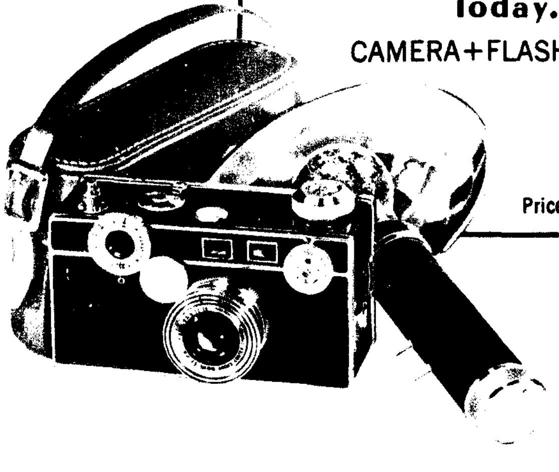


bed was made: everything was in lovely hospital order. Also, her bags were packed and sitting in the middle of the floor.

Mrs. Adams had had enough.

There wasn't time to lie down but she had to, anyway. Besides, there was an evil satisfaction in falling on the crisp counterpane, feeling the covers give and disarrange themselves all the way through to the mattress. She rolled, smiling to herself, her eyes shut.

She opened her eyes. It had only been a moment. Or had it? She got up and tried to clean herself up as well as she could. She took off her torn stocking and washed off the dried blood on her leg. Then she went over to the heap of bags and boxes. Biddy's blue suitcase was on top. The cartons were underneath. Monica pulled them out. She rummaged in one of her own bags for fingernail scissors, then cut the heavy twine.

A smell of moth balls rose from the packed things. Filmy curtains, a chiffon spread embroidered in pink roses, a sterling dresser set—this was bedroom stuff. It had cost money, lots of money. Monica dug deeper. There were knickknacks rolled in fluffy throw rugs, nothing else. At the bottom of the box was a piece of writing paper. In black ink, in an angular hand, the articles in the box were listed.

At the bottom of the sheet were two signatures:

Rowena Charles, Manageress
Mary Cassidy, Maid

Protecting each other. Mary had done the work of packing while Rowena watched. No question of pilfering from the dead, from the poor young woman who had been afraid of her husband and had been beaten to death by him on the stairs.

Monica felt the pressure of hurry. She cut the twine on the other box and dumped the contents out on the floor, helter skelter. She saw more little rugs, a few delicate china dishes, tablecloths, a couple of bright-jacketed novels, shoes. Just one pair of shoes, red patent pumps, the heels studded with rhinestones. They were just a little shabby. Biddy had worn them a lot; she'd worn them to bars, Monica thought with a stab, doing Veach's dirty business.

MONICA took the shoes to the bed and sat down there to look at them. One of the heels was loose. It came off in Monica's hand. The heel was hollow; there was a space the size of a large pencil in its center. As Monica lifted it, a few grains of a white powder drifted out. Monica sniffed at the little opening. There was no odor but that of the leather. She shook the heel. More of the powder fell into her palm.

With sudden, unaccountable revulsion, Monica wiped her hand on the edge of the bed.

She set the shoes together—their red glitter was bright as blood against the white spread. There was something naughty and daring about them. They had life, high style, a foolish recklessness. She knew how Biddy had felt, buying them. *Get it now*—you may not be here tomorrow. Claw into life with both hands. These were night-life shoes, dancing shoes, barroom shoes.

Oh, Biddy, I kept you in school uniforms too long!

She went back to the box, her mind heavy with guilt. She turned over some of the household stuff—little pictures that had hung on Biddy's walls, gay towels, bath mats. Then she saw it, tucked into the folds of a peach-colored sheet—a purse, and not one that Biddy would have owned. A straw bag, worn and misshapen, with garish embroidery in wool: the eternal lazy Mexican sleeping under a cactus. *Tijuana* was stamped all over it; it was the kind of thing tourists were forever bringing back from over the border. Monica jerked at the soiled bamboo catch. The contents spilled out on the floor.

There were two lipsticks, a shabby gilt compact, some wadded facial tissues, a scattering of coins and bills, and a lot of little paper packets folded to a uniform size and thickness. But these were not what held Monica stiffened above the bag, her face tight, her lips thinned with fear.

The thing which stunned her was the smell. A violet odor, strong as sheep-dip, rose like a miasma from these things. Wanda's smell. Monica closed her eyes; inwardly she saw Wanda at the door of the cottage at the lake and was choked again by the overpowering perfume.

She jerked her thoughts back to the present, turned the white packets over, and prodded one with her fingernail.

A small amount of white crystalline powder seeped out through the hole.

SHE saw it all now, saw how neat and complete it was. Wanda was dead, and here was Wanda's handbag in her room. No one had to spell out the meaning of the white powder. Wanda had been killed with a gun that had Monica's fingerprints on it, and now Monica had Wanda's little hoard of heroin, or whatever the stuff was.

She saw how the trap was supposed to work. Her sister had owned a pair of slippers with a false heel in which were traces of a drug. That made her sister a drug peddler. Monica had come to Los Angeles to take over everything of her sister's—the business end, too. Two of a kind. Wanda had tried to muscle in as a replacement (You can bet there'll be no lead to Veach, Monica thought grimly) and hadn't wanted to give up the trade. An argument had followed—Wanda had lost it. The source of supply? Oh, you can get the stuff anywhere.

A hot pulse began to throb behind Monica's eyes. She grabbed up all the little packets and limped into the bathroom. When she had disposed of the stuff, she came back and studied the straw bag and Wanda's other belongings. They weren't as easy to get rid of. She'd have to figure something—

There was a brisk tap at the window. Monica saw the pale blob of a face against the glass. She went to the pane and pulled it inward on steel hinges. Winifred was on the other side of the bars.

"What the devil are you doing out there?" Monica demanded.

"Beezer and I are keeping watch," said Winifred. "I hear sirens coming."

Monica gripped the bars and leaned against them to listen. The sound of the sirens was thin and remote; it died when the vehicle reached the entrance to the road from Ventura Boulevard.

Monica ran for her coat, her bag, then Wanda's purse. She hurried down the hall, meeting a single nurse who was standing still, frowning over a patient's chart. The terrace was deserted. Winifred and the cat stood together just beyond the perimeter of the lights. The child was fully dressed and wore the blue jacket Monica had bought her. The cat was switching his tail.

"This way," Monica said.

"Are we running from the cops?" Winifred asked interestedly.

Monica didn't answer. She ran for the back fence and threw her coat to the top of the steel netting. "Up with you," she said to Winifred. Winifred mounted with the agility of a monkey. Monica picked up Beezer, set his claws into the coat, and gave him a boost. He went over, dropping lightly.

They hurried. Instead of taking the path which led straight down the hill, Monica headed for a little grove of eucalyptus trees on a rise to the left. They skirted the deep shadow, walking in twigs and fallen leaves which crackled underfoot. Winifred slipped a hand into one of Monica's. "I was lonesome for you."

Monica bent to rub the small fingers against her chin. "I missed you, too."

"Are we going to meet Mr. Stevens?"

A shiver went over Monica. "If we're lucky."

"He's a nice man," said Winifred.

"Why didn't you tell me you already knew him?"

"You didn't like him."

They had paused at the edge of the hill. Here they were sheltered by the overhanging branches, the deep night under the trees. Ahead was the broad glow of the valley; behind, the little island of light under the black bulk of the hills. A car rocketed out of the defile and stopped at Mrs. Adams' gate. A man opened the door of the car and went to the gatepost and rang the bell there. He wore no uniform, but Monica knew what he was.

They waited. The car inched forward as the gardener came to open the lock. Monica asked, "Why were you outside?"

"Beezer wanted out."

"What gave you the idea there might be trouble?"

Winifred pressed closer. "I don't know. I sort of got a cold feeling in the middle of my back. I looked in at your window and you were sleeping. Then I felt queer."

Monica remembered with a stab that moment when she had lain on the bed. "Did I sleep long?"

"It looked long," Winifred said.

Monica ground her teeth together. She'd lain sleeping while the police spread their net for her—while Stevens stayed to rub her prints from the gun and to get out the best way he might. Fine, fine. I'm sharp, she thought. I sleep, and an infant with more sense than I watches over me.

"I saw you looking at Mama's shoes," Winifred said.

"The red patent slippers," Monica said. "One of the heels came off."

"It didn't come off when Mama had it," the child said, "because I used to wear them when I played, sometimes, and nothing happened."

The car had vanished into Mrs. Adams' driveway. "Come on. Quick and quiet. Watch for stones and don't fall down." Monica pulled the child after her. The path was difficult and winding, the reflected light from the valley thin and deceptive. Winifred slipped on gravelly spots.

BUT at last the three of them were on the lower sidewalk and ahead were the scattered lights of the big homes. Monica approached Stevens' rented car with caution. She stood beside it for some moments, listening. Then she and Winifred got into the front.

Winifred knelt on the seat to look at the road behind. "Mama had a lot more shoes."

The cat was inclined to balk; he didn't like the strange car. Monica tossed him in, scarcely listening to what the child had said.

"Mama liked bright colored shoes. She liked buckles and little bows and fancy laces."

The curb slid away; the car crept downward between the homes toward the bright, busy intersection. Monica glanced at the instruments: the gas gauge was registering low. She drove for some distance on Ventura Boulevard before pulling into a service station.

It was the first moment of letdown, of time for reason, since the moment she had awakened on the bed in her room. She crossed her arms at the top of the steering wheel and laid her head on them. The attendant came and said, "Yes, ma'am?" and she answered, "Five gallons," without even looking up.

What utter insanity had she been guilty of, taking the child and the cat with her while she tried to dodge the police? Winifred had been safe with Mrs. Adams; Monica had removed her from that safety. She'd been a fool.

TOSSED into the rear seat was Wanda's bag. Bringing it away with her was the one sensible thing she'd done, but it was time now to get rid of it. She got out from behind the wheel, took the bag from the back, and went to the ladies' toilet. There she checked the bag's shabby interior, wiped any possible prints off the compact and the lipsticks, felt the lining for any hidden thing which might lead back to Wanda. In a pocket of the lining she found two items: Wanda's California driver's license and a snapshot of a fox terrier. The picture of the little dog brought a stab—Wanda had loved something, had kept its memory with her. She'd been a gross and conniving crook, and Veach's hireling, but a part of her had been human and loving.

With lips pressed together grimly, Monica tore the license and the snapshot into tiny bits and flushed them away. Then she stepped outside the lighted room and looked around. Across an alley was the service entry of a cafe, with trash containers ranged beside the door. Monica walked over quickly and put the purse among the other debris, then returned to the car.

She paid for the gas and pulled out again into traffic. To Winifred she said, "Tell me about the other shoes."

"Mama's shoes? They were pretty."

"I know. Do you remember any particular pair?"

"No."

How could she remember, Monica reminded herself, after all these months? I'm asking too much of her.

They came to a hamburger joint, its facade bright with neon, and Winifred said, "I'm hungry. All I had for dinner was some creamed stuff on a bun. I think it was part of the insides of a chicken." The doubt in her voice implied that she had not cared to eat it. "Besides, I think Beezer wants milk."

Monica parked the car and they entered the small cafe. Winifred wanted a double hamburger with pickle. Beezer drank milk from a paper cup. The place had an aroma of fried meat, onions and strong coffee. The juke box ground out one tune after another.

While the kid ate and the old cat licked his lips, Monica thought out what she must do. When the plan was complete, she outlined it to Winifred.

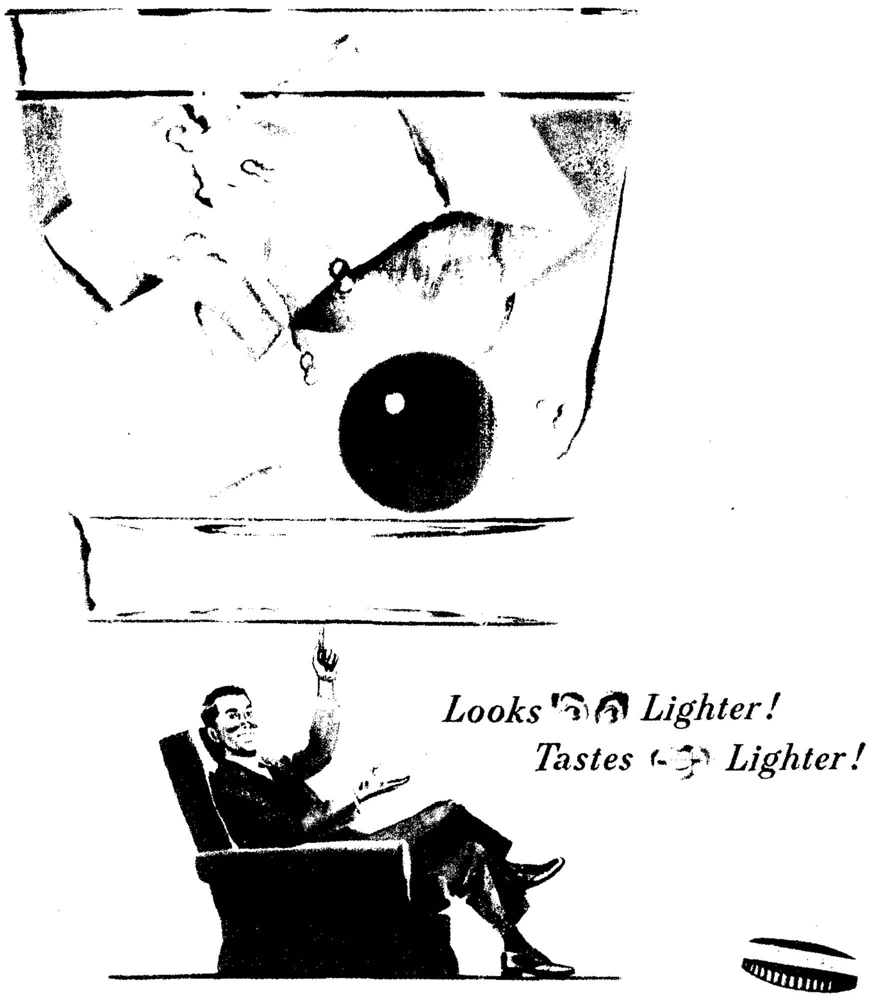
Thirty minutes later she left the car under a street light a half block from Mrs. Lamont's house.

(To be concluded next week)

Beginning Next Week

A SHOT IN THE DARK

Five months ago, Johnny Edwards had been a charming, irresponsible playboy. Now he was a hard-working Border Patrol inspector with just one idea: to get the man who'd killed his friend, Tony Mendoza. He didn't have time for any other ideas—like falling in love with Sally McCarter. Johnny knew the man he wanted was kingpin of the alien-smuggling racket. The trick was to find him and kill him, and Johnny didn't plan to let anything stop him.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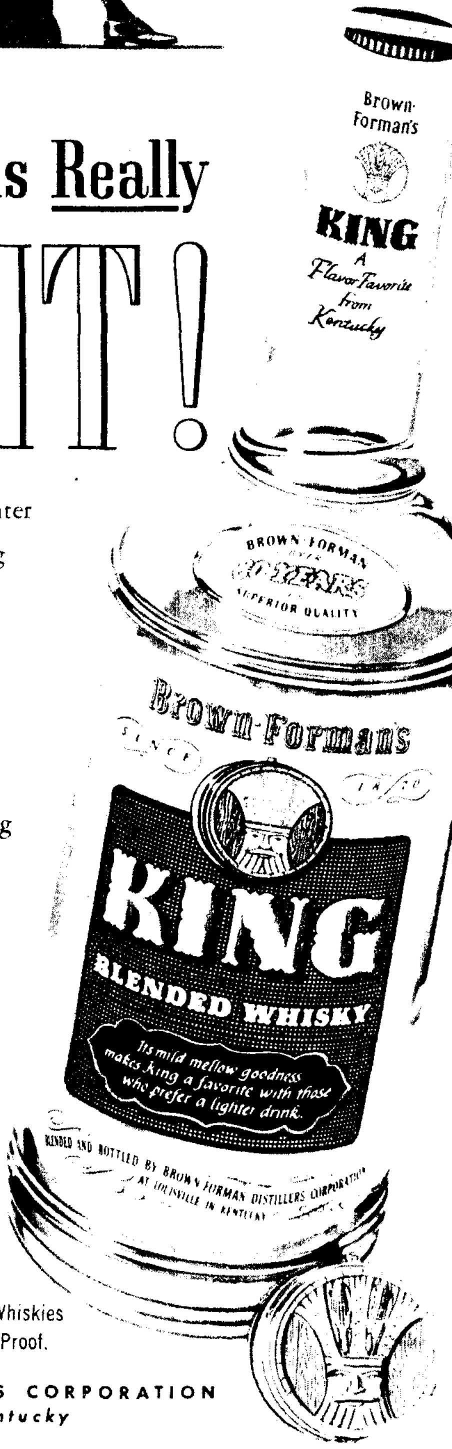
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"Housekeeping" on a railroad, keeping cars and locomotives clean, has developed ingenious machines like the one you see here to do the job better and faster.

Here is one of Erie's big diesels getting its regular bath. Chemically-treated water sprays out of dozens of jets under high pressure. Huge circular brushes whirling at high speed remove the grime that accumulates so fast on a busy railroad. Out moves the diesel—all 200 feet of it—spick and span in gleaming black and yellow in less than three minutes, ready for its next run!

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Erie Railroad

ERIE

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The New Air War

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

say time and again when they return from missions. "S'help me, this MIG had me right in his sights. He could've clobbered me. But he missed. I'm still shaking."

Further proof of the MIG's inferior gunnery is the fact that, as of this writing, only one F-86 Sabre has been hit—and then with only one round from the MIG's 37-mm. cannon (but it was a lethal hit: the F86, when last seen, was spinning earthward).

Regardless of what the record shows, you can't get the Sabre pilots to make any hard and fast statements about the reasons behind the enemy's gunnery showing. "There's too much we still don't know about the MIG to make any sweeping conclusions," they said. "For instance, it would be unwise to discredit completely the guys flying the MIGs, whoever they are. Maybe they are as good gunners as we are and perhaps the fault lies in the sighting device they're using—or maybe they have none. Perhaps the difference lies in the slower rate of fire of the MIG's cannon as contrasted to the very rapid firing rate of our .50-caliber machine guns. Or perhaps it *is* a matter of gunnery training. But we don't know."

In spite of their repeated success, I found these Sabre fliers strangely reluctant to discount the enemy—possibly because they realized only too well that the pilots in the Red aircraft, as well as those who directed and studied their operations, were using Korea only as a proving ground. Everything we learned the enemy was also learning; perhaps these combat veterans feared, more than others could, the day when their present advantages might cease to exist.

Here were no World War II eager beavers of the wild blue yonder. They'd been through all that—and through the long, hard peacetime struggle to keep at least part of the nation's fighter force intact. And now they were the men who would have a great deal to do with determining the outcome of a real air showdown.

Above the deafening roar of jet planes taxiing for take-off, I tried to listen to what these men of the 4th Fighter Wing were saying. I looked about the drab operations shack on the edge of the runway. Seated on boxes, folding chairs and camp stools were some of the world's most experienced fliers and fighter experts.

Seeing a "Project" in Combat

The wing CO, Colonel Smith, who comes from Bath, New York, had spent 17 years at Wright Field in Dayton, Ohio. Before he took over the jet wing, he was chief of the Experimental Aircraft Project of Wright's engineering division and had had an important hand in the development of the Sabre, America's first swept-back wing craft. Now he was here to see how his "project" made out in combat. His pride in the accomplishments of his boys and his plane couldn't be concealed.

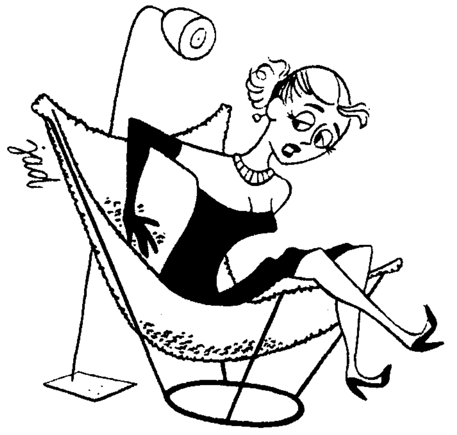
Then there was John C. Meyer, of Forest Hills, New York, a brand-new "bird" colonel. He is also the leading living American ace, with 38½ victories (including one MIG) to his credit in two wars. Meyer is considered one of the soundest and most brilliant officers the Air Force has.

Sitting next to him and looking very much like a recruiting poster, tall, soft-spoken Lieutenant Colonel Bruce H. Hinton, of Stockton, California, was beginning to discover the penalty one pays for bagging the group's first MIG. Although the ribbing was motivated by the best spirit of camaraderie and respect, it was relentless. "Aw, c'mon, Bruce," everyone in the room chorused, "tell the lady how you shot down your first MIG. If you're bashful, we'll do it; we know it by heart: there you were, all alone, surrounded by MIGs . . ."

Colonel Hinton winced and blushed like a schoolboy.

There was Lieutenant Colonel Glenn T. Eagleston, of Alhambra, California, whose two war records stand at 23½ confirmed victories, including one MIG; Major R. G. "Zack" Taylor, of Durham, North Carolina, the wing's operations officer, with 13½ "kills" in World War II; and two younger officers who had downed one MIG each: twenty-six-year-old Captain J. O. Roberts, of Washington, D. C., and Lieutenant J. M. Odiorne, 28, from Daytona Beach, Florida.

JACK DONOVAN



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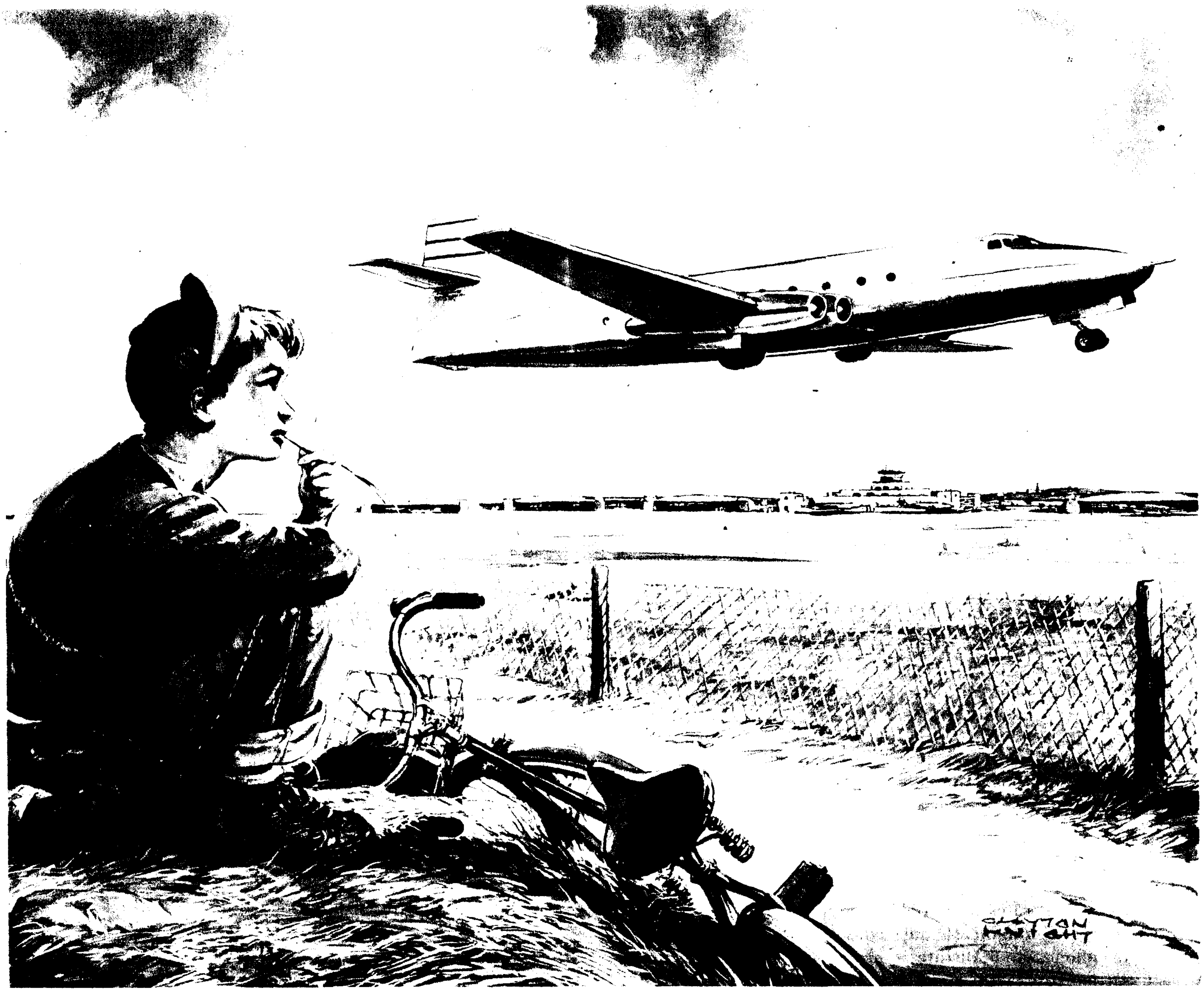
—BETTY ISLER

Except for these "youngsters" and the "Old Man" (Colonel Smith is forty-five), all the others in the room were in their thirties. All were married, and most of them had two or three children. Their average fighter time ran about 2,000 hours. These were the "pros": battle-hardened, mature men, who had learned how to take care of themselves; courageous—but cautious.

This interceptor group has sufficient reason for pride: in it are at least 11 World War II aces I know of; and the total group score of enemy planes accounted for in Europe was 1,016½. The outfit was formed in the fall of 1942 in Great Britain from the famous Eagle Squadrons which had been made up of American volunteers flying with the R.A.F. Last fall the wing, then based at New Castle, Delaware, had been slated to go to England, scene of its first triumphs. But on November 1st, the first MIG-15 appeared over the Yalu—and eight days later, Colonel Smith was given 48 hours to have his Sabres en route to Korea. He did it in 40.

Originally they had hoped to operate out of Pyongyang, but they arrived just in time to see their projected air base go under Communist management. So they flew their first missions from Kimpo on December 15th. Two days later, Hinton made aviation history by shooting down a MIG-15 in the world's first battle between two swept-back jets. Five days later, the Americans scored six confirmed "kills" in one battle.

Currently known as Smith's "International Air Force," the wing boasts several exchange officers, of whom three were on hand for our breeze-shooting session: there was Flight Lieutenant Stephen W. Daniel,



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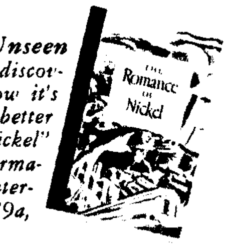

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DRIVE SAFELY...*RETURN SAFELY*

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of Closeburn, Scotland, a Royal Air Force pilot with 15½ World War II victories in the European theater of operations; Flight Lieutenant Omer J. Levesque, of Montreal, a French-Canadian in the Royal Canadian Air Force, who shot down the first German FW-190 in the last war, and Lieutenant Commander Paul E. Pugh, of Whittier, California, from the United States Navy. ("See?" said Meyer, after introducing Pugh. "Really international.")

As the SOPN (Senior Officer Present, Navy), Commander Pugh has learned to protect himself not only from MIGs, but from the wisecracks of his Air Force brothers. They give him a bad time, but while doing so make no attempt to conceal their genuine admiration for the Navy officer. He is possibly the most popular man in the outfit. A veteran of the Pacific campaign where he knocked down 10 enemy aircraft, Pugh is the only Sabre pilot so far who has downed *two* MIG-15s.

But they "lost" him one day. Eagleston, the squadron CO who was leading the flight, reports about it:

"We initially sighted four MIGs," he began. "We made a fast 270-degree turn and wound up on their tails. Two started down, with Commander Pugh after them. The other two started to climb and I followed them. The two guys I was tagging made a turn and started down. Then they pulled a twist on us and started back in the same direction. And four more MIGs appeared. Then suddenly, there were 12 others down below, where Pugh was.

"His wing man was doing a nice job of covering, but there were just too many to cover. Pugh was still chasing his two MIGs, his wing man had gone off to do battle, and the next thing I saw were some MIGs following Pugh. One of 'em was right behind him. One of the MIGs Pugh was following straggled off, but he was still on the tail of the first one—and a MIG was right on *his* tail, but he didn't know it. They were all giving their planes everything they had (they must have been on or about Mach 1—the speed of sound) and they were all firing except the MIG out in front.

"I saw all this from upstairs and tried to warn Pugh. I thought he was *'Blue 3,'* so I got on the R/T, the radio telephone, and said, '*Blue 3*, break right!'

"*Blue 3* did break away from the MIG he was following, but it wasn't Pugh. *Blue 3* was above me—and still hasn't forgiven me. By this time I remembered that Pugh's call sign was *'Yellow Leader'* so I called again on the R/T and told him to break. Still nothing happened. The three planes below were still in a straight line: the MIG, then Pugh, then the second MIG. I kept calling on the radio, but Pugh didn't budge.

"Finally, in desperation, I fairly screamed it out: '*Any* 86 that is shooting at a MIG, for God's sake, *break!*'

"Five guys broke—but not Pugh. There was just nothing we could do. All the rest of us had more than our hands full. And about that time our fuel was so low we had to break off combat and head for home. The last we saw as we left was Pugh still being chased by this MIG right on his tail. He didn't have a prayer.

"Back at our base in the wing operations room (which 'Zack' Taylor refers to as the 'torture chamber,' and with good reason) everyone was listening to the R/T chatter which had been going on between all of us over the Yalu, and they knew the spot Pugh was in just as well as we did who could see him. All the way back home, we could hear Taylor frantically trying to contact him. '*Yellow Leader*, please acknowledge,' we could hear him call. '*Yellow Leader*, acknowledge please!'

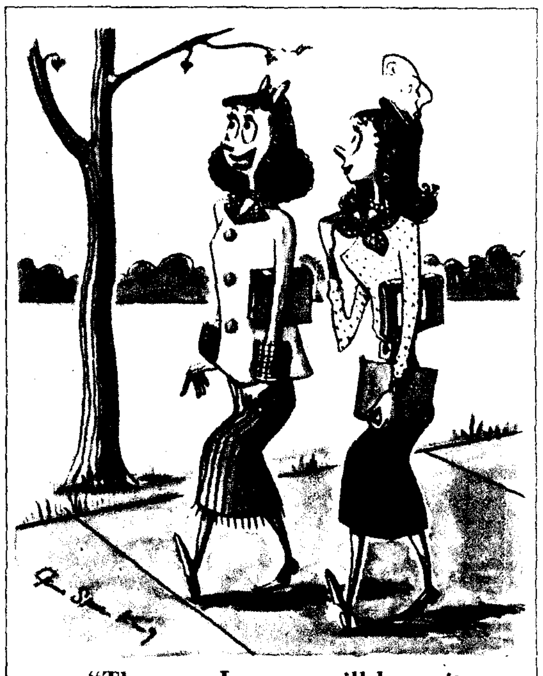
"Finally it was assumed that Pugh was down. The next thing we heard over our R/T, just as we neared our base, was Taylor making arrangements to scramble some fighters to go look for the poor guy.

"We heard him say that *Yellow Leader* was missing. And just at that point a slow, familiar voice broke in on the R/T:

"'What d'ye mean, *Yellow Leader* is missing? Hell, I'm in the traffic pattern!'

"Sure enough, so he was. It was like a dead man coming back to life. Pugh landed not long after we did, completely oblivious to what had happened. He still didn't know a MIG had been on his tail. None of us knows why Pugh wasn't shot down—maybe the MIG just got tired and went home.

"Anyway Pugh climbed out of his plane and came lumbering into the Ops room, turned to Taylor, and announced: 'Well, Zack, today ought to have made you happy: you can't beef about the R/T chatter any more. That was the best radio discipline I ever saw. Didn't hear a single word all the time we were in combat.'



"The man I marry will be quite rich! My father has the money"
COLLIER'S JANE SPEAR KING

"He was dead serious. He never did realize until we told him, that his radio had been out all that time.

"Pugh had got *his* MIG before he left the area. But the other guys, who had to break away when I told 'em to over the radio, are still moaning that he cost the group five victories."

Eagleston's colleagues claim that when he returned from sweating out Commander Pugh on this mission, they saw him literally pour perspiration out of his shoepacks, two thicknesses of socks to the contrary notwithstanding. The colonel brands this apocryphal. "Although it is true," he concedes, "that I now have holes in the bottom of my shoepacks to let the water out."

But even when nothing goes wrong, no one will deny the strain of those few moments of battle. All the pilots admit that the nervous tension is greater this time than any they remembered in the last war's dogfights.

"First of all, there are the terrifically high speeds the opposing planes are traveling at," Meyer pointed out. "There are too many ways to get killed without even knowing what happened.

"We have plenty of confidence in our plane—it's the best there is—and we've quite a bit of faith in ourselves. Don't get us wrong. But there are so *many* other complicating factors in this particular show to make it tough.

"For instance, we're up against superior numbers. The only day we were ever equally matched numerically was our first day of battle. Since then, the MIGs have outnumbered us heavily.

"And then," Meyer continued, "there's

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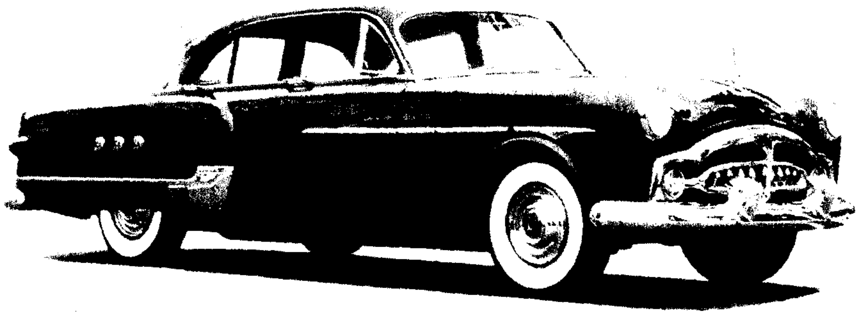

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the matter of range. Our bases in Korea are a long way from the actual battle area—a long way as the jet flies, that is. By the time we reach their own back yard along the Yalu and 'present ourselves for battle,' as it were, we have only minutes left before we are forced to leave the area and head home. Otherwise we'll never make it.

"This is just part of the tremendous tactical advantage the Reds have had. It's a case of two people trying to lay traps for each other; and from day to day their trap gets better as they gain experience from the previous days' combat. We've been fighting under the Reds' rules; they call all the shots—when to start and when to stop.

"They wait until they can 'see' us on their radarscopes, and then scramble from their Manchurian bases right across the Yalu (we can see dust on the runways as they take off), use their 'privileged sanctuary' to attain altitude (the most vulnerable period of combat) and then when they have climbed above us they fly across the river and stay just below the contrail level (the atmospheric layer at which planes produce vapor trails) so they don't show, and then try to get down on us."

But, however good their opportunity, the Red jets appear determined not to chase our planes far enough south of the Yalu to risk having one shot down near our lines. "It seems perfectly evident that the Communists don't want us to capture a MIG-15, or even the pieces of one," said a member of the group. "Their jets have never come farther south than 10 miles north of Pyongyang, even with Pyongyang in Red hands."

Possibly, as one observer speculates, this is because the Communist jets may be flown by Russian rather than by Chinese pilots. The identity of the men sitting in the cockpits of the MIG-15s still remains a mystery. All the MIGs shot down have crashed in enemy territory, and since they travel at almost sonic speeds, no American flier has yet had a good look at an enemy pilot.

One of the reasons advanced for the theory that the Red jets are flown by Russian pilots is that Chinese fliers couldn't possibly be as good as those encountered over the Yalu. But Meyer and the other Sabre pilots don't necessarily go along with this supposition. They point out that although the general level of Chinese pilots' flying skill is probably much lower than that demonstrated by those who fly the MIG-15s, this latter group would obviously be selected from the Chinese Communists' finest pilots. And many of these, they point out, probably received their training either in American flying schools or from Major General Claire Chennault in China during the last war.

An Appraisal of Enemy Fliers

"The difference between a guy who can just fly and a guy who is good lies in his ability to meet emergencies in combat and to employ his aircraft to tactical advantage," observed Lieutenant Colonel Donald W. Nance, of Lodi, California. "We've not yet had an opportunity really to assess the actual skill of these guys. Certainly they are excellent stick-and-rudder men, aggressive and capable."

Although the MIG pilots represent an unknown factor, we do by now know something of the plane itself, even though we have not been able to "dissect" one of these Red jets or study anything except gun-camera photographs of them. The similarities between the MIG-15 and the F-86 Sabre—in design and structure, as well as in performance—are amazing, until you remember that both planes were influenced by the experimental German jets of World War II: the DFS-346 and the P-1101.

In fact, up to the time that these German developments began to be uncovered after V-E day, the Sabre was being developed as a straight-wing airplane. The Sabre's designers took hold of the German data, made a quick switch and applied the swept-back configuration to the F-86. It was the first plane of this type to fly in the U.S.

Similarly, the MIG-15 is a striking example of the progress in fighter design made in the U.S.S.R. since the appearance of the Yak-15 or MIG-9.

The MIG-15 is the product of two of the U.S.S.R.'s top aircraft designers: Mikoyan and Gurevich, whose joint initials are used to form the designation MIG. It first appeared in August, 1948, in an air show at the Moscow International Tushino airfield and some months later, on May Day, 1949, a formation of 50 appeared over Moscow.

It resembles the Sabre so much that pilots flying against it often can't tell the two planes apart until they get within firing range (a situation that has forced flight leaders to call out on their radio: "All F-86s in the area, waggle your wings"). Nonetheless, there are significant differences.

The Sabre is a low-wing monoplane, while the MIG-15 is a mid-wing craft. The Sabre's wing is swept-back 35 degrees as compared to about 38 degrees in the case of the MIG. Performance figures are very nearly the same for both planes. As has been pointed out, the Sabre is a bit faster; it was this same plane which Major R. L. Johnson piloted to a world speed record of 670.9 miles an hour at Muroc Airbase, California, on September 15, 1948.

MIGs Have Heavier Armament

Although the MIG-15 is slightly smaller than the Sabre, its armament is of a heavier caliber. Sabre pilots do not feel that the MIG-15 has any advantages over the F-86, plane for plane, *unless* it's on this basis of armament. This is the source of a good deal of controversy.

The Sabre carries six .50-caliber machine guns. The MIG-15 carries one 37-millimeter cannon plus two others, somewhere between 20 and 23 mm. The difference can be explained by the respective functions for which the two planes were designed: America has concentrated on strategic bombing and its fighters are therefore designed to be versatile. The Soviet Union, on the other hand, has had to prepare defenses against bombers, and its fighters of necessity have had to be heavily armed.

Every advantage generally carries with it a corresponding disadvantage: when the caliber of the gun increases, the rate of the firing speed usually decreases. This obviously can be a great handicap in a dog-fight where two jets pass each other at combined speeds almost double those of sound itself, and where there is only a fraction of a second in which a fighter pilot can score a hit.

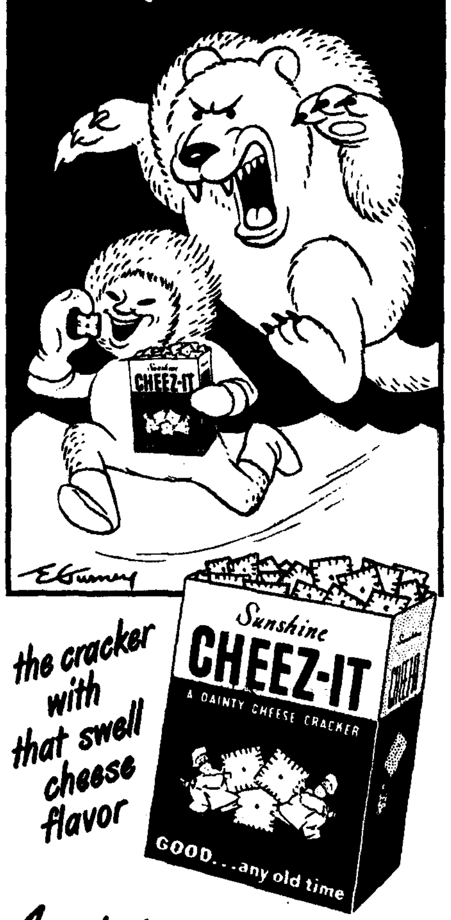
In present-day jet warfare, most of the combat time is spent maneuvering for position before the shooting starts. And the actual firing, even when you're chasing an enemy plane, never lasts more than five to seven seconds at most. During that time then, a pilot not only has to be accurate but obviously has got to have guns capable of knocking the enemy out of the sky. While our fast-firing weapons are a great help, many of those who have come up against the MIGs feel strongly about the need for heavier guns in American jets—guns which they hope can achieve greater power without sacrificing rate of fire.

"The .50-caliber machine guns may have been all right against any planes we faced in World War II," said Hinton. "But what we've failed to realize is that a jet, in order to withstand the great stresses its speed imposes on it, has developed into an exceedingly durable plane. Very often our bullets can't even faze the MIG. It took 1,400 rounds of ammunition before I could down the MIG I got. We've done well enough so far, it's true, but we can't help thinking how much higher our scores might have been if we'd had some heavier guns."

A wistful look came into the eyes of these pilots as they thought of the "ones that got away." But they would be back for another crack at the Red, back over the Yalu at 30,000 feet, where life reduces itself to two simple problems—destroy and survive—and a pilot never has to think about both at the same time.

THE END

GOOD... any old time!



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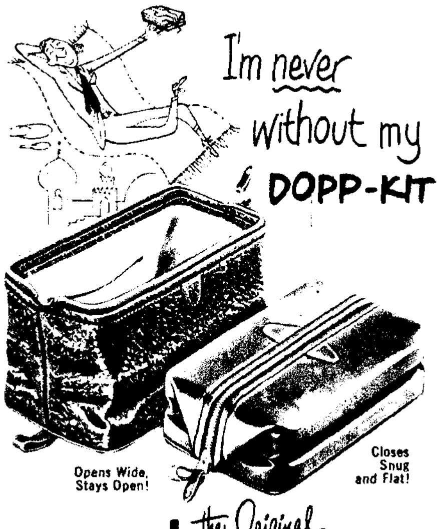

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My Last Big-League Game

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

an umpire who was his golfing partner so he was always completely unimpressed when I pointed out that some of his rivals were not blessed with such gifts.

I remember Casey Stengel when he was playing for Robbie topping a roller down the first-base line. It went foul and I yelled, "Foul!" but it trickled back into fair territory. The first baseman grabbed it and tagged Casey, and I had to chirp, "You're out!" Casey was furious and Uncle Robbie came waddling out from the dugout to get in the battle.

I explained what had happened: the rule is quite clear. Robbie listened, then turned to Casey and said, "If Bill says you're out you're out! Stop making so much noise and get back to the dugout."

Elated by Stengel's Success

How I enjoyed listening to the radio the last two years as Casey maneuvered his Yankees to the pennant. It was good to see a fine manager at last come into his own. I've always been both elated and irritated watching the great New York Yankees win pennant after pennant under the guidance of National Leaguers—Miller Huggins, Joe McCarthy and Casey Stengel. It was nice to know our league produced smart ballplayers. It was sad to realize we kept letting them get away.

The American League has come a long way since it first challenged the National in 1901. The junior circuit owes its success, first, to the driving, tenacious man who founded it, Ban Johnson. Then, the drawing power of Babe Ruth helped all the American League owners make money and most of them plowed some of it back for expensive young ballplayers. But I believe the current superiority of the American League will rapidly lessen under the influence of the freewheeling men who in recent years have bought teams in the National League. Six of the eight senior circuit teams are now under fairly new management and the other two, Chicago and New York, are in sound hands.

I remember, when I was in the American Association, I refused Johnson's offer to go to work for him, and signed with the National League instead. It was typical of Johnson that he took 10 years to forgive me for exercising my right not to do his bidding. Everybody did Johnson's bidding as he set about welding together a powerhouse of a league. His owners finally had to curb his arrogance by discharging him. But his work had been well done.

Johnson's domineering personality made a mockery of the National Commission, the body that governed baseball before Landis. This commission consisted of three men—the president of each league and a chairman. But no chairman ever was a match for Johnson.

This anecdote is typical of Johnson's domineering tactics. Umpires had been getting $400 for umpiring a World Series and I led a revolt for more money. Garry Herrmann, chairman of the National Commission, agreed that it should be at least $1,000, but Johnson realized that I, the man who had turned him down, would benefit by the raise. So when we were paid off, we got only $650 each.

I refused to umpire another Series unless I got $1,000. Johnson was adamant. So was I. Johnson set $650 as the limit. So the National League paid the extra $350 out of its own funds. Thus a World Series was umpired with three umpires getting $650 each and the fourth, me, getting $1,000. In addition, I signed a three-year umpiring contract, the first in baseball history.

The hiring of Landis was the thing that turned Johnson into a screaming harridan. And had Ban been just a little less arrogant he might have saved himself the crushing burden of dealing with the equally arrogant Landis. When the 1919 World Series began there were rumors that the White Sox had been fixed. After the first two games it was common talk, and John Heydler, at the time president of the National League, went secretly to Johnson to ask him to do something about the obvious larceny of the American League team.

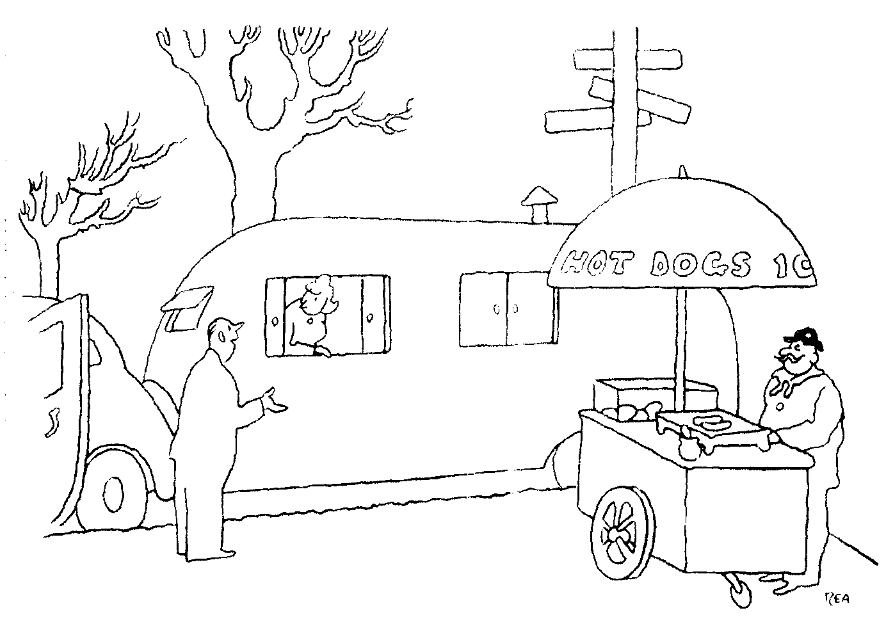
Johnson's answer was typical. "You run your league," he told Heydler, "and I'll run mine."

The scandal that followed forced the panic-stricken magnates to hire Judge Landis to clean up baseball.

A Theory About the Black Sox

That phase of the famous "Black Sox" scandal has been told before, but while I'm about it, I would like to explore a theory of mine anent that mess. When I umpire for a player, I think I learn whether he's a man or not. I had umpired at one time or another for all the Black Sox and I say that the Chicago White Sox management must share the responsibility for the scandal with the fixers. The Chicago ballplayers with the exception of one man (Chick Gandil, the first baseman) were honest. But they were embittered weaklings. And they had every right to be embittered.

Charley Comiskey, who owned the White Sox, was a fine man. But he made a mistake



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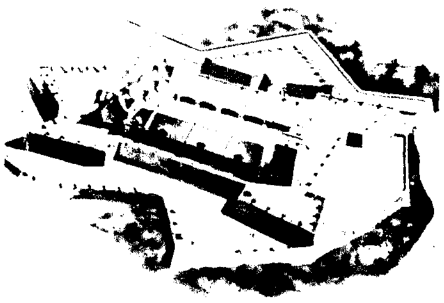

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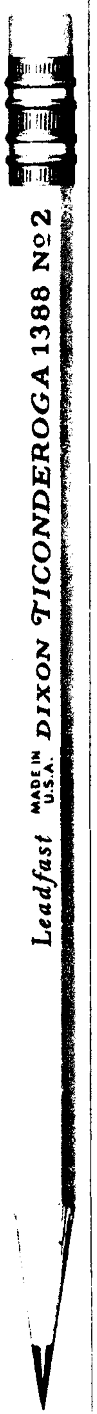

DIXON
LEADFAST
Ticonderoga
PENCIL

Joseph Dixon Crucible Co., Dept. 52-J4, Jersey City 3, N. J.
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in hiring his aide, Tip O'Neill. Tip signed the ballplayers for Comiskey and he took full and ruthless advantage of the reserve clause in the contract. The reserve clause, in effect, says that a ballplayer must accept whatever he is offered or stay out of baseball. It sounds inequitable and I suppose it is, although I think it is essential to the further growth of baseball. The rule today limits a club owner's authority to cut salaries to a maximum of 25 per cent. In the old days he could cut at will.

The White Sox players were superb. But they were working for peanuts. O'Neill fell back on his right to say to them, "Work for what I choose to pay or don't work." Baseball was their profession and they had to accept the chiseling terms. They were obviously a setup for the first gambler who could get to them. Gandil carried the message to White Sox players and it was roughly this: "Look, you're as good as anybody in baseball. You're hitting .340 and getting $3,500. Smith, with New York or Detroit, can't carry your glove and he gets $7,000. You're being cheated."

So it was with several White Sox stars. Some players were smart enough or honest enough to shun the bribes. Others were not. Crooks are crooks and must be punished. But Tip O'Neill served his master too well. Better, I'm convinced, than his master wanted to be served.

Señor Luque's Proposition

I wonder what Judge Landis would have done had I reported the colorful Cuban pitcher, Adolfo Luque, for twice attempting to "tip" me. Barry McCormack and I were scheduled to work one day when Luque walked into our dressing room. "Beell, you gonna work behind the plate?" Luque asked.

"No, Barry is."

"Beell, I give you ten dollars you work behind plate, today."

"Why?"

"I'm gonna peetch. Ten dollars you ump."

"What's the matter with Barry?" I asked.

Luque nodded wisely. "Barry, heez all right. But you ump and I know how to peetch to them boms."

I told Luque he would get into trouble for that kind of nonsense and to get out. Two months later, in another park, he was back. "Beell, you ump today I geeve you $25." I gave the Cuban quite a tongue-lashing and he left.

Technically, I suppose, I was being bribed. But Luque didn't mean it that way. He just wanted to win a ball game and he was willing to pay for what he, in his great wisdom, considered superior umpiring. It means a lot to a pitcher to know a curve that nicks a corner of the plate will be called a strike and Luque simply thought I would not only call 'em as I saw 'em, but also see 'em correctly.

That wasn't always easy. I remember particularly, in a game between Chicago and St. Louis in 1934, a heavy wind was blowing. With the bases filled, a Chicago batter hit a towering fly that was buffeted about in the wind so much that the St. Louis infielders were lucky they weren't collectively skulled when it finally landed about 20 feet from home plate on the first-base side.

I ruled the ball was not an infield fly—and so an automatic out—because the infield fly is defined as a "ball that can reasonably be handled by the infielders, pitcher or catcher." Nobody in the St. Louis infield was ever in a position to claim he could handle that ball. But Frank Frisch protested the game on the spot. That night Sam Breadon, the Cardinals' owner, sent in instructions to overrule me in the form of a protest.

I was not very worried for two reasons. In the first place I had made the same decision on the same grounds against Pittsburgh in 1921 and Barney Dreyfus' protest had been tossed in the wastebasket. And, luckily for me, John Heydler, the man who would rule on Breadon's protest, was at the game and saw the disputed play. In my dressing room he assured me I had called it correctly.

But Breadon's pressure became severe and Heydler asked me to admit the ball was an infield fly and I was wrong. After my fifth refusal he agreed officially that Breadon was correct and my decision was reversed. When next I met Breadon he gloated, "Well, Bill, you missed one at last."

I answered, "I didn't miss it. You should know, Mr. Breadon, that I am not on the field to help out your club—or any club."

It was my opinion that the Cards were attempting to take advantage of the notoriously badly written rules of baseball. As I have said, they were written by gentlemen for gentlemen rather than by lawyers for lawyers. Therefore, they were frequently ambiguous. (They have been rewritten at long last and the new set went into effect with the start of the 1950 season.) A typical example is the batter who hits a home run and fails to touch second.

In my lifetime I have seen many runners fail to touch second as they trotted around the bases after clouting the ball out of the park. When the opposing team raised the point and demanded the home run hitter be called out for failing to touch a base I always said, "To me he touched second." And to me he did, the minute he hit the ball out of the park. The next time I saw the man who forgot to touch the bag I would say to him, "You know they put those bases out there to be tagged."

I have answered hundreds of knotty baseball problems in my life but I have no use for the hypothetical ones like, "Batter hits ball fairly over fence and breaks his leg going to first base." That, to me, is easy. When the fine gentlemen who wrote the rules phrased them, they assumed that in such a case it would be a home run. I always assumed the same thing.

Old Question Is Often Asked

The same goes for that old barroom chestnut: "Batter hits ball over the fence and drops dead." I have answered that one several hundred times thusly: "Send me a clipping of story of this odd occurrence and I'll send you the proper decision." Of course a runner who fails to touch second on an *inside*-the-park homer is out, if he gets caught. And play continues if a man is injured playing the ball or running the bases. However, for humanitarian reasons I refused to call an out on a player who, safe at third, snapped his leg in the slide and rolled off the base unconscious. I didn't think the original rule makers had broken legs in mind when they wrote the regulations about overslides.

Clark Griffith, the Old Fox, won a protest on one of my decisions in 1909 when he was managing Cincinnati. With men on bases and the great Honus Wagner at bat Griff wisely ordered Wagner purposely passed. With the count 3-0 and the fourth wide-pitch en route, Wagner made a derisive gesture at the Cincinnati pitcher and crossed the plate on his way to first. Griff immediately protested that Wagner was out. "He stepped across the plate and interfered with the pitcher. Rule 44, Section 5," Griff complained in that high-pitched voice.

"You got just what you bargained for, Mr. Manager. A walk. Play ball."

The Old Fox smiled gleefully and said, "I'm continuing this game under protest." A few days later I was notified by John Heydler that Griffith's protest had been received and denied. Heydler told all umpires to do as I had done if the occasion arose again. But Griffith appealed to the league directors, George Dovey, Boston owner, Charles Ebbets, Brooklyn owner, and Charles Murphy, Chicago president. Dovey was disgusted by the protest and voted against Griffith. But Ebbets and Murphy voted for Griffith because, I surmised, they could thus hurt Barney Dreyfus, owner of the Pittsburgh club and a man with whom they were feuding.

Umpire Laughs Off Protest

More than 39 years later a benighted manager attempted to pull a Griffith on umpire George Barr when Eddie Stanky did exactly what Hans Wagner had done. Barr laughed at the manager, who was too smart to file a protest with league president Ford Frick, the best brain in the game today.

In 1938, Frick asked me if I had given any thought to the pension due me when I retired. I was a mere sixty-four and I sent the president on his way. In 1939 he asked me again.

In 1940, I went out and umpired better than I had in 1939. Or 1909. But late in the season of 1940, I was hit by a ground ball at the Polo Grounds. It was the first time in my career that such an embarrassing catastrophe had occurred.

It worried me for the remainder of the game and as I limped off the field a lady said to me, "Oh, Pop, I'm so sorry you were hit with that ball." I had been called "Uncle" in my day; "Pop" was something to think about. But I umpired my 18th World Series in 1940.

When Frick again offered me the superintendent's job, I said, "Okay, but I won't be superintendent. That's too political." Frick chose "Chief" as a better word. I was made "Chief" of National League umpires.

In 1941, I worked a few games. Toward the season's end, St. Louis and Brooklyn were in a crucial series and I joined the three-man umpiring team as a fourth man. I was working at second base and I played a little deep as an experiment. I was out of position and I knew it. And I was uncomfortable.

A St. Louis man attempted to steal second. Billy Herman took the throw and put the ball on the runner. I called him out. The runner jumped up and protested. "He didn't touch me. He never tagged me," he yelled. I walked away from the beefing ballplayer, saying to myself, "I'm almost certain Herman tagged him." Then it came to me and I almost wept. For the first time in all my career I only "thought" a man was tagged.

Frick came in the dressing room after the game. I said to him, "I started umpiring in 1902. This is 1941. I can say I've umpired 40 years, can't I, Ford?"

Frick said, "Of course you can, Bill."

"Well, then, that's the last, Ford," I said. "I'm through." And I never again umpired a big-league game.

But I didn't stop umpiring. I could only see with one eye, but I could still walk. In 1944, Branch Rickey demanded my services for some spring exhibition games and I got by fine. I wasn't surprised because I never thought eyesight was the most important thing in umpiring. The most important things are guts, honesty, common sense, a desire for fair play and an understanding of human nature. THE END

Next Week

Baseball's New "Mr. Shortstop"

A SHOT IN THE DARK

Begin Richard Powell's Tense Adventure Serial

OIL EXPLORATION CREW HUNTS for new oil supplies on the Madden Anticline, eighty miles north of Lander near the Owl Creek Mountains of Wyoming. With thousands of oilmen constantly searching for new sources of oil, American companies brought in 27,253 producing wells in 1950—a new record.

Known Underground U.S. Oil Supplies Reach All-Time High

Last year the American people used more oil products than ever before. Yet, at the end of the year, known oil supplies in the ground were greater than when the year started.

A survey just completed by the American Petroleum Institute also shows that:

The search for oil in the U. S. during 1950 uncovered 3,329,000,000 barrels of petroleum (42 gallons to the barrel).

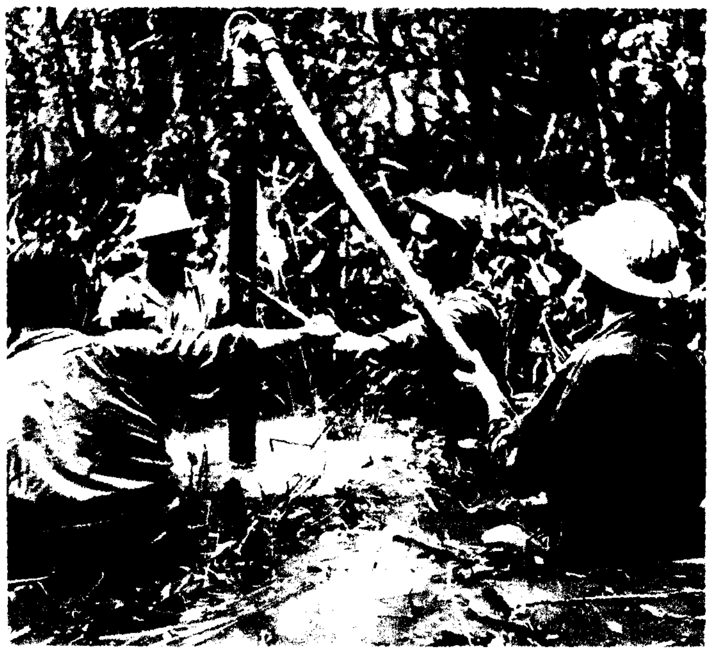
These *new* additions exceeded by over 50 per cent the amount of oil taken from the ground in 1950. Three gallons were found for every two gallons used last year.

Today U. S. oil supplies in the ground are more than four times greater than 30 years ago. They now total almost 30 billion barrels—*an all-time high.*

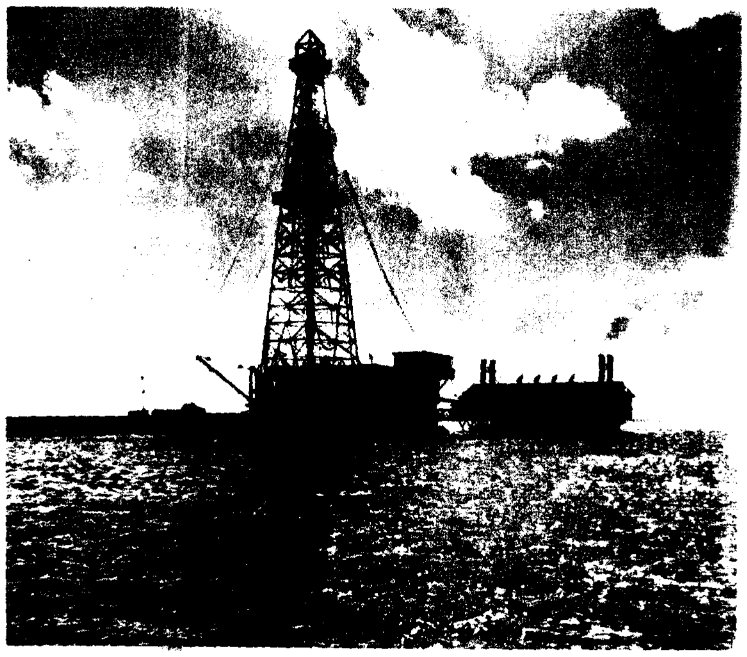
Year after year, America's thousands of privately-managed oil companies strive to find more oil than their rivals. That's one good reason America finds more oil than it uses. Here is competitive business at work—and a good example of how this system benefits you and the nation.

Oil Industry Information Committee

AMERICAN PETROLEUM INSTITUTE 50 West 50th Street, New York 20, N. Y.



(Left) **WAIST DEEP** in the Louisiana swamp country, a seismograph crew prepares to chart underground rock formations by setting off a dynamite explosion. Even using latest scientific equipment, the odds against finding oil are very great—the only *sure* way is to drill for it.



(Right) **DRILLING BELOW WATER,** oilmen have developed a promising new source of oil supplies for tomorrow. Ample supplies help keep prices low. For instance, the gasoline you buy today costs about the same as gasoline did 25 years ago—only taxes are higher. Yet the quality is 50 per cent better.

Speaking of MALE NECKLINES

By BERT BACHARACH

Shirts and neckwear come in a big enough selection to suit all types

FEW men in this country are more interested, at the moment, in maintaining and improving their appearance than those who spend the greater portion of their time before the television cameras. That's why we questioned the familiar gentlemen whose pictures appear on this page about their preferences in shirts and ties. Not unexpectedly, we found ourselves with *six* answers! And all of them were correct—for there is no right or wrong, no good or bad, when it comes to picking from today's many shirt and tie styles.

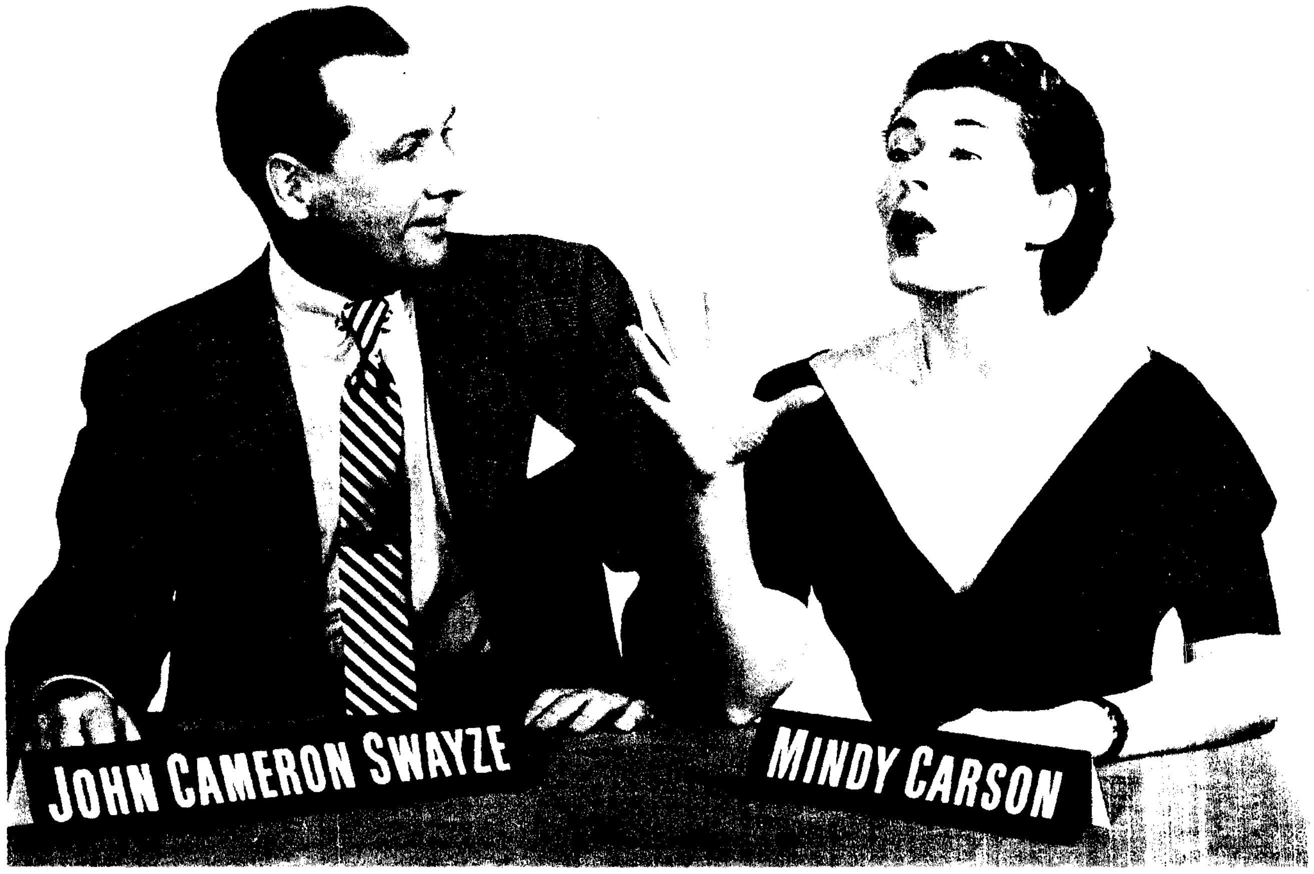
Of course, it goes almost without saying that certain models and colors favor some men more than others. It's also true, however, that every man can find some suitable variation of whatever style he prefers. Take, as an example, the popular spread collar. Available in a wide selection of collar heights and in a broad variation of the degrees of spread, it's good on any size or shape of man.

In the correct proportions, the spread-collar shirt is as flattering on the Sydney Greenstreet and Peter Lorre types as it is on the Cary Grants. Another case in point is the buttoned-down collar, usually considered to be the exclusive fashion of the prep-school or college man. Well, you see that model worn favorably by plenty of businessmen who have been out of school for a long time.

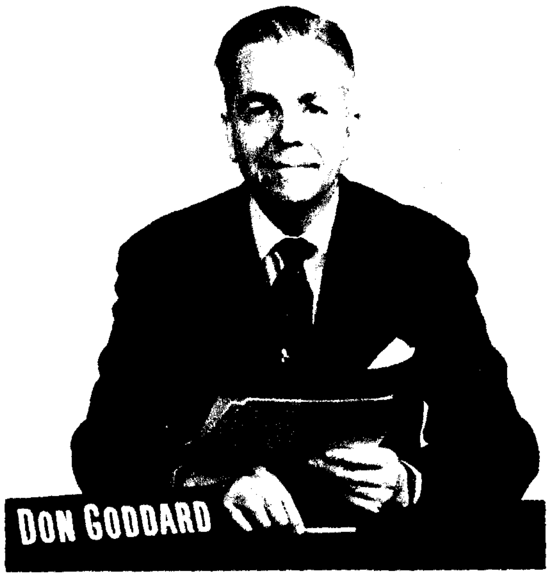
So, when you're buying shirts, take your pick of whatever your fancy dictates. Just see that it's comfortable, that it fits, and that it's flattering.

Neckwear poses no problem. Some like ties bold, some neat; some like them narrow, some wide. Whatever you favor, you'll find it in profusion in every store in the land.

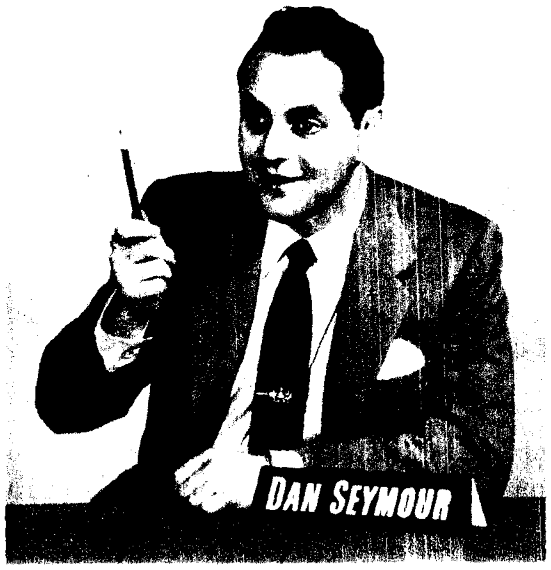
P.S.—When you select your shirt and tie, include a tie bar and cuff-link set. The new ones are bright, colorful, handsome and will help dress up the ensemble. THE END



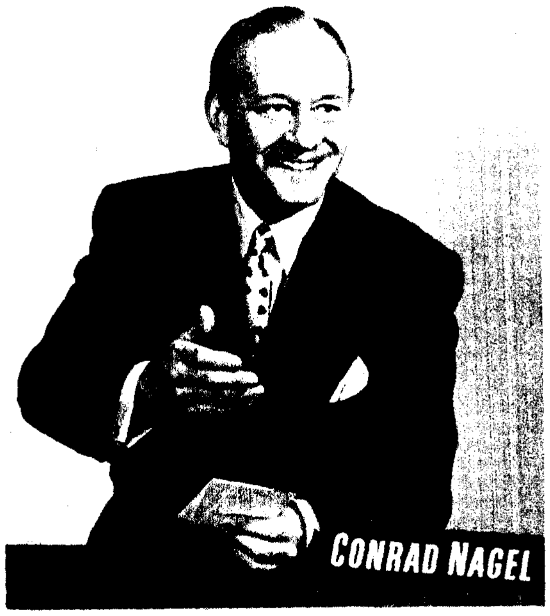
NBC newscaster Swayze prefers colored shirts with pinned round-collars. His tie's a striped repp in the new straight, square-end shape. Vocalist Carson? We just thought you'd like her



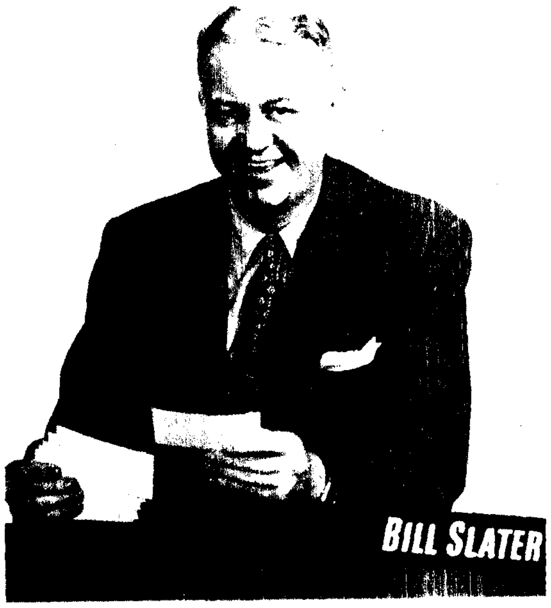
News reviewer Goddard goes for widespread, pastel-shade collars and wool four-in-hands



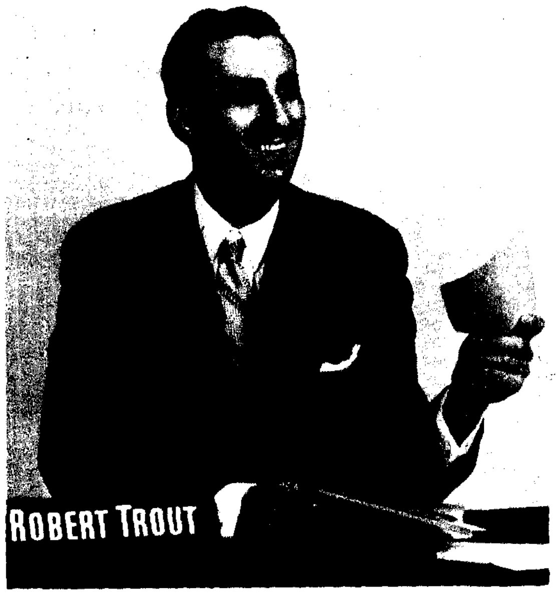
We the People's emcee favors a pin-striped buttoned-down and a plain silk knitted tie



CBS's Celebrity Time host fancies ties with light ground and figures that blend with shirt



Mutual's 20 Questions quizmaster selects a low-slope Oxford shirt, lightweight foulard



More conventional semidress shirt, white-ground tie is pick of Who Said That? emcee

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY PAUL D'OME

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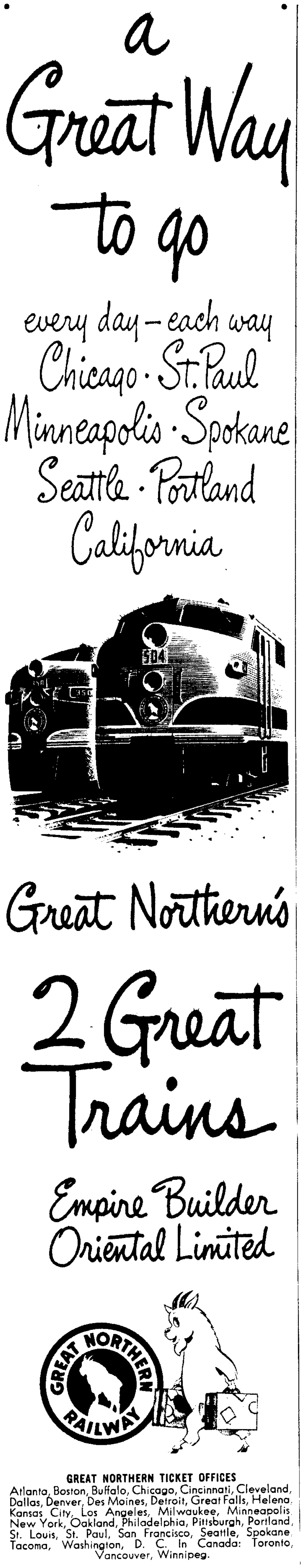
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Jo Stafford—Her Songs Upset Joe Stalin

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

The Stafford wealth, and her ability to hold on to it, has become legendary in Hollywood. Every payday, she saunters over to a nearby bank and puts several thousand dollars into U.S. Savings Bonds. This led Dinah Shore, her closest competitor, to say, "If the U.S. Treasury ever burns down, Jo can run a branch for them until they get it operating again."

Recording Under Phony Name

Nearly everything Stafford touches turns to gold. Two years ago, for example, zany orchestra leader Red Ingle was scheduled to wax a comic hillbilly song at Capitol Records, when his girl vocalist went AWOL and couldn't be located. Kiddingly, one of Ingle's musicians said, "Why don't we use Jo Stafford?" Stafford then was Capitol's top female star, and the suggestion was as ridiculous as if he had mentioned Margaret Truman. Everyone was laughing at the gag when Stafford walked in. After they let her in on the joke, she said, "I'll do it, by cracky," and proceeded to record the number under the name Cinderella G. Stump. The entire session took 25 minutes, after which she walked out and forgot about it.

In a few weeks, however, customers were tearing down the music shops to buy the record, and every entertainment editor in the country was trying to track down the identity of Cinderella G. Stump. Stafford finally admitted that she and Miss Stump were one and the same, and sales soared even higher.

The recording was, of course, Tim-Tayshun, the hilarious hillbilly version of the sophisticated ballad Temptation, and it sold 1,300,000 copies, one of the highest single-record sales in recent years.

A similar shocker developed in July, 1949, when she and Gordon MacRae recorded a duet of an eighty-one-year-old hymn called Whispering Hope. The musicians in the orchestra roared with laughter when they first heard the lyrics of this opus, and the critics murdered it when it was released. Bill Driggs, then of the Los Angeles Mirror, referred to it as "just about the saddest platter we have heard to date"; and Al Scharper of Daily Variety wrote, "Outside of nine old maiden aunts from New England, who'll buy it?" It so enraged a disk jockey in St. Louis that he noisily demolished the recording while he was on the air.

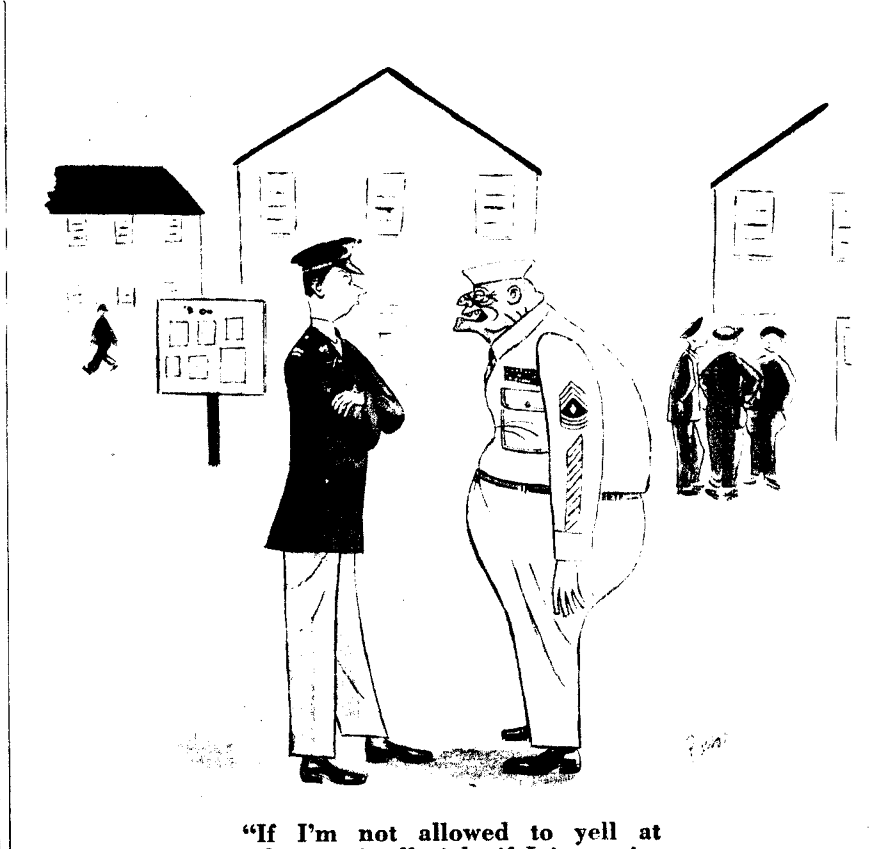
To everyone's astonishment, however, the record began to sell. By September 14th, it was number seven on Billboard's "Retail Best Sellers" list; and other versions of Whispering Hope were soon being rendered by such non-hymn-singers as the Andrews Sisters and Red Nichols and his Five Pennies. Not only that, but it is credited with starting the current wave of juke-box popularity for hymns and religious songs.

At the last count, the Stafford-MacRae record still was going strong and had reached the staggering total of 710,000 sales in a period of record-business recession.

This has been the pattern for the rich and glamorous Miss Stafford ever since 1945. For the preceding 25 years of her existence, however, her story was very different. Her sudden ascendancy constitutes one of the most startling transformations in show business.

Folks from Gibson's Hollow

She was born Jo Elizabeth Stafford on November 12, 1920, on a tract of land in Coalinga, California, known simply as "Lease 35"—an area that had been let out for oil drilling. This was the time of the big central California oil strike, and her father, Grover Cleveland Stafford, had just recently left the family's pioneer farm in the mountains of Tennessee to make his fortune as a "roughneck" in the new oil fields. The Staffords came from Gibson's Hollow, near the Kentucky border, and they can trace their ancestry back to a great-great-great-grandfather named Locke, who wandered down from New England, joined forces with Daniel Boone, and ended up marrying a full-blooded Indian squaw. Jo's mother was a York, a distant cousin of the famous World War I Sergeant Alvin York,



COLLIER'S

"If I'm not allowed to yell at them is it all right if I just raise my voice a teentsy weentsy bit?"

CHARLES PEARSON

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who still lives a few miles from Gibson's Hollow.

When Jo was four years old, the tremendous Signal Hill oil field opened up in Long Beach, California, and the entire family moved there. Mr. Stafford soon became a foreman for an oil company, and the family at last was able to settle down permanently. Jo and her three sisters went to Long Beach Polytechnic High School (Jo attended classes in tents after the school was leveled by the great earthquake of March 10, 1933); and they listened to their mother sing old Tennessee folk songs, accompanying herself on the five-string banjo, an archaic string instrument which is played like a harp. "I was familiar with the fifteenth-century tribulations of Barbara Allen," Jo says, "long before I realized that the depression was giving us a few modern troubles of our own."

With this background, all four girls took up singing and music in high school, Jo concentrating on a career as a coloratura soprano. "I shudder to think of it today," she says, "but I got up on the stage of the Long Beach Civic Auditorium and sang the Caro Nome from Rigoletto and the Bell Song from Lakmé. This was like a sixteen-year-old drama novice trying King Lear, the most difficult dramatic role in the English language." Her older sisters, Christine and Pauline, had lesser ambitions, and—without Jo—they formed a singing trio named the Stafford Sisters, the third "Stafford" being no relative but a ringer, a standard girl-trio practice of the day. While Jo still was in high school, the Stafford Sisters did pretty well around Long Beach, appearing regularly in theaters and on local radio stations.

One day, when they had an important booking at the West Coast Theater, Pauline became ill, and Christine, the boss of the aggregation, sent out an SOS call for Jo to come and fill in for her. Jo, at that moment, was trying to master the intricacies of algebra in a study-hall period at the high school, and she requested permission of Miss Anne Shouse, her glee-club teacher, to go home for a week to help her mother around the house. Jo sang with the trio at the West Coast Theater, and she was so good that Christine decided to make her the third Stafford Sister immediately upon her graduation—an occasion which took place six months later and was distinguished by an unusual entry in Jo's autograph album by the afore-mentioned Miss Shouse. The teacher wrote, "I'll never forget how much I enjoyed your singing the week mama needed you home to help her."

Cupid Gets into the Act

With the Stafford Sisters legitimized by the addition of Jo, they did a lot of work on radio station KHJ in Los Angeles, and they were off-stage singing voices in a multitude of motion pictures, notably Fred Astaire vehicles at M-G-M. As it must to all female trios, however, marriage came to the Stafford Sisters, and they broke up, with Pauline and Christine going to the altar, and Jo joining the Pied Pipers, a singing group which had just been formed by the merging of a men's quartet called the "Esquires" and a male trio—the "Rhythm Kings."

The Pied Pipers—seven men and Jo—soon became famous as singers' singers because of the technical excellence of their work; but few people would hire such an expensive eight-voice mob. Jo and John Huddleston, one of the Pipers, got married in the midst of this adversity, and as she recalls it: "We really were Poverty, Incorporated. All eight of us just sat around, eating peanut-butter sandwiches, playing charades, and waiting for the phone to ring."

Finally, it rang. The Pipers had been heard by Paul Weston and Axel Stordahl, arrangers for Tommy Dorsey's orchestra, and they were hired for a new Dorsey radio show in New York. This employment lasted for just two weeks, at the end of which period the sponsor, an elderly, dignified British nobleman, came to the United States to hear his program for the first time. His lordship happened in while the Pipers were singing the song which goes, "Hold tight—Hold tight! Foo-ra-de-ack-a-sa-ki! Want Some Sea Food, Mama!"* His lordship turned purple. "They're crazy! Get them out of here!" he shouted—and the Pied Pipers were out of work again.

This blow finally caused four of the men to drop out of the singing group, and Jo and the other three went back to Los Angeles. It was December of 1939. They had just spent their last unemployment check and they were eating their last peanut-butter sandwich, when the phone rang again. It was Dorsey, calling from Chicago. "Do you kids want to join the band?" he asked. Jo grew faint. When she recovered, it didn't take her more than a half hour to round up the remaining Pipers. Next day the quartet was in Chicago.

Bobby-Soxers Mob 'The Voice'

A few weeks later, a skinny youth named Frank Sinatra joined the Dorsey-Pied Piper combination and this helped to usher in a golden era of American popular music. The bobby-soxers began storming theaters to see them, and the Dorsey one-night-stand tours became fabled in the music business. *Aficionados* still talk about them. The band traveled mostly in busses inscribed with legends like "Altoona or Bust"; and whenever there was a breakdown, the local inhabitants were treated to impromptu street concerts by such ultimately celebrated personages as Sinatra, trumpet-player Ziggy Ellman, drummer Buddy Rich and pianist Joe Bushkin. The technical excellence of Jo Stafford's voice developed steadily among these great musicians, and she was allowed to sing an occasional solo number.

One tragic thing held her back, however. She was a big girl, weighing more than 180 pounds, and a whole series of jokes sprang up about her as she sat on the stage beside the emaciated Sinatra. Frank, nevertheless, recognized her talent and, time after time, he begged Dorsey to promote her to be the featured girl vocalist with the band. Dorsey always shrugged his shoulders and said, "The college kids expect a girl singer to be beautiful and glamorous. Stafford would wreck our business." The argument ended abruptly on Thanksgiving Day, 1942, when Dorsey and the Pipers had a fight in the Portland, Oregon, railroad station over who had got the wrong directions from a redcap. In show business, such trivia become major conflagrations, and the Pied Pipers walked off the train never to return.

But, meantime, the break of Stafford's life was taking place without her knowing it. At Edgewood Arsenal in Maryland, Army Captain Mike Nidorf had been listening to her voice, picking it out from among the other Pied Pipers in recordings. In civilian life, millionaire-agent Nidorf had been instrumental in discovering Glenn Miller, Artie Shaw, Woody Herman, Charlie Spivak and Claude Thornhill—and now he knew he was again on the trail of a great talent. Discharged from the Army in 1944, he rushed to see Jo Stafford and talked the astounded girl into affixing her signature to a contract.

Then began a modern version of the Pygmalion story. The dashing Nidorf put Stafford on a rigid diet, took her to the brightest night spots in Hollywood and New York, and built up her ego. By judicious bookings, he also built up her confidence. Not only did a glamorous new 128-pound Stafford emerge, but the already excellent quality of her voice improved to such an extent that music critic Deems Taylor saw fit to make one of his extremely rare pronouncements about a popular singer. In a review of an album of her records in July, 1948, Taylor wrote: "It may be faintly ungallant to say that this latest album of Miss Stafford's comes as a stunning surprise—but it does. She emerges as a really gifted young artist. Her enunciation is crystal-clear, and the touching simplicity of her style is exactly right."

Within a year, Jo had reached the top in

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What to do? Don't delay—get in a clean filter refill—fast. **Which make?** Pays to buy the best—a Purolator Micronic*. New accordion-type design gives up to 10 times the filtering area—with pores so tiny they trap particles you can't even see. **Cost much?** Strictly small change—*$1.38 to $3.00,* depending on car make. Purolator Products, Inc., Rahway, N. J.; Toronto, Ontario, Canada. *Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

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Why, sure it's **WILLIAM BENDIX,** you knew it all the time.
Co-starring in RKO's "Macao"

the girl-singer popularity polls conducted by trade papers Variety and Billboard—and she stayed there, never dropping out of the first five. But she wasn't like other girl singers, who come and go in bewildering numbers. As she once put it, "How long can you go on chirping, If I Knew You Were Comin', Id've Baked a Cake? Restlessly, she began casting about for new expression for her highly trained voice. She remembered the Tennessee folk songs her mother used to sing, and when she recorded them they became hits. The same thing happened with hymns like Whispering Hope, and with comedy hillbilly songs like Tim-Tayshun and Feudin' and Fightin'. Imitators followed in all three classes. But no one could match the beautiful, heartfelt simplicity of Stafford singing age-old folk melodies like Barbara Allen, He's Gone Away, and Black Is the Color of My True Love's Hair. She was commended for these by Alan Lomax of the Library of Congress and Dr. Wayland Hand, editor of the American Folklore Journal; and she now endows the Jo Stafford Prize in American Folklore, a fellowship awarded to college students every year by the scholarly American Folklore Society. Recently she wrote a book, Easy Lessons in Singing.

In 1949, Mike Nidorf closed the deal for her Radio Luxembourg program, and a year later the Voice of America asked her to do the overseas propaganda show for the government. Little Jo Stafford had become the benevolent American version of Tokyo Rose.

Today, Miss Stafford lives with her sister Christine (Jo and Huddleston were divorced several years ago) in a beautiful house which she just built in Bel-Air, a fashionable suburb of Los Angeles. She still leads a full family life, a rarity in Hollywood; and until her mother died last year, she spent her week ends at the ancestral manse in Long Beach. Now, her father, her sisters, her cousins, and all their children, come to visit her every Friday night—a function at which 15 persons sometimes are seated around the table in traditional Tennessee fashion. During the week she plays bridge—generally with the Dick Haymeses—and she roots violently for the New York Yankees, in season and out. Her usual companion in these diversions is Paul Weston, the ex-Tommy Dorsey arranger, who later became Stafford's orchestra leader and chief adviser at CBS, at Capitol Records, and now at Columbia Records, where he is West Coast director of artists and repertoire.

Technical Training Pays Off

Weston probably is the best authority on why Stafford has been so much more successful than dozens of other girl vocalists. "For one thing," he says, "she's had the technical training—something most vocalists don't bother with any more. She and Kate Smith are the only real *singers* in the field today, practicing proper breath control and all the other techniques of the fine operatic and concert stars." Weston says he never has heard Stafford sing a wrong note, and that she is known to musicians as the Human Pitch Pipe. Once, he says, she walked into vast Hollywood Bowl for a rehearsal and she startled him by suddenly clapping her hands over her ears.

"Why don't they fix that note?" she cried indignantly.

At a distance approaching 1,000 feet, she had detected the trombones playing a single wrong note.

The fine-music quality in her voice recently attracted Nelson Eddy, who wrote to Columbia Records suggesting that he and Stafford record duets of such semiclassics as The Desert Song. His letter read: "I don't know how Jo feels about me, but I'm a great admirer of hers. I believe that to cast us together in an album would be a *coup de* wham."

Secondly, and more important, according to Weston, there is an unusual factor in her voice that hits people when they are lonely or homesick or disturbed. She gets a surprising number of letters from servicemen overseas, from forest rangers and lighthouse keepers, and from the inmates of prisons. "To lonely American men," Weston says, "her voice is not the voice of an unfamiliar Hollywood or Broadway glamor girl who is beyond their reach. It's the familiar voice of a home-town girl they'd like to come home to and marry. To foreigners, she sounds like the ideal American girl should sound."

An Anti-Communist Weapon

And this is the weapon which the State Department decided to use. The sincerity in her voice apparently puts over the propaganda as well as the songs, and the Voice of America has been able to use her to convey otherwise difficult messages. In one program, for instance, she interviewed Richard Seff, a young Broadway actor, to demonstrate how youngsters can get ahead in the American Theater. In the course of the interview, she managed to work in the key points of the plot of the play in which Seff is appearing. It happens that the play is the anti-Communist drama, Darkness at Noon, the psychological study of the mind of a Red official who "confesses" in a Communist purge trial.

In the same way, she devoted the between-songs section of another program to telling the story of Robert Kubelka. Kubelka was a Czech boy who nursed crashed American fliers back to health during World War II, sneaked into the United States by posing as an American officer, and then died fighting the Reds as a U.S. fighter pilot in Korea. Several letters indicate that many Europeans did not believe this story until Stafford related it on her show. On some programs she interviews personalities like Hopalong Cassidy, who countered Russian propaganda about our wild West by describing what the life of a cowboy *really* is like; and in other shows, she talks with children belonging to racial and religious minorities, to prove that most of them do get along well in this country. Often, she simply answers questions raised by foreign youngsters about America. To polio-ridden Sven Olson of Sweden, for example, she described the heartening advances being made in infantile paralysis research in this country.

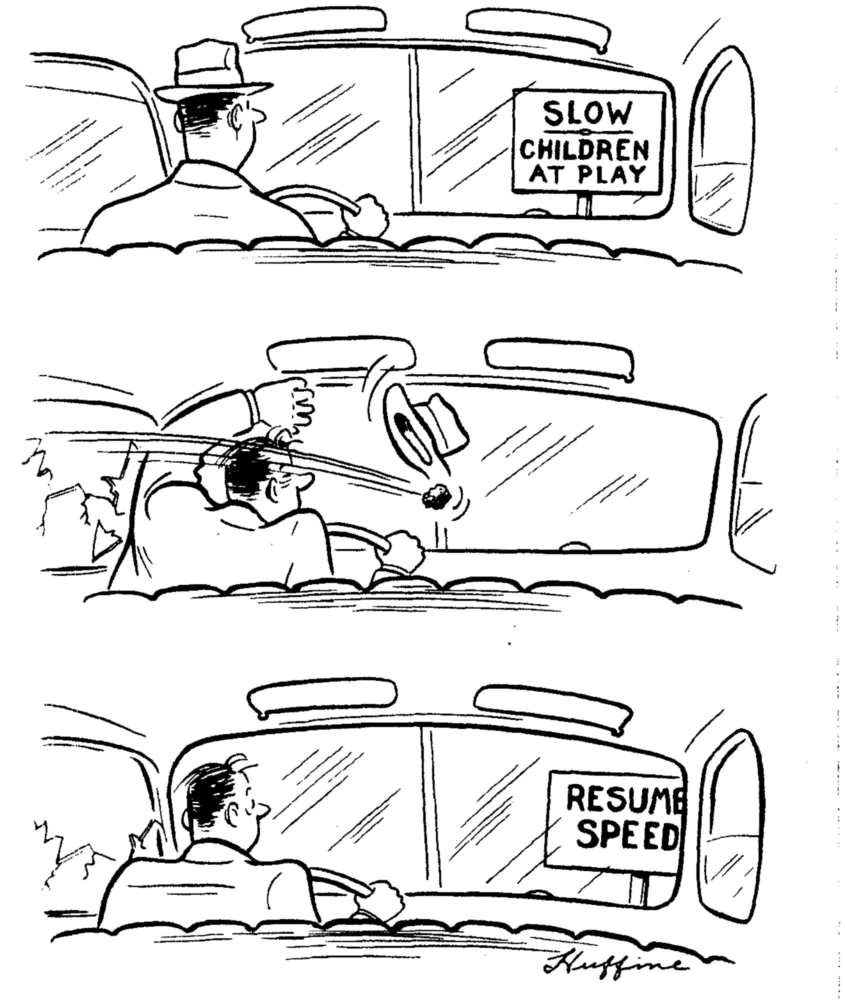
The Stafford Show is a 15-minute affair which she records in Hollywood, whence it is rushed to New York to be beamed to all five continents of the world. It is 50 per cent music, 50 per cent talk. She does the program in English, principally because it would have been a bit difficult for her to learn 28 languages. Also, as the Voice of America's Michael Ries says, "Since the war, English has become the principal foreign language taught to high-school kids all over the world—particularly in the Iron Curtain countries; and most of them understand it."

Every week, she asks her listeners to write letters in English on the subject, "What Aspect of Life in the United States Interests Me Most," and every week writers of the best letters receive Jo Stafford record albums from the nearest U.S. embassy or consulate. Such presentations are becoming big local events all over the world.

Making Good Use of Pen Pals

To demonstrate how little is wasted in these days of high-powered propaganda machines, every letter requesting a pen pal which is received by the Stafford Show is turned over to the U.S. Office of Education. This government agency then sends the letters to schoolteachers all over the United States to distribute to those of their pupils who are Jo Stafford fans. The idea is to start pen-pal relationships, wherein our kids will sell American democracy to their foreign friends.

With all this in mind, it is no wonder that distinguished novelist James Hilton recently selected Jo Stafford as one of the dozen or so people he would take along to start a new civilization in some Shangri-La "far from the mess the world's in now." This led Mike Nidorf to say, "Jo's a perfect booking for him—ten people in one. She could sing opera, folk songs, love ballads—anything Hilton would want to hear. And if his Shangri-La ever got into a mess with another country—she could fill in as a State Department, too." THE END



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Consolation Prize

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

dared to have three children if it weren't for my wife's skill with pasta," Greer said.

It was the first dinner table at which Sid had sat for a long, long time without being aware of an inner tension. Relaxation grew on her in the course of the gay, noisy, disorganized evening.

In the end it betrayed her a little, when Riley walked her back to her doorstep through the sand and ocean mist. He watched her climb her steps. Staring up at her, he said suddenly, "You're sad."

"No, I'm not."

"What are you sad about?"

She laughed to deny what he had detected, and went into her house.

AS SHE lay in bed that night, she reflected on how right she had been to arrange a change of scene for herself. The sense of defeat and loss which had haunted the end of her marriage was already less active, though it was still there.

She thought of Riley, considering the perverse circumstance a little grimly: if she had gone man-hunting, a hundred tries would not have turned up an attractive bachelor next door. It could only have happened when it was the last thing in the world she expected or wanted. But there next door was the bachelor. It made her nervous.

Any nervousness was dispelled, however, in a week. Riley was simply part of the relaxed social rhythm of the Point.

In a week she felt she had lived on the Point for a long time. She knew the milkman next door, and his wife. She had at least a nodding acquaintance with the adults who occupied the rest of the dozen houses. And she knew all the children. Children and the little rituals associated with getting to know them were what she had not had time for in many years—the six years of her married life, oddly enough. The kind of life her husband led did not allow time for such frivolities, and her patterns had been shaped by his.

Her acquaintance with the Greers became a friendship. Her acquaintance with Riley, on the other hand, remained an oddly stalemated relationship.

When she told Beth about her divorce, Beth wondered if Riley knew about it.

"He hasn't asked. He couldn't be less curious about me—fortunately," Sid said.

"Don't count on that," said Beth.

But Sid began to be rather curious about him and the easy way he lived in spite of holding a job. He was at the factory before she woke up each morning. On the afternoons when he got home early, he took a swim, in which she sometimes joined him, or sat until dusk on the little jetty up the beach a way, fishing rod in one hand, cigarette in the other, with Kevin beside him as often as not.

She was even curious enough to find out about those afternoons when he didn't appear, and faintly relieved to hear that he was putting in overtime.

He was unlike any other young man Sid had ever known. She never caught him in a strenuous mood or attitude, but somehow he escaped being frivolous.

One day she said to him, "You're not ambitious!" It was not an accusation, just a recognition.

"Not in the least," he admitted cheerfully.

"Why not?"

They were lying side by side on the beach after a swim, in the late afternoon sun. The sand was already growing cold. He burrowed deeper in it while he answered, "The last war seemed to knock a lot of loose ambition out of me. I've held the same job ever since. Oh, I make a passive sort of progress, as the job gets more important. It's pretty important right now. And so am I, to my pained surprise."

"What is the job?"

"Aerodynamics. I work on problems related to sending objects through space at great speed . . . Now you tell *me* something."

"What?" She smiled, conscious of her alarm.

"Anything, so long as it's personal. It'll be more than you've told me so far." Then there it was: "Sutherland's a married name?"

"Yes."

"Current or carried over?"

"Carried over," she answered briefly.

He gave up for a while and closed his eyes against the setting sun, so she was free to look at him without his knowing it and without the usual audience of kids to inhibit her. Riley fascinated children.

She studied his lean brown face and finally admitted to herself that Riley fascinated her too.

He opened his eyes just then and said, "Let me take you dancing tonight."

"No!" she said too abruptly, then tried to soften it by adding, "Not for a while yet."

He laughed a little. "I knew you were scared to death of me. But I thought I was creeping up on you rather cleverly." He changed the subject. "How seriously do you paint, and how much? I never catch you at it."

"Not seriously, and not much. I guess," she said, more to herself than to him, "I was going to paint as a sort of diversion tactic, and I don't need it as much as I thought I would."

"Dancing's a great diversion tactic."

"Wrong kind," she said, closing the subject.

Having taken a firm position, she proceeded to reverse it the very next day. But in the beginning she only knew that she was restless, for the first time during her stay on the Point, and she suddenly thought of a cure for her restlessness.

She got into her car and drove miles down the highway, past the great sprawling plant where Riley worked. A little way farther she turned off on a side road that curved into a small flying field for light planes. This was familiar territory to her. It was where she had finally got her pilot's license almost two years before. She had not flown for a long time now. On what she chose to consider impulse, she went into the administration building to telephone Riley and ask him to join her there when he left work. Then she rented a Luscombe and took a check ride with the operator.

FEELING pleased with herself and a little foolish at the same time, she waited for Riley. When he appeared, she told him he could have his turn at the controls when they were in the air. She taxied the plane back to the end of the runway and waited for clearance. When it came, she took the little plane down the runway and lifted it smoothly into the air and headed toward the shore.

Over the dark blue ocean, she touched his hand and said, "Your turn."

"No," he said. "You're doing fine."

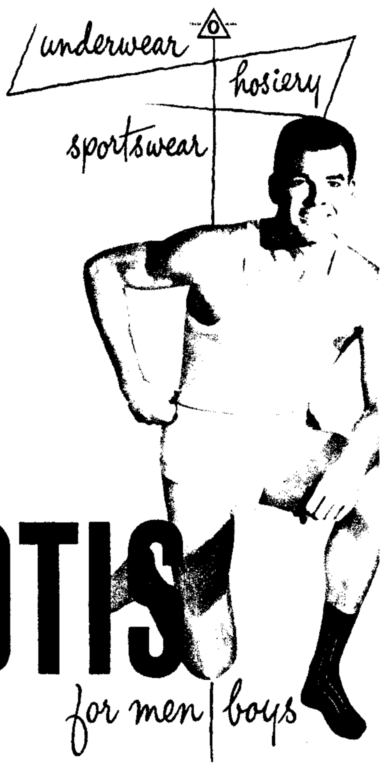
They flew for a while. She didn't bother to reason why his presence there beside her added to her contentment and satisfaction, but it did.

She guided the plane back to the field. They were both motionless in the brief silence that followed the switching off of the engine. Then she turned to him.

"Why wouldn't you take over?" she asked. "The Greers told me you used to fly."

"Exactly my quota of combat missions in the South Pacific—no more, no less," he said. "I haven't flown since. But I want to know what made you think of it, today."

She was forced to consider her reasons. She said slowly, "Well, it was one of the things I used to enjoy most. But after I got my license I almost always flew alone. I wanted to share an experience I like with someone I like, for a change."



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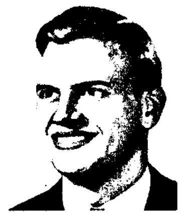

Frederick Roloff, Jr., a handsome, capable businessman of Cambridge, Mass., writes: "For years Dr. F. M. Edwards, an Ohio physician, successfully relieved patients bothered with constipation and its headaches, lack of pep and bad breath with his Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. I always rely on Olive Tablets because they are *so mild* yet thorough in action. They never gripe."

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"Didn't he ever fly with you?" asked Riley.

"Who?" she said.

"Your husband."

"Never. He was too busy." She laughed a little to cover the resentment she still felt. "And it was Jack who wanted me to learn to fly."

"Why?"

The answer came blunter than she had intended it to. "Because it was supposed to be fashionable, and he didn't have time. Oh, you should see me on skis, too, or on a tennis court."

"Who is he?"

"Jack Sutherland."

She thought the name alone would be identification enough, but Riley asked, "Who's he?"

"He's in the theater business. He's a producer." It wasn't an adequate description of the scale of Jack's activities. Nor did her little outline of his Broadway ventures, which periodically brought him to the West Coast, help much.

"And that's why you left him?" Riley said. "Because he's too busy and too fashionable?"

This was the difficult part. It cost her an effort to be honest, but she made it. "I'm afraid he left me. At least I saw less and less of him for several years, until finally we were living more apart than together. When I realized what was happening to us, I tried very hard to make a marriage of it again. It didn't work. Finally I suggested a divorce, and he agreed it was a good idea. It was one of those civilized bust-ups, you see." As she finished, she was looking away from him, a little smile on her lips but not in her eyes.

In the next second she felt oddly relieved. It was as though there had been some obligation to report to him on her marriage, and it had been discharged.

But when they were walking to the parking lot a few minutes later, he asked, "Are you through with your marriage?"

She answered reluctantly, "I got an interlocutory decree two months ago."

"Are you through with your marriage?" he repeated.

"It's over!" she said, harassed. She resented the need to explain herself to this comparative stranger, but still she explained. "Only you don't get over the sense of failure—of defeat—as quickly as you can walk in and out of a divorce court. I have a feeling that if I move too fast in any direction I might hurt myself."

"I can protect you from that on a dance floor," he said. "We'll dance slowly."

With this switch he left her out on a limb, feeling dangerously heavy. To refuse him a second time was to take herself and him too seriously. They went dancing.

They went in his car. It had a '34 Ford engine in a '37 Ford body, an abnormality he had engineered for himself. They drove until they found a place to have dinner and then went to a small night club with a postage stamp of a dance floor. His dancing was as casual, as unambitious as everything else about him, but she found she was perfectly content in his arms.

AFTERWARD he drove her silently back to the airfield parking lot and her own car. She hesitated a second before leaving him, conscious of the risk she ran—or invited. In the next moment she was in his arms and for her there was an ache in the long kiss, as of long denial.

"Sorry," he said at last. "Too soon, too fast—again."

She whispered, "It's my fault. I've been moving straight and fast toward this ever since I woke up this morning."

He said, "You know I'm in love with you?"

She pulled away from him.

"You don't believe me," he said. "But it's true. And I can't seem to help this speed I'm careening along at."

"It's my fault," she said again, and she tried to tell him what was so painfully obvious. "This must be what they mean by rebound, and why they warn you against it. I'm bouncing back from my busted marriage right into the arms of my next-door neighbor—the only bachelor on the Point."

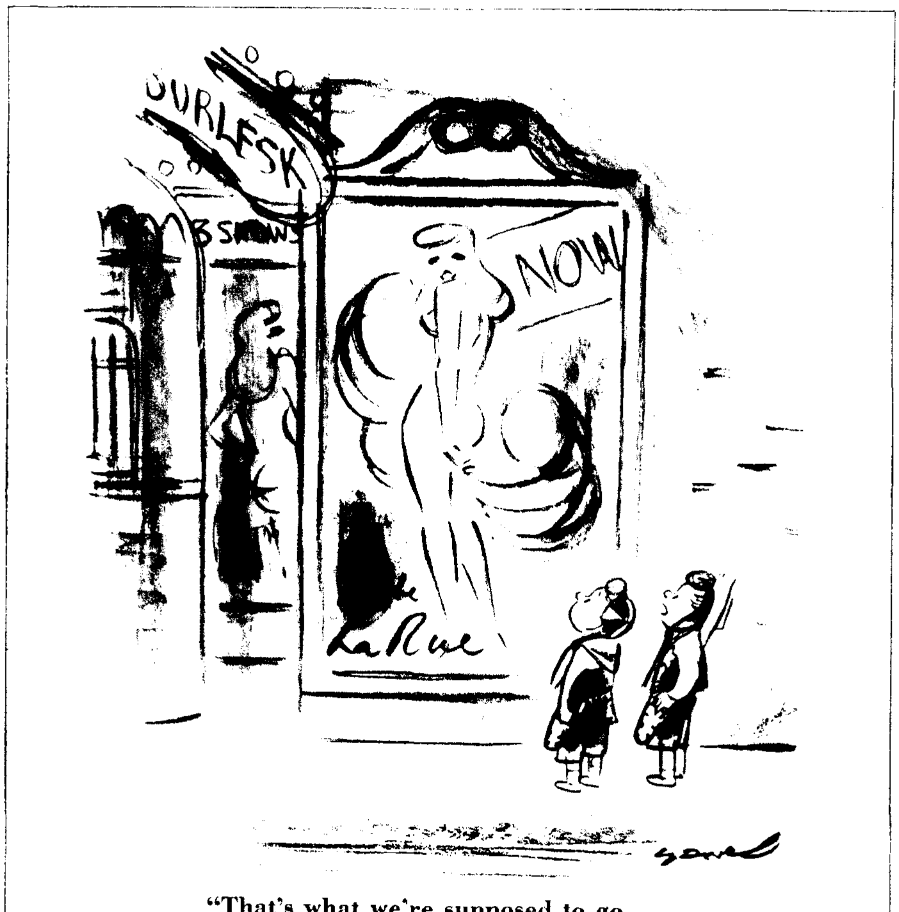
"That's good."

"But it isn't! For either of us. If my neighbor on the other side didn't have a wife and two kids, it might just as well have been him—don't you see?"

"Very flattering, but I guess I don't."

"It's *what* I need—not *who*, Riley. I need reassurance. I need consoling. And you're too good to go as a consolation prize. I don't want that to happen to you."

"I can look out for myself," he told her. Then he sighed. "But I don't want you to



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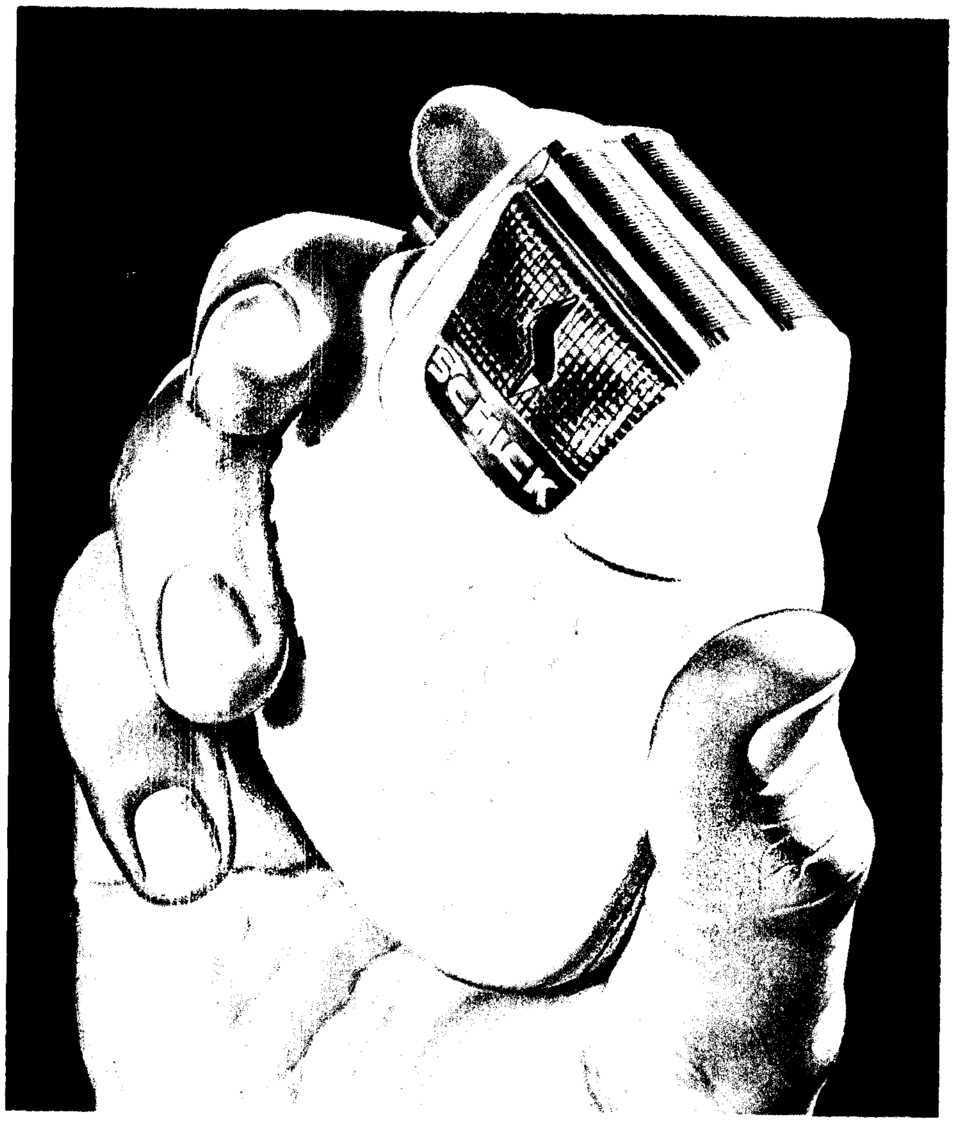

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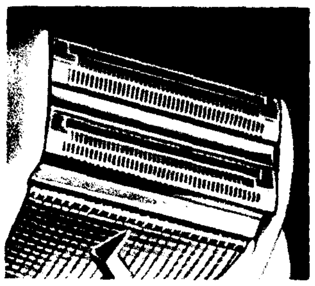

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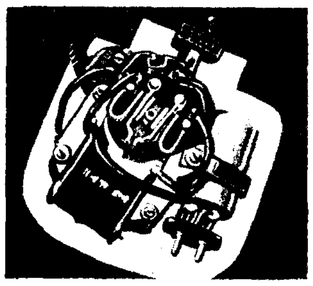

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rush into anything you're not sure of. If you bounce into my arms you might bounce out again, and I wouldn't like that. So I'll try to slow down." He grinned at her tenderly and ruefully as he put her into her car. "But that's not going to be easy, living next door to you."

It was not easy at all. It was impossible, in fact, she decided the next morning over her coffee. She knew she would be waiting all day for just one thing: his return in the late afternoon. She had put them both in an impossible situation.

BUT it was hours before she forced herself to act on her decision. She was in the middle of packing her paints and her clothes when Beth Greer wandered in to say hello. She looked through the bedroom door at the suitcase.

"I'm going away for a while," Sid said. "I'll probably be back."

Beth looked at her closely. "You're running away, you mean."

"Yes."

"From Riley?"

"From the attractive bachelor next door."

"Why?" Beth asked. "Don't you trust the attraction?"

"Not it, him, or me." Sid found herself pleading: "Beth, my divorce is exactly two months old. How can I trust anything I feel about anything?"

"But where do you go from here?"

"I'll find myself some sort of no man's land," she said wryly.

"Now *there's* the hitch in your plan, honey."

A car stopped on the road outside the house. The engine that died did not sound to Sid like a jalopy engine. She looked through a window.

Beth, seeing the expression on her face, said dryly, "But if you're *that* scared of him, I guess there's no stopping you."

The knock sounded. Sid walked stiffly to the front door and opened it with cold hands. At the same instant Kevin burst through the beach door in search of his mother, then ignored her to rush across the room and fling himself on the male figure silhouetted in the opposite doorway, yelling, "Hi, Riley!"

Jack recoiled to protect his immaculate flannels, spilling Kevin on the floor. Kevin, staring up at him, said, "I thought you was Riley."

"Riley?" Jack's laugh held a note of discomfiture.

Beth said "Kevin!" and laid firm hands on her son, leading him out of the room so quickly that Sid did not have a chance to detain her.

Alone with Jack, Sid was momentarily paralyzed, with dread of what she was about to feel.

Jack asked, "Who's the untidy little matron with the kid?"

"A friend of mine."

Then she was sitting opposite him, appraising his good looks with the rather abstract appreciation she had always felt for them, seeing again the appealing gray eyes and quick smile and gestures to which she had invariably responded in the past. Now she waited for the convulsion of feeling that was bound to come.

She had difficulty in following what he was saying. He was telling her that business had just brought him back to the Coast, and that he had had trouble locating her. But he had wanted to find her if only to find out how she was getting along in her brave new husbandless world.

"Fine," she said flatly. Oddly enough, at that moment it was still the truth.

"And now that you've gone to the extreme of formalizing our separation," he said with a strained smile, "how about our getting together and canceling out the final decree?"

It was so indirectly put that she could not be sure she had understood him. He made it clear.

"I've missed you, Sid. Terribly. You were right to get the divorce. It woke me up with a horrible jolt—to how I'd let my life grow so far apart from yours that divorce was possible and logical, and to how much I wanted you back. If I get you back, we'll live differently. We'll live *together.*"

He told her what they could do together in the months just ahead. First there would have to be a short stay in Palm Springs, to conclude the business that had brought him West. Then they would fly East, and embark on a leisurely winter cruise in the Caribbean. He had a play scheduled for an early spring opening, and that would mean spending the spring in New York. But they could do whatever she chose to do with the summer. . . .

There was silence when he finished.

She asked quietly, "What if I just want to keep on living here?" She wasn't challenging him. It was an honest question.

"Here?" he said, looking around the little house. He turned back to her to explain patiently. "Darling, either you don't understand me yet, or you don't trust me—and I can't blame you for either. I want you back. You, and even the kids you can start to have if you want them. I mean it. Divorce doesn't have to end a marriage."

She did understand. He did mean it. He wanted her back, back in *his* life, as part of the frenetic patterns of movement and work peculiar to him—which would leave small room for children.

They were his patterns, not hers. She couldn't condemn them. Neither could she live in them.

As illuminating as the recognition was the continued absence of emotion. The wound she had once sustained had not reopened, and was not going to.

"Or," she said very gently, "marriage can end a long time before a divorce. Ours did."

Everything had really been said, with that. But she had to say more, in an effort to ease it for him. She tried to make him see what she had just seen: that their lives had separated through no easy fault of his, or of hers. Failure was not the word for it, either. There was a word, though, a hopelessly overused one, which had not had any meaning for her until now. In its truest sense, they were incompatible.

He could not leave it there. The half hour that followed was as difficult as any she had ever lived through. She had to withstand an intense pressure from him—all his graciousness, which could be so appealing; and all the memories of their life together that he almost made pleasant to her now.

"Haven't you got a simpler reason for being so sure we're through?" he asked finally. "Isn't he just named Riley?"

"Riley may be one reason I'm sure," she answered without evasion.

When he left, emotion had caught up with her at last—but nothing of what she had felt before and feared to feel again; only disturbed pity for this, one of his first experiences in loneliness.

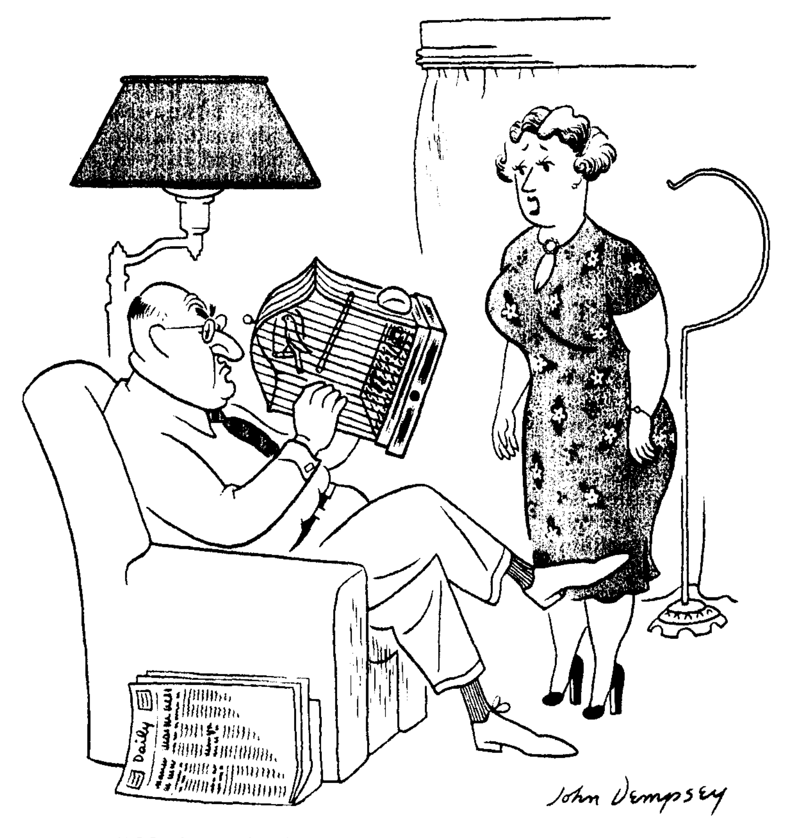
AS THE big car drove away from her house, she wandered to the window that faced the sea and leaned her forehead wearily against the cool glass. She wasn't sure whether it was a long or short time she stood there. But it was long enough for her to recover. Then came the ridiculous sound she was waiting for: the '34 Ford engine rattling the '37 Ford body to a stop.

She went to the door. Riley took hold of her hands gravely, as though he were greeting her after a long absence. She suddenly knew that he had as much to say to her as she to him, but there was an awkward suspenseful moment while he stood poised on the edge of speech, as if he didn't know where to begin. The beginning was so abrupt it was funny.

"Know what I'm working on these days?" he asked. "I'm checking flight-test data on a new jet plane headed for the same theater where I used to fly combat myself, years and years ago. And I got to thinking. These jet-propelled kids have better reflexes and climb out of their planes tireder, but the things they're feeling are the same. They miss death by inches, or watch their friends die, and still come back to go on benders, most of them—still grab at whatever part of being alive they can lay their hands on. It's not just that life can be short out there. It's rebound. Another sort of reflex—a healthy one. Part of living, and part of a healing process too. In Australia, the COs used to worry about the guys on leave who *didn't* tear up the town. So don't be afraid of your own ability to bounce back fast, Sid. Of course, you've got to weigh me on my merits, but— Sid, are you listening to me?"

He was plainly mystified by the smile that was on her lips and in her eyes as she stood there looking at him. After his rush of words he finished rather lamely, ". . . so I just thought I'd try to make you see it my way before you got any crazy ideas like running away from me—which you wouldn't do anyway—"

She said, "If I don't need consoling any more, you couldn't very well be a consolation prize. Could you, Riley?" THE END



COLLIER'S "Oh dear, did I use the sports page again?" JOHN DEMPSEY

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Bulldozer clears more of the land on White's main farm at Acushnet, Mass., just a few miles from the landing place of his Pilgrim ancestors

He Found NEW LAND *in New England*

Ray White's progressive methods changed hundreds of rocky, barren acres into some of the richest farm land in the East

By ARTHUR BARTLETT

Dairyman White examines chunk of soil turned up by heavy land-clearing equipment. Below, son Jimmy with three of the dairy's 500 cows

UNQUESTIONABLY the champion rock-pusher of all the New England generations since the Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock back in 1620 is a forty-four-year-old farmer-milkman of Acushnet, Massachusetts, named Raymond A. White.

White, whose great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great-grandfather came over on the Mayflower, has pushed so many rocks around in his neck of the New England woods that his Pilgrim ancestors who once lived there wouldn't know their own back forties. On land supposed to have been worn out after 300 years of efforts to make it produce a meager living, he has wrought some of the most remarkable feats in modern agriculture.

Farming in Ray White's native New England was never easy. Even with modern equipment and knowledge, many a Yankee farmer has caught himself cussing the land, and many another has walked off his rock-ribbed acres never to touch a plow again. Most, though, keep at it, doggedly trying to beat the thin soil and the rocks that forever seem to crop up. It takes miracles of imagination to see the future of such land, but Ray White sees it.

By ripping through the dead balk of tradition and habit, he has found ways to turn rocky little pastures into broad, rich fields. He has moved thousands of tons of rock, drained swamps, cut away forests and filled hollows to put grassland where tiny grain fields once grew. And he has, according to the Department of Agriculture of the U.S., gone a long way toward giving New England a new lease on its agricultural life, opening the way to a new kind of prosperity for its aging, worn-out farms. But White doesn't think of himself as a miracle man. He is, simply, the proprietor of White's Farm Dairy, whose job it is to supply the old whaling city of New Bedford—now primarily a mill town—with much of its milk.

A smallish, wiry man with shrewd blue eyes that habitually crinkle into a disarming little smile, White has the long face of a traditional Yankee, modified somewhat by a businesslike little mustache. He wears a ready-made business suit and a slightly battered felt hat and lives in a big suburban frame house a mile from his dairy and the nearest cow. Where Yankee farmers once geed and hawed their oxen, Ray White drives a shiny black sedan. And on those old fields he puts his imagination to work. What he does would make ancestral eyes pop.

White also succeeds in astonishing his contemporary neighbors. He not only outfarms most of them, he even out-Yankees them. When he bought 52 dreary acres of rocks, woods and swamp behind his home farm, many a neighbor told him that he was throwing away good money. The land was worthless, they said. A cow would wear itself to a shadow trying to find a decent day's forage on it. White bought the rocks, woods and swamp anyway. Then he moved in on it.

The woodland was worthless for lumber. But Yankee White soon figured a way to make it pay. He cut out the shabby trees, delivered them to a pulp plant in East Providence, Rhode Island, picked up government-surplus potatoes at 20 cents a hundredweight on the way back, fed the spuds to his cattle—and made a tidy sum on the whole transaction.

Then he went to work on the rocks with a bulldozer. His usual method of disposing of rocks is to bury them, but he had dug 45,000 tons out of

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY KOSTI RUOHOMAA

his new land, and burial expenses for a load like that run high.

White knew, however, that a causeway was being built between Sconticut Neck and West Island, and he offered the contractor a magnificent bargain: 45,000 tons of rock, absolutely free. All the contractor had to do was to come and get it. He did.

Next the canny dairyman tackled the swamp, dredging part of it for an irrigation pond, and filling the rest of it with what came out of the new pond. Finally, into his newly cleared land he mixed manure from his own cows, commercial fertilizer bought through the U.S. Agricultural Conservation Program at a substantial saving, and lime (also acquired at bargain rates through the ACP). Over this rich mixture he pumped 70,000 gallons of water. The "no-good" piece of land eventually won an award in the New England Green Pastures Contest as one of the richest clover pastures in the six states.

Ray White has been performing small miracles like that ever since he took over the dairy from his father in the winter of 1942. He has increased his holdings from 80 cleared acres to approximately 600—most of them large, neat, graded tracts that you almost never see in New England. Over this land White runs, to his neighbors' amazement, huge machines which were designed for broad, flat Midwest prairies.

A member of the Lions Club and the Grange, Raymond White likes to say that he is running his modern farming empire like any other mass-production business. He employs about 65 people in his "plant," but it is still farming. One of White's fellow members of the Lions Club in New Bedford recalls the day White arrived late for a luncheon meeting looking somewhat fatigued. "Didn't get much sleep," White explained. Then he went on to detail his night's experiences:

At 6:15, before dinner, a cow started calving. He waited for the blessed event. Then he hurried home, had dinner, and took his sons to a farm-machinery show in the local Grange hall.

At 8:45 he was called out of the Grange hall. A cow had developed milk fever. By the time a veterinarian was located and had finished with the cow, it was midnight. White went home to bed.

At one o'clock the phone beside his bed rang. An automobile had skidded in sleety rain into an electric light pole near one of his farms, breaking the power line. With cows to be milked by electric machines in the fast-approaching dawn, this was a real emergency. White put a call through to the power company, jumped into his clothes and went over to make sure that the damage was repaired. It was 2:30 A.M. when he got back.

At 3:00 the phone rang again. The sleety rain had now changed to a heavy, wet snow, which had short-circuited the 2,300-volt power line at the dairy. Calling the power company again, and again climbing into his clothes, White rushed over to the dairy. It was 5:45 when he finally got back to bed.

At 7:00 A.M. the phone started its normal morning ringing. At 7:30 it rang again, and again at 8:00 and 8:30. By 9:00 White gave up, got up, started a new round of chores.

Even on a quiet day White is constantly on the go, is seldom in his office for more than a few minutes at a time. His flabbergasted employees report they "never know where he is. And," they add, "if we did, he'd be somewhere else before we could catch up with him But stay put, and he'll be along in a few minutes."

Father Tells Success Secret

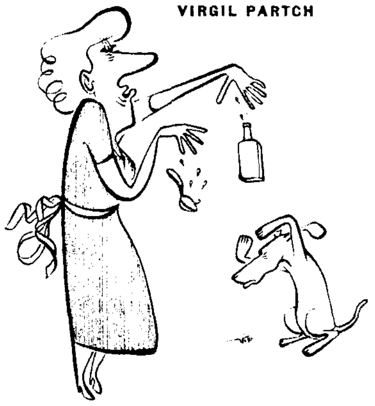
Hopping in and out of his car, White tears up and down the narrow, winding roads linking his various farms. He drives into open fields, barely slowing down at all. One day he took his father to see a farm he was clearing. It was 14 miles away. The old gentleman carefully checked his watch before stepping into the car, and again after stepping out into the middle of a field on the new farm. Exactly 18 minutes had elapsed. "That's the way Raymond goes all the time," he says, "and it's because that's the way he is that he's done what he has."

Ray White's flourishing farm land was originally part of a parcel bought with wampum and sundries by the Pilgrim Fathers from the Indian chief Massasoit. And even if the real estate did run heavily to rocks, the forefathers seem to have turned a pretty good deal. The land they bought included the sites of what is now the city of New Bedford and several other towns.

The Pilgrim Father from whom dairyman White descends was William White, whose son Peregrine was the celebrated baby born on the Mayflower. Ray White's line, however, comes down through William's first son, Resolved. Innumerable other descendants of Mayflower William and his quaintly named sons have scattered over the country, but this particular branch moved only the 20 miles from Plymouth to Acushnet, and has been represented there ever since.

White is vague and offhand about his genealogy, obviously considering it a mat-

VIRGIL PARTCH



LITERAL LATIN

VI

Cura facit canos:	Let's face it; this medicine is for the dogs
Memoriter:	Drop her a line
Jure divino:	You're pretty cute yourself
Emplastrum:	Soused
Infra dig:	Cutting remark
Justo tempore:	Makeshift
Hac lege:	Bush league

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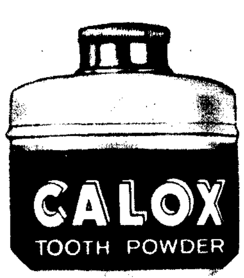

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ter of purely academic interest. His mother, white-haired and gracious, says mischievously: "This Mayflower tradition is all a lot of hooey. We all know they were no better than the people who came over on the next boat and the next after that, and all the rest of them."

Nevertheless, the Acushnet Whites have always been an enterprising lot. It was Ray's grandfather, Augustus White, a square-bearded deacon of the Advent Church, who started the milk business, back before the turn of the century. A farmer with an eye to business, he started peddling milk in New Bedford. "Peddling" was what he called it, and it is what Ray White—in a typical New England understatement—still calls "the distribution end" of the business, though his fleet of trucks now delivers some 5,500 quarts of milk a day.

Early Days of the Milk Route

Grandfather Augustus delivered his milk with a one-horse cart, pouring it from big cans into the smaller cans of his customers. Ray's father, Walter, helped him; then later bought up an adjoining farm and branched out with a milk route of his own. He was one of the first milkmen in that part of the country to deliver in bottles. At seventeen, Ray quit high school to drive his father's milk route. Eventually he took most of the responsibility and initiative in the "peddling" business, bringing in new customers and building up volume.

The White milk business grew to substantial proportions. By the winter of 1942, Walter White had nearly 150 cows on his farm. This was so many more than the farm pastures and feed acreage would support that he had to go out and buy three fourths of his hay. Yet Ray, peddling energetically, was selling all the milk the cows could produce, and calling for more.

This brought things to an impasse. Walter White, then past seventy, figured that he had expanded as much as he could—or wanted to. Any more cows on the farm would be uneconomical. And there was no land fit for cultivation and adjoining the farm that could be bought—even if he wanted more land, which he didn't. Land meant taxes, and nothing looms larger in the mind of an orthodox, town-meeting Yankee than taxes.

But Ray, who was by now married to his high-school sweetheart, saw things differently. White's Farm Dairy milk was—and is now, a tested, high-quality product. Ray was getting a cent a quart more for milk than his major competitors. But a penny saved by sticking to the old ways, he argued in 1942, might not be as profitable as a dollar spent. More land, farmed by modern methods, would feed more cows to make more milk, Ray reasoned, and the cost in taxes would be less than the cost of transporting hay from the Midwest.

The upshot of the expansion tussle between father and son was that the elder White accepted Ray's notes for an agreed sum, and washed his hands of the whole business. He retained enough acreage to retire to his trim white house and to raise beef steers. Ray got carte blanche with the dairy.

Walter White is not emotional or effusive, but today he is quietly proud of his son. "Ray has done a fine job," he says. "Most of us didn't think it was possible."

This is an understatement. Most oldtimers shook their heads at the things Ray was doing in the beginning. They made dire predictions that he would end in the poorhouse. Some of them still hold doggedly to that view. In the meantime, the business that he took over—on credit—eight years ago, at a figure reported to have been around $60,000, is now estimated by informed local authorities to be worth at least half a million.

The first piece of land Ray acquired, a few weeks after taking over the dairy, was in Berkley, 18 miles away, and consisted of four weedy old fields surrounded by typical New England stone walls. He pulled them all down, ripped out the bushes, filled the holes and converted the four little fields into one 40-acre expanse, graded and contoured so that the big trailers and farm machinery could operate on it.

After that, he went right on acquiring more land: an old, abandoned airport and the woodland around it; a neglected old 100-acre farm, and one of 80 acres; another run-down farm, various other parcels and pieces here and there in his territory, and the 52-acre rock, swamp and wood tract behind the dairy. He gave them all the same face-lifting treatment.

Across one of the roads bordering a 100-acre farm he bought in 1943, a nonfarming neighbor had started digging a pond, not for irrigation but to improve his view and for private fishing. White moved his bulldozer across the road and finished the job for him in jig time. No charge—except the topsoil and fill that he dug out of the pond. Simply by moving this soil across the road, he was able to grade up his own new land so that his equipment could get on and off the fields anywhere. Acushnet's vigorous milkman takes a special pleasure in working out such Yankee deals, mutually beneficial to all concerned.

One neighbor is a hen farmer with whom White has made a similar swap. Modern poultry farming requires a change of range land from year to year to keep the birds healthy. White makes available to his neighbor 10 fresh acres each year. In return, he uses 30 acres belonging to the hen farmer. "It is low, moist land ideal for clover," White points out, with a smile.

Moisture is, in fact, so important that White now uses an irrigation system—something which was unheard of in his part of New England. It is said to be the biggest operation of its kind in the East.

White decided to irrigate after a long dry spell in the summer of 1947, when he heard of a surplus Marine firefighting pump that he could buy. It gave the old-timers a good laugh at first, for the drought broke the day after the pump was set up, and the rest of the season was so wet there was danger of floods. "When the good Lord wants it to rain," said a local philosopher, "it'll rain. Always has and always will."

The next summer, as a matter of fact, the good Lord provided so well that White only used his new pump in one brief dry spell. But it has since made all the difference between a luxurious crop and a puny one. Running the pump day and night through much of one dry summer, White made most of his land an oasis of green in a sere, browning countryside.

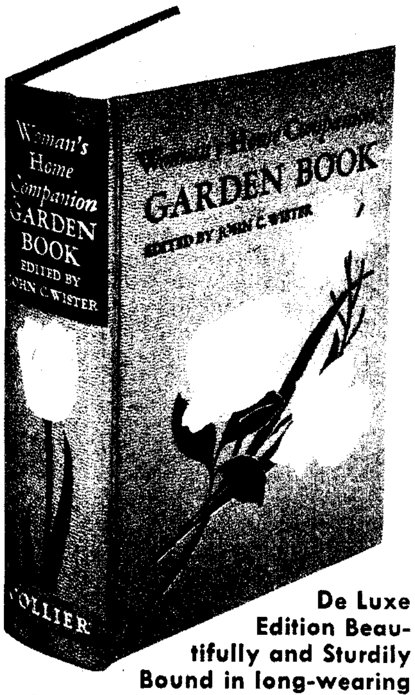
Well Prepared for Drought

Last year, while face-lifting another 120 acres of land, White increased his irrigation capacity by digging a new pond that holds approximately 8,000,000 gallons of water and is fed by a brook and many underground springs. With a new Diesel pump, a larger pipe system and four giant sprinkler heads, he can now produce the equivalent of an inch of rain over an area of more than 20 acres in 24 hours.

Not only an efficient feed farmer, White applies his special kind of agricultural dynamics to his dairy herds, too. He keeps the majority of his 500 cows on the home farm, and the rest on another farm where a previous owner had built a big dairy barn and gone broke trying to make a go of it.

"People still argue that you can't turn a few hundred cows out to pasture together," he says, with quiet amusement. "They say it is too confusing to handle them, and get them back into the barns." But White's cows are all tag-numbered, and it takes three or four of his expert handlers only about 15 minutes to unscramble a herd of 200 or more and usher them into their numbered stalls. When cows from different barns go out together, chalk marks on their foreheads indicate by the color which barn they are from, and the herdsmen sort them out quickly as they come back down the lane.

One new barn, which White built in 1944, accommodates 124 cows and is the



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biggest, in terms of cow capacity, in that part of the country. And the moving-belt conveyer which automatically takes the manure out of the gutters is said to be the longest in the world.

Recently, a group of the state's leading farmers—the committeemen chosen to represent their localities in dealing with U.S. Department of Agriculture programs—held a meeting and field day at White's farm, and most of them were frankly awe-struck by the size of the equipment White uses to handle manure.

He hauls it from the barns in trailers, 15 tons to a load, and dumps it in huge heaps in the fields; then a loader mounted on a caterpillar tractor scoops it into a giant-size manure speader. White and his foreman designed the spreader themselves some years ago when they became dissatisfied with the standard spreader they were using. They used parts of the old one, parts of other farm machinery and trucks, and other parts specially made to their order in a New Bedford machine shop, and ended with a spreader that will take three times the standard load.

White's father, in the conventional pattern of New England agriculture, always devoted a large part of his tillable acreage to grain, which makes the biggest amount of feed to the acre. But it also takes more out of the soil and requires about twice as much manure and fertilizer as grass crops.

Ray White, as he has acquired more land, has gone more and more into clover and alfalfa, and now grows no grain at all. This is the main reason that agricultural experts hail his operations as blazing a new and hopeful trail for New England. "If all the idle, rundown land in New England were brought back to production for grassland farming," said a high Department of Agriculture official recently, apropos of White's accomplishments, "it would be equivalent to adding a whole new state to our farming lands."

White takes full advantage of the government help that is offered for such constructive work. Through the Agricultural Conservation Program, he not only gets fertilizer, lime and such soil-deficiency minerals as boron, but he also gets incentive checks which help pay the costs of clearing and grading. And through the local district of the Soil Conservation Service, of which he is one of the directors, he gets expert engineering counsel and the use of some government machinery.

But it is, nevertheless, his own show, and he runs it in his own Yankee way.

A couple of summers ago he built a concrete silo which rises 63 feet in the air, dwarfing his 10 or a dozen other silos. Probably the biggest silo in New England, and one of the biggest anywhere, it was a piecemeal, part-time job. He had his crew pour a four-foot section at a time on days when it was too wet and muddy to clear land. Nonfarming people, seeing the silo from a distance, often mistake it for a huge water tower. And at Christmastime, White erects a big Christmas tree on it, strung with multicolored lights and topped with an illuminated star. It is visible for miles.

In the Role of Family Man

White thinks this is good institutional advertising. Perhaps it also serves to prove to his family that he can sometimes think of something other than land, crops, cows and milk. He and Mrs. White have raised a family of old-fashioned New England proportions—four sons and two daughters—but they, like his employees, are never quite sure when they are going to see him.

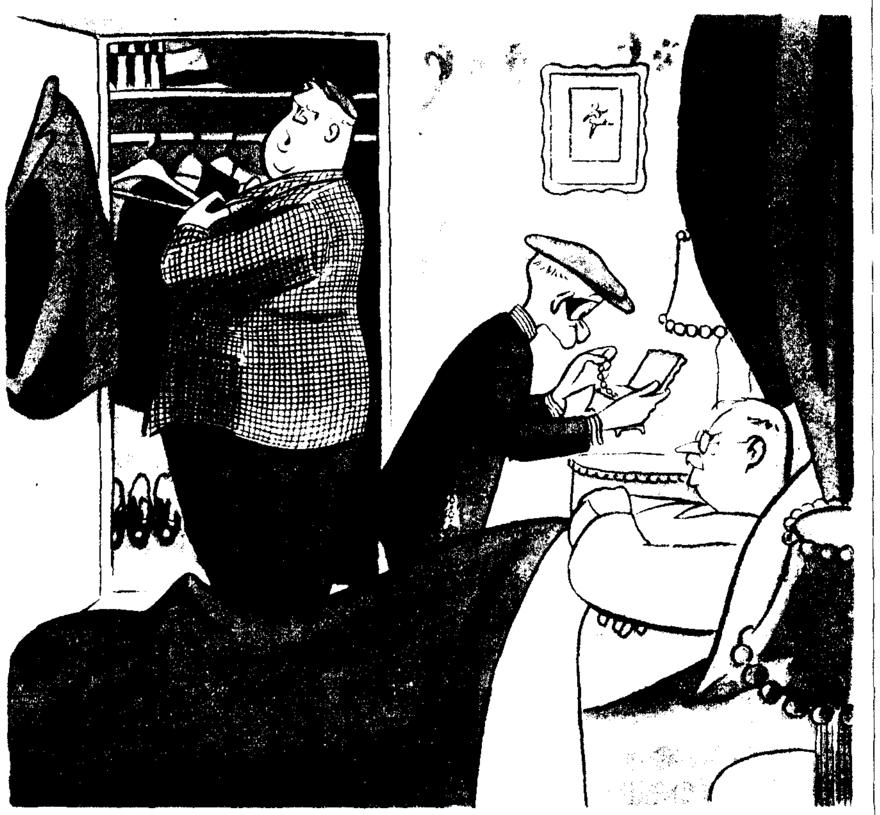
The two oldest sons, Walter and Donald, twenty-year-old twins, are already in the business. They took a year in agricultural college after graduating from high school in 1948, but then decided that what was going on at home agriculturally was more stimulating than academic courses. Two younger sons, David, seventeen, and Jimmy, fifteen, work around the farms in their out-of-school time.

White keeps talking about making a home for his family by reconstructing the old stone mill that his ancestors built. But every time it seems as if he might be getting around to this project, some new piece of old land catches his eye, and takes priority. "I figure I ought to bring at least 50 acres back into production every year," he says. "I figure that's more important than a stone house, or money in the bank, or *anything*."

New land for the use of coming generations. That was the Pilgrim Fathers' idea, too.

THE END

BUTCH



"I wish you wouldn't refer to our victim as 'Fatty.' He wears th' same size I do"

COLLIER'S LARRY REYNOLDS

"All Right...I'll Tell You WHY I AM A CATHOLIC"

You may have heard that your neighbor is a Catholic because his father was. Perhaps you believe that ignorance, superstition and fear keep him loyal to his Faith.

But your common sense should tell you that these are NOT the reasons . . . that there MUST be something deep and vital and certain about a Faith which can hold the devoted loyalty of nearly 400 millions of people of every race, color and tongue on earth.

Not every Catholic can explain the reasons for his deep conviction in a way that you would understand. For the grace of God that touches a man's soul . . . and the willingness to believe that moves his heart . . . are elements of faith which cannot be readily reduced to logic and reason, nor easily explained.

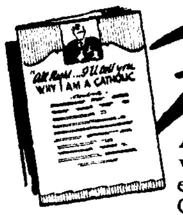
But there are practical and common-sense reasons why so many millions of people are Catholics. And they are such convincing reasons that a young Catholic lawyer . . . with all the analytical exactness of his profession . . . has been moved to publish them in a booklet explaining "Why I Am A Catholic."

The Catholic system of thought, he says, provides him with reasonable and consistent answers to the basic questions which trouble mankind. He finds it reasonable to believe, as the Catholic Church teaches, that man has a physical body and a rational soul . . . that man and his world were created by God . . . and that man lives primarily "to return to God by saving his soul through love of God and his neighbor."

With these principles to guide him, the Catholic finds it both logical and necessary to fulfill his obligations to other men . . . to obey the civil laws . . . and to labor for the improvement of society as well as personal gain. For him, the basic principles of democratic freedom are not merely a political code of ethics but a fundamental part of his religion. Human rights, the right of private property, and government with the consent of the people, are essentials of Catholic philosophy of life.

Communism, the lawyer says, is a deadly menace to the world because the solutions it offers to men's problems, though definite, are false and often hideous. Catholicism alone, he adds, offers answers equally as definite and forceful, and backed up by an equal unity and zeal.

"Catholicism," he continues, "gives me confidence and courage to face the present and the future . . . the confidence of one who has a map upon which the path to a sound, secure and peaceful future is well outlined; the courage of one who knows that the guide has behind it the experience of 2,000 years, the viewpoint of the world itself, and the devotion of countless millions. I am a Catholic because it would be foolish not to be."



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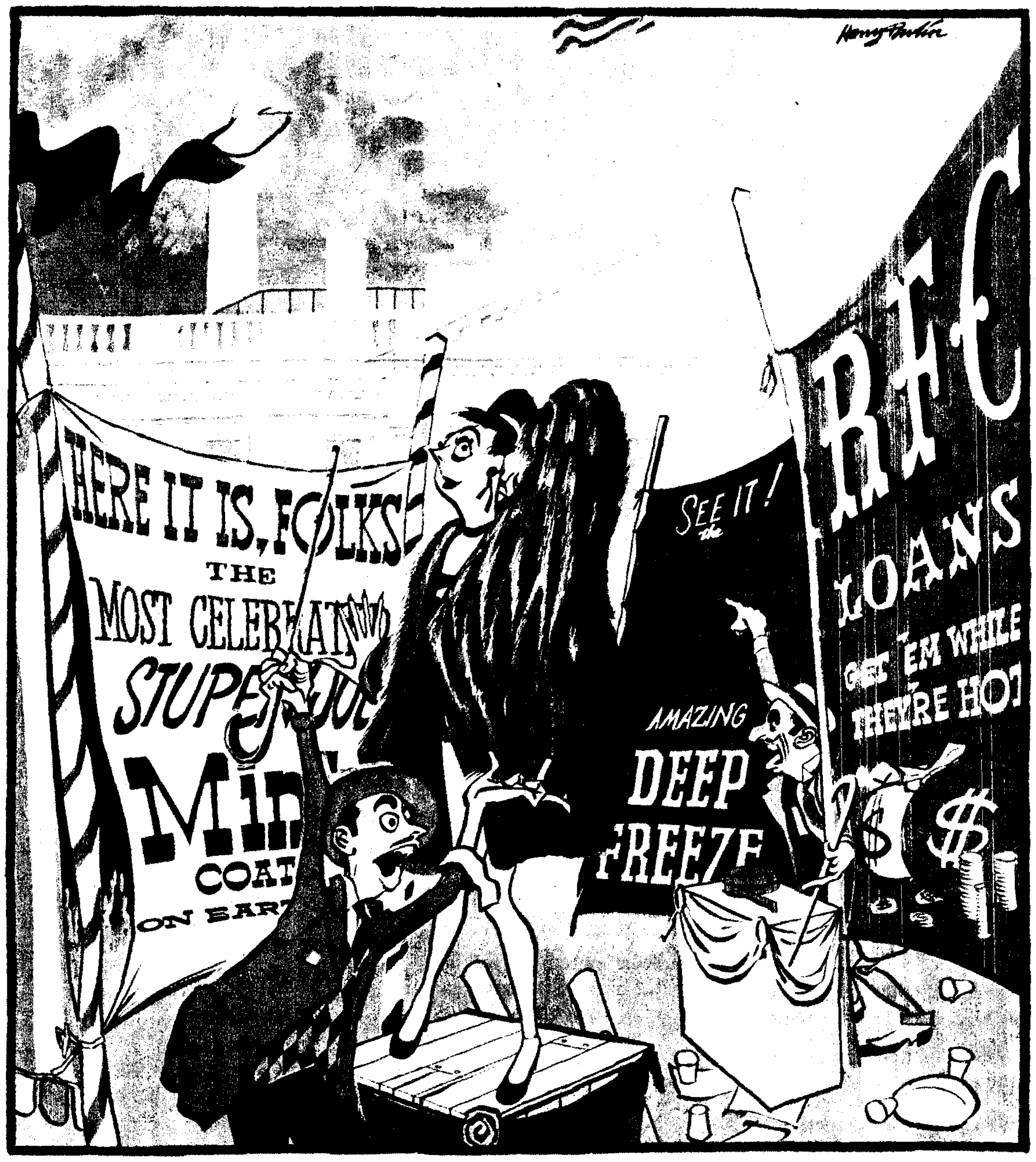


HARRY DEVLIN

White House Carnival

AS SOON AS WE CAN LOCATE somebody with Reconstruction Finance Corporation connections, we're going to make our pitch for the slot-machine concession at Mount Vernon. Or, failing that, we'll put in a bid for the exclusive privilege of selling hot dogs in the Lincoln Memorial. After all, there was that Detroit lady whose industrialist husband had such connections, and who got permission to conduct a "charm school" in the Jefferson Memorial auditorium back in 1949. So we have concluded that nothing is impossible, or even "asinine," if you know the right people.

The "charm school" incident was only a minor disclosure in the Fulbright subcommittee's investigation of the RFC. But it is typical of a long list of shoddy, shabby practices over the past six years. And eventually many of them lead back to the White House.

We are thinking of such things as the speculation in the grain market by the President's personal physician. We are thinking of the 1946 primary election scandal in Mr. Truman's home state of Missouri, including the mystery of the stolen ballots which, mysteriously, has never been solved. We are thinking of such people as the eminent White House strategist, Major General Harry Vaughan, his pal Johnny Maragon, benevolent dispenser of deep freezers to the great and near-great, and the White House stenographer with her "natural pastel royal mink coat." We might add that this process of recollection makes us slightly sick.

The feeling of nausea must be shared by many others, including members of the President's party and supporters of his general program and policies. For Senator Paul Douglas, usually a stanch administration man, has concluded that the RFC hearings indicate that the agency's board members were influenced by a group operating through the White House. And Senator Fulbright, another Democrat, called attention to "a double standard of morality for public office and private life," and recommended an investigation to determine "the general moral level" in the executive branch of the government.

Certainly this "general moral level" has never been so low since the Ohio gang ruled the White House roost during the Harding administration—and their stay was mercifully brief. The Missouri gang has been in more than twice as long. And their brazen influence-peddling, now being gradually exposed, is causing a public reaction of cynicism and loss of confidence at a time when faith and unity are vital.

We do not hold Mr. Truman responsible for things that go on behind his back. But we do hold him responsible for dealing with these shameful activities when they are brought to his attention. He has shirked that responsibility. And we believe the reasons why are evident.

Mr. Truman cannot divorce himself completely from his background. He was educated in the Pendergast school of political morality. This teaches that a political office is secondarily a public trust, and primarily a chance to wield power and bestow favors. The motto seems to be: Anything goes so long as it isn't downright illegal.

Mr. Truman's election to the Senate and accession to the Presidency resulted from political manipulation in which his honesty and inoffensiveness, rather than his personal eminence, seemed to dictate the choice. And in his first year as President he showed a candid and winning humility. He was ill prepared for the staggering responsibilities of his office, and he knew it.

But with his victory in 1948 the cloak of humbleness, which had been gradually slipping from him, was discarded for good. In its place he now wears a chip on the shoulder. His well-known loyalty to his friends has reached a point where he is unwilling to concede that anything his palace guard does can be wrong. He has come to interpret honest indignation and honest attempts to clear up some smelly situations as politically motivated efforts to discredit him personally.

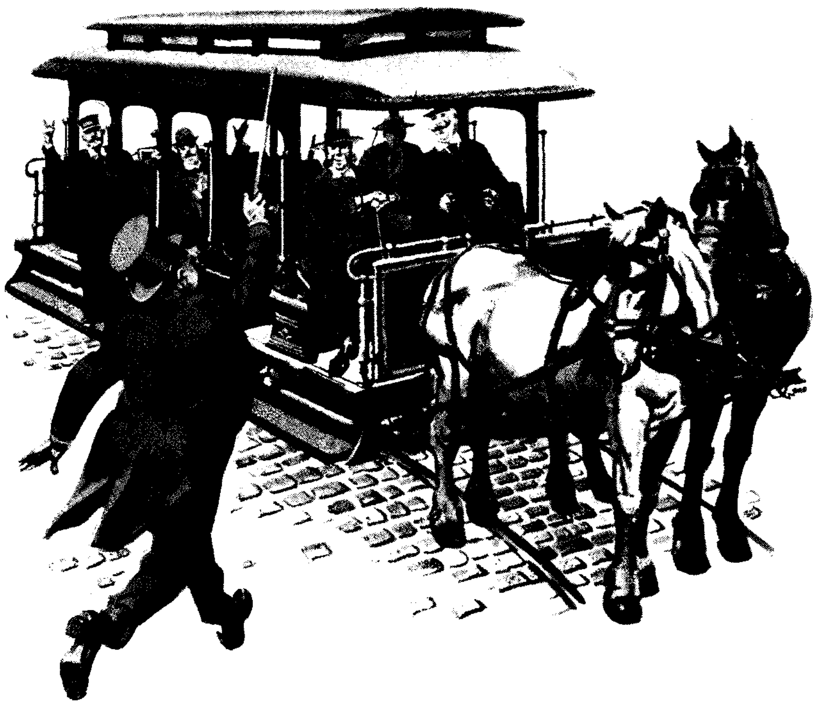
So the palace guard operates under the protection of Mr. Truman's own sense of infallibility. The small-town operators traffic in the prestige of the Presidency in a manner which may break no laws but which, to say the least, is most undignified. Mr. Truman had a lot to say about the special interests and the privileged few in his political speeches. But the special privileges that he accords the members of his political family circle are really shocking.

It was not seemly for Mr. Truman to dismiss the Alger Hiss investigation as a "red herring," and the report on the RFC as "asinine." It was not seemly for him to send a tremendous budget of $71,600,000,000 to Capitol Hill and dare the Congress to cut it. Mr. Truman is not a superman in a community of morons. He was conscious of that in April of 1945. He seems to have forgotten in April of 1951 that there may be men in Washington who are his intellectual equals, even though they may not agree with him. He seems to have forgotten that his position cannot permit a double standard of political morality. At one of his Key West press conferences, Mr. Truman said that there was no need for a house cleaning, since his house has always been clean. He also praised his staff, and called them honorable men. We can only say there are some possible variations in the definition of cleanliness and honor, and that our definition does not coincide with the President's.

The office of President automatically confers great power as well as great responsibility on the man who holds it. But it does not automatically clothe him with dignity. We earnestly hope that Mr. Truman will see fit to use that inherent power to restore the dignity that some of his followers have gone far toward destroying.

Mr. Truman's first loyalty should be not to his cronies but to the people who, by electing him, gave to him the greatest expression of confidence and honor that this great nation can bestow.

Oh, transportation wasn't fast–

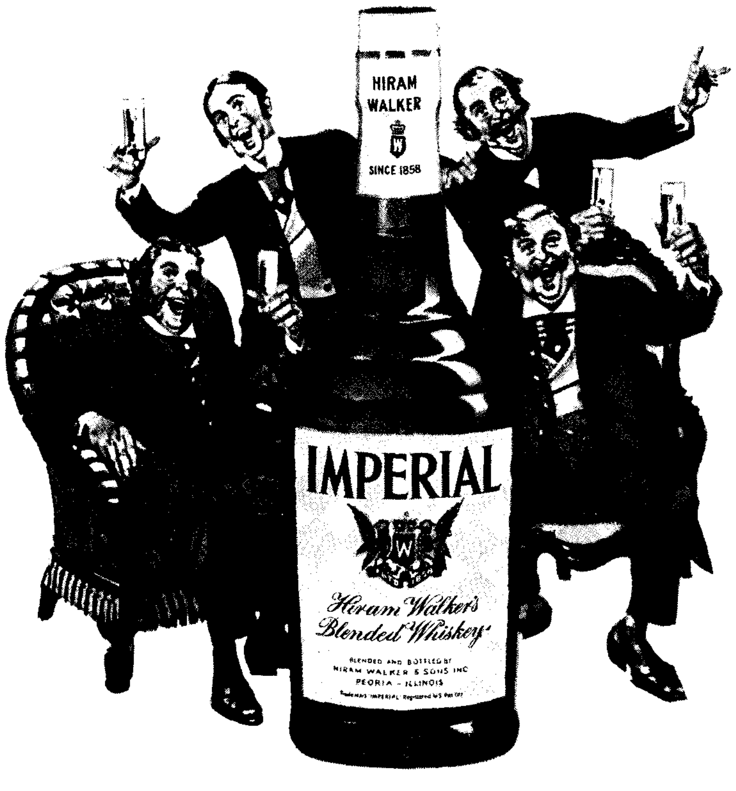


Oh, transportation wasn't fast
when horses drew the trolley

But it was sure, and it was fun
and life was really jolly

ALBERT DORNE

And drinks were good. And now today
you get the same, by golly–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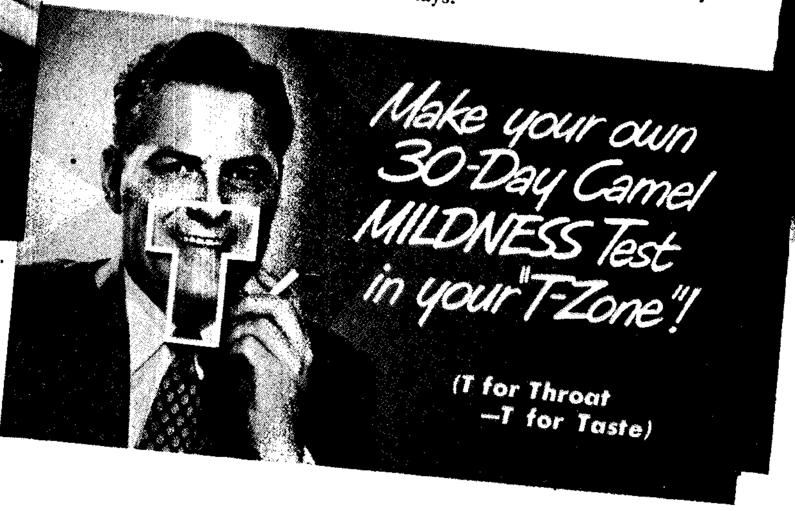

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